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Frontier Times

March, 1970

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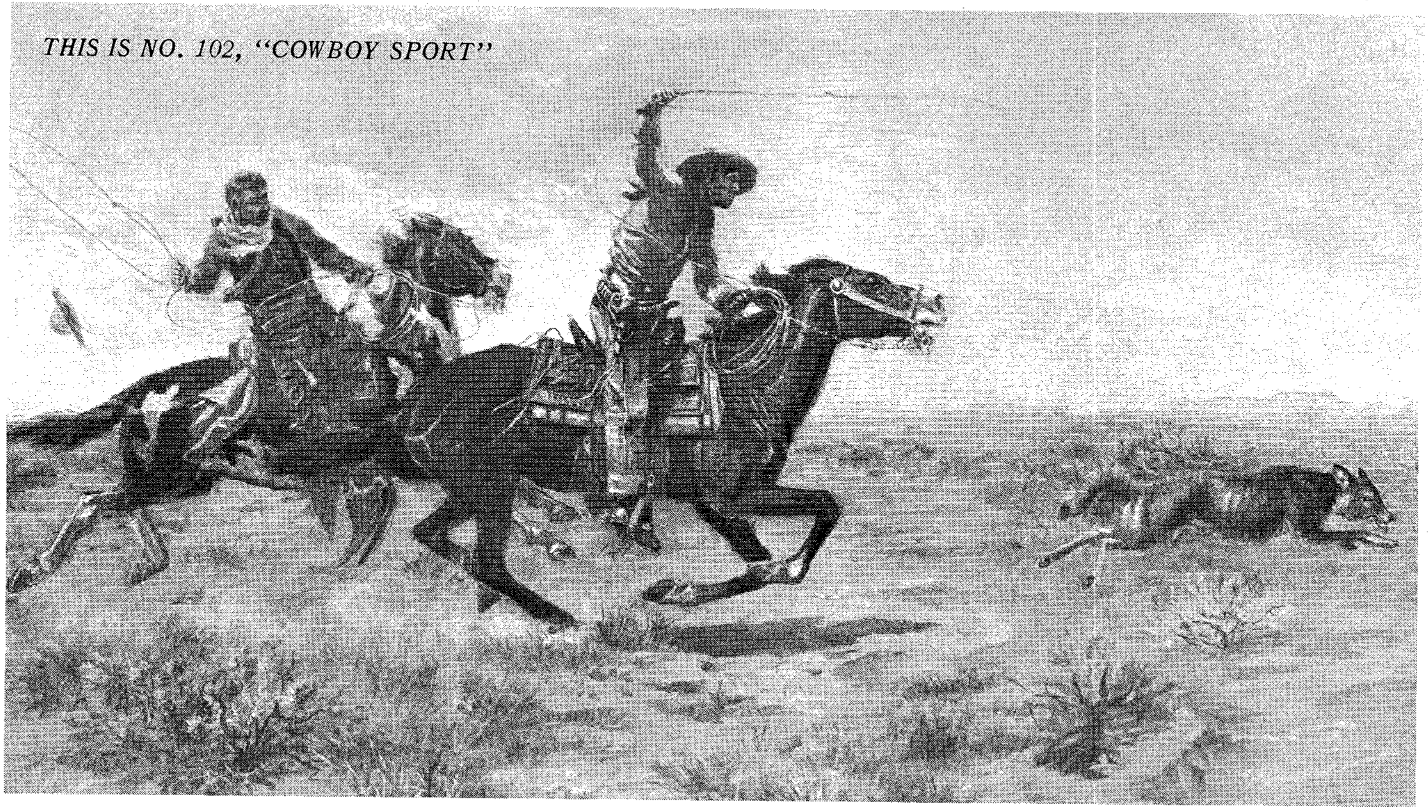

THIS IS NO. 102, "COWBOY SPORT"

CHOOSE FROM SELECTIONS BELOW. LIST NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

1—Ambushed, 10x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 10x14
3—A Loose Cinch, 8½x11
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 10x13
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 8x11½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 9x12
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 8½x15
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 9x12
9—Bucking Bronco, 9x12
10—Better Than Bacon, 9x12
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13—On The Trail, 8x11
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27—Disputed Trail, 10x14
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108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 10x14

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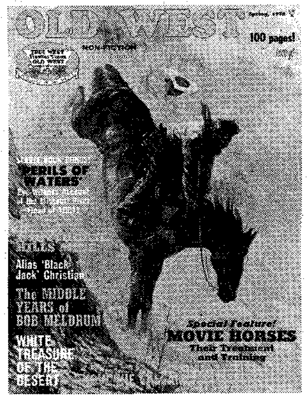

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FRONTIER TIMES
A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

February-March 1970
Vol. 44, No. 2
New Series No. 64

True Stories of the West!

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"The Long, Cold Wait"

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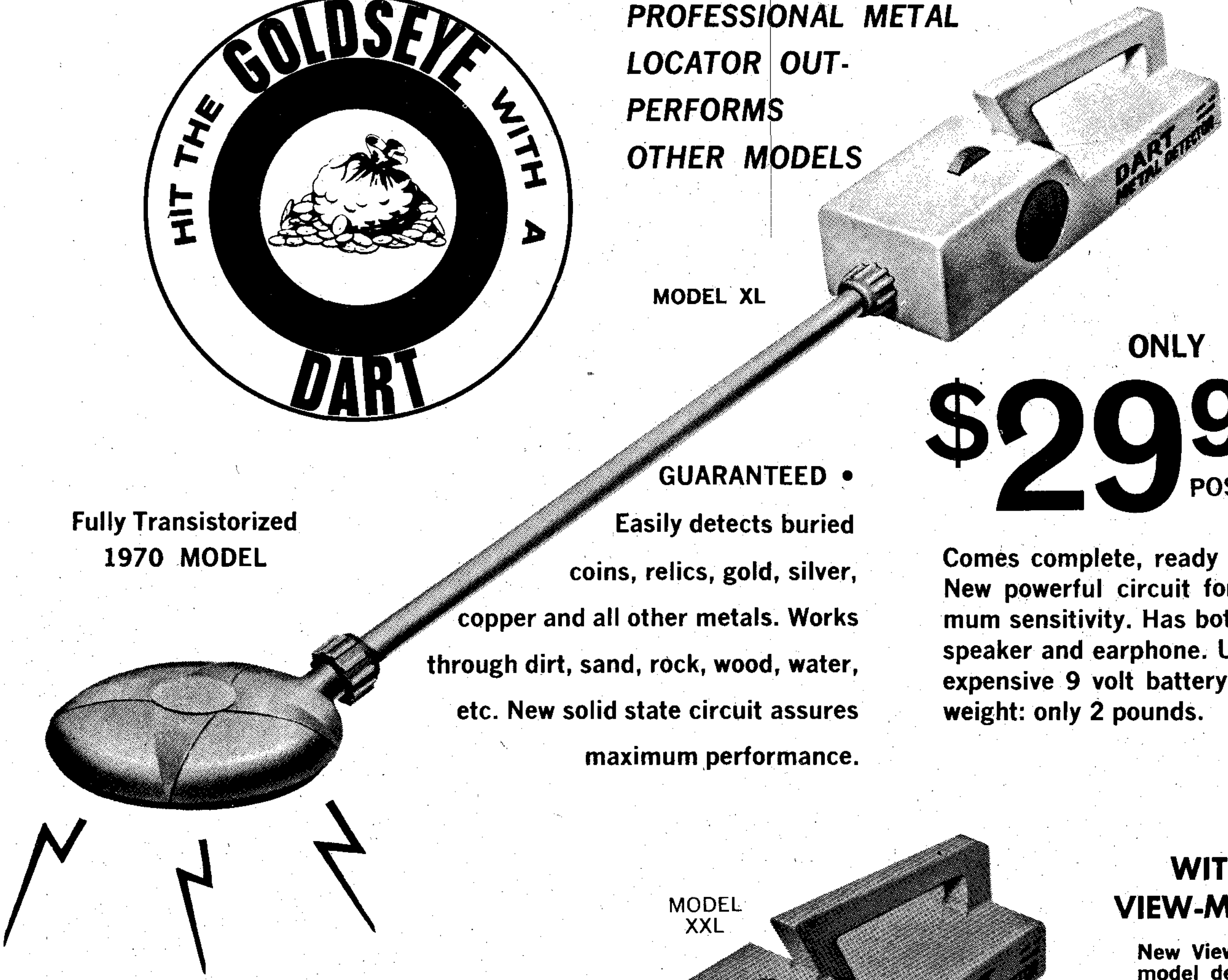

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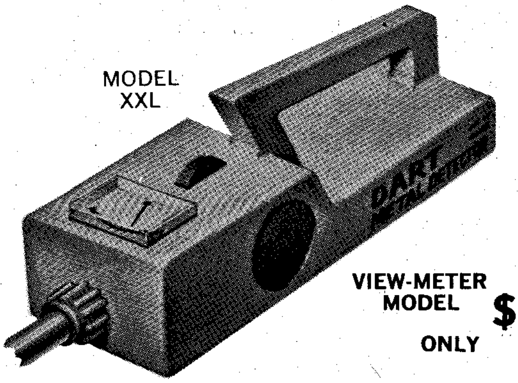

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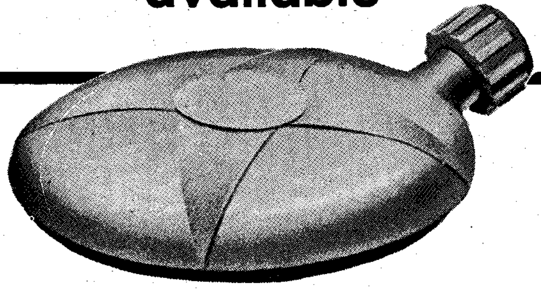

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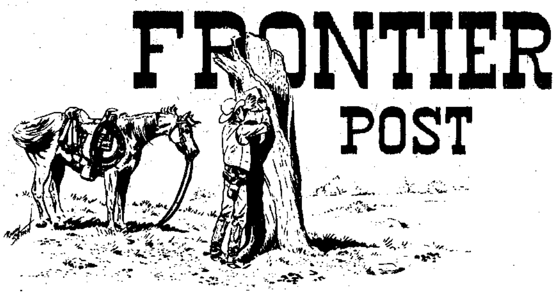

Reliving Wild West Show Days

Dear Sir:

I have been taking your magazines for several years now and enjoy them very much. I am seventy-eight years old and have been in thirty-five states, Canada and Mexico. I lived in a lot of the large cities, including New York City. I have visited in Austin and been over almost all of Texas as my brother-in-law has a brokerage business there and calls on all the military bases. So I have seen and had lots of thrills. Reading Milt Hinkle's story, "The Way a Wild West Show Operated" in the March 1969 FRONTIER TIMES brought back one of the greatest thrills of my life and I have never forgotten it.

I was fourteen years old and saw both afternoon and evening shows of the 101 Ranch Real Wild West in a little coal mining town of Nelsonville, Ohio, about 4,000 population. People came from as far as forty miles away to see it. At the evening show, several hundred people were turned away. Nobody in this part of the country had ever seen an Indian.

The riding cowboys and Cossacks were great and I enjoyed the shooting. An Indian threw balls of some kind in the air and a cowboy broke them with a .45 hand gun. Years later, I found out he had BB shells. (Ask Milt sometime how this was done!) The Indian would hold things out at arm's length and he would break them with a rifle. As a finale, he lay down on his back and looked in a mirror and shot a ball on the end of a stick held in the Indian's teeth.

It was also the first tent I had ever seen with only sidewalls and no top. I tell you, that 101 Ranch show was talked about for months! In 1953 I was in Oklahoma at Norman. We drove to 101 Ranch and there was nothing to see—only a big white house. We may have been to the wrong place, but that was where we were sent from a gas station.

A few years ago you published several stories about the large ranches in Texas—Chisum, Goodnight, etc. It was in three or more articles. They have repeats on TV, so why not you? You could feature several of the best articles, as I would enjoy reading them again.—Orrin James, Coalton, Ohio 45621

Partner, you've raised a good question, but there are so many new stories coming to us every day for FRONTIER TIMES, TRUE WEST, and OLD WEST that we probably will never get around to reprinting any of the old ones. (The only exception being the old treasure stories from real early issues we've been gathering together and offering in one package, GOLD!) But you can find our available back copies listed in every issue, and if you don't remember the specific cover but do recall the story title or story subject or maybe the author's name, send us that much and we'll try to corral that issue for you! And the same goes for all readers who may have lost a special copy sometime back or perhaps read a story in another person's copy and now want one of their own to keep and re-read.

"Bennett Howell's Cow Country"

Dear Sirs:

We were quite surprised to see in the July 1969 FRONTIER TIMES on page 9 the duplicate of a photograph that has been in our family for over fifty years.

The woman who wrote the story, "Bennett Howell's Cow Country," identified only one man (Louis Bays, second from left). I would like to identify the man on the white horse at extreme right in this picture as Lorenzo Dow Harmon, my husband's uncle. The picture we have was given by Dow Harmon to his sister, Serena Ann Harmon Bouslog, who was my husband's mother.

Since Dow Harmon had three other sisters, Sallie, Julie and Tabitha; and four half-brothers and a half-sister, Al, Joe, Dave, Elijah and Rhoda Wristen, living at the time this photograph was taken, we feel that more than one member of Dow Harmon's family has a copy of this picture. We would like to hear from anyone related to L. Dow Harmon, or from anyone having knowledge of this branch of the family.

My husband's father, Miles (Dick) Bouslog, also worked on the PPP Ranch as wagon boss at this time.—Mrs. Ed J. Bouslog, Route 2, Box 76, Ignacio, Colorado 81137

Recalls Tom Mix Circus

Dear Sirs:

I have just read "Tom Mix Was My Boss" for about the tenth time. I can't recall C. O. Robinson, but I worked with the Tom Mix Circus at the time. The gang he tells about was in Butte, Montana, the day after the Al G. Barnes show had been there. I was outside the Big Top when one of the roustabouts stopped a boy from crawling under the tent flap. The kid got mad and tried to cut some of the support ropes to the tent, so he was run off. He threatened to come back. This was during the afternoon show.

Later in the evening I saw him and several other fellows with bats and a pitchfork. I don't know what happened right then, but later rocks were flying everywhere, and then the elephant was swinging the chain. I think it was that same night that one of the elephant trucks tipped over after leaving Butte.

I believe anyone who had any contact with Tom Mix or knew him in any way felt a great loss and sadness when the news of his death came over the radio. I hope Mr. Robinson sees this, as it may interest him to know what town it was in.—Eugene K. Glenn, 248 Randolph Street, Pocatello, Idaho 83201

Recalls Tom Mix

Dear Sirs:

I have been reading FRONTIER TIMES for ten years. I just read "Tom Mix Was My Boss" and "They Are Hanging Doc Vincent Today" in the July 1969 issue.

I knew Tom well and also the three trick ropers in the photo, page 20. You see, I used to be a trick roper myself.—Roy Vincent, 74 East Fulton Street, Gloversville, New York 12078

Roy Vincent back in 1945.

"The Wild McLeans"

Dear Editor:

A copy of your July 1964 FRONTIER TIMES was sent me from the States, and I was very surprised to see the story, "The Wild McLeans."

Donald McLean, father of these boys, was my great-grandfather from his first marriage. Alex McLean was my grandfather, my mother's father. I have the same picture that is in your magazine, hanging in my front room, and must say I am very proud of it. It's well over 104 years old. Also, one of my grandfather's pictures.

The McLean boys said they would

(Continued on page 72)

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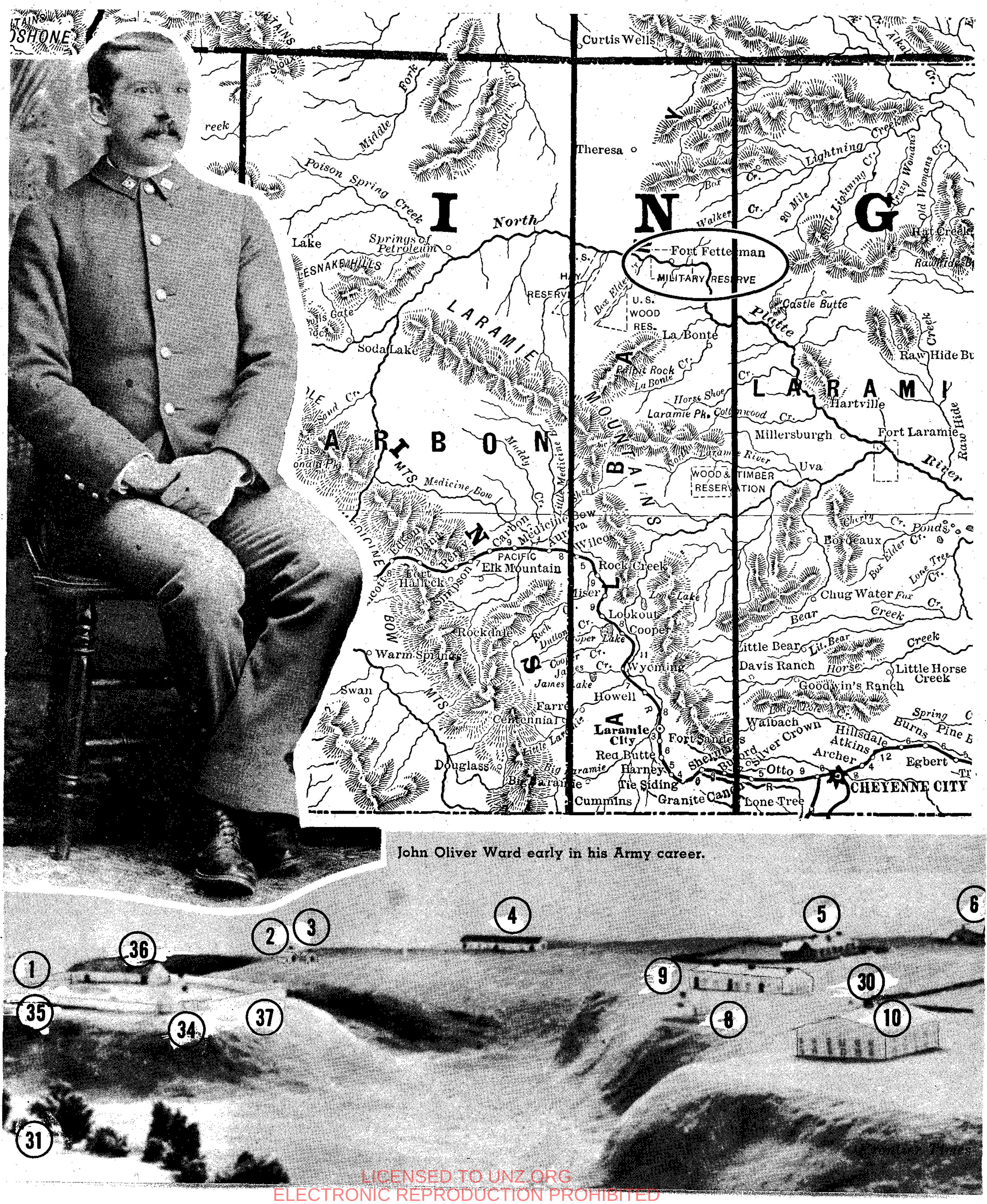

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Atkins
Archer
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CHEYENNE CITY
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John Oliver Ward early in his Army career.

FETTERMAN

ergen of America”

From *Frontier Days in Wyoming*

By J. O. WARD

Submitted by
OLIVE M. WILLIAMS

INTRODUCTORY NOTE: J. O. Ward was born September 19, 1855, in Illinois. When the “Texas fever” of 1873 devastated his father’s herds of cattle, the boy lied about his age and joined the army. He eventually was assigned to Wyoming, first at Fort Bridger and then at Fort Fetterman during the time of the Indian Wars. This fort was considered by the soldiers who served there as one of the dreariest spots in the West.

Everything that came into or went out of Fetterman was escorted by troops. On every contract let to civilians for wood, charcoal, lime and hay “military protection” was stipulated. So between escort duty, building roads, sawing lumber, erecting buildings, installing a water system, doing post guard duty and occasionally being called out to chase the elusive Dog Soldiers back across the river, there was little lost motion; if one craved action, Fetterman was certainly the place to get it.

In later years, J. O. Ward wrote of his experiences as a sergeant during his stint with the Army of the Plains. By that time it was a forgotten war—by the government and by the public at large —but not by the aging men who had lived through it. The following is part of those reminiscences.

EVER SINCE the establishment of Fetterman, the post had been supplied with water hauled from the Platte, in a wagon made for that purpose, and delivered around by hand. This was a most grueling task. Summer or winter, cold or hot, rain or shine, the wagon was obliged to make its regular daily trips for water. In the winter it was necessary to cut holes in the ice and fill the wagon by the use of buckets. This work was usually performed by prisoners under sentence to hard labor, and that portion of the sentence was carried out to the very letter, for I do not know of any labor harder or more severe than hauling water with the thermometer seldom above zero.

Capt. Edwin M. Coates finally received authority to build a reservoir on the mesa and install a pumping plant on the banks of the Platte. This called for ditches for the mains and pipes for distribution, and required much labor of the hardest sort and occupied all summer. But like every undertaking in which the “regular” was engaged, it went to a finish; and the water wagon which had exacted so much physical labor and such grueling hardship was abandoned. The credit for this achievement belongs to Capt. Coates, not forgetting Private Lamb, late of Boston.

I am at this point obliged to record one of the most sorrowful episodes in all my army experience: Each company drew its monthly allowance of wood in four-foot lengths, and it had to be hauled to the sawmill where it was sawed into proper lengths. The sawmill and its auxiliary, as well as the pumping plant, were under the supervision of a civilian named DeLay, assisted by Private Lamb. DeLay was married, and his wife was a very attractive woman whose company was much sought by the single officers at the post. It was hinted that it was her influence that kept her husband on the payroll, for his ability as an engineer was only a joke.

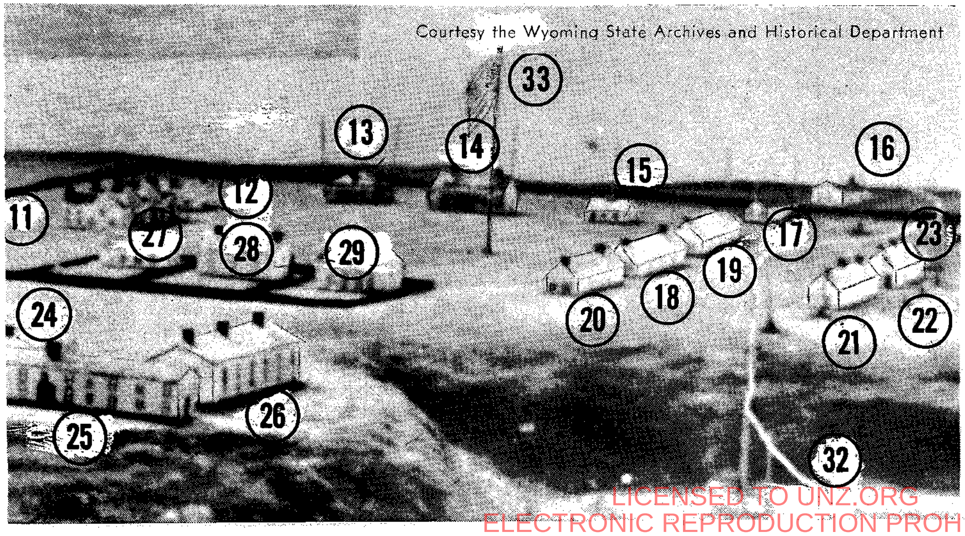
Came time for my company to saw its monthly allowance of wood, and in order to accomplish the task in one day every available man was called into action. All day long there was a steady stream of teams from the woodyard to the sawmill, and from the mill to the barracks. Before beginning work, Private Lamb called the attention of DeLay to the fact that the saw was in need of repairs, and that to use it in its present condition was extremely dangerous, to which DeLay replied, “Oh, if it kills anyone it will be only a soldier.” Subsequent events proved the remark to be a very unfortunate one, for it cost DeLay his job and almost his life.

EVERYTHING went along smoothly until about three o’clock in the afternoon, when suddenly the saw broke from its fastenings and struck Private Henry Bauer squarely between the eyes, killing him instantly. There was a great commotion at the mill and it quickly became known that someone had been killed. A crowd gathered on the brow of the hill, among whom was Mrs. DeLay, who was weeping and wringing her hands in great anguish, imploring someone to inquire if her husband was safe.

Among the crowd was W. H. Murphy, telegraph operator and quartermaster’s clerk, who volunteered to find out if DeLay had been injured. Before Murphy had reached the mill he was told that DeLay was safe, that it was Private Bauer who had been killed. Murphy shortly returned and comforted Mrs. DeLay with the assurance that her husband was safe, that it was “only a soldier who had been killed.” This was another unfortunate remark which was overheard by several persons, and while Murphy doubtless did not intend to cast any reflections, it caused him many anxious moments. Company C was a decidedly angry crowd of soldiers, and only needed a good leader to have started something, when hell would have broken loose.

I openly countenanced a delay in hopes some action would be taken toward placing the blame, and so it passed over temporarily. The next day Private Bauer was laid to rest in the graveyard on the hill, with military honors, and Company C returned to its quarters.

To explain what followed, let me digress for a moment: I am naturally left-handed, and when attending school the teachers tried to make me use my right hand, so it came about that I wrote with either hand. But since entering the



Courtesy the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department

Left, the layout of Fort Fetterman. The buildings numbered are as follows: 1—Adobe walls around corrals, 2—Wheelwright’s shop, 3—Blacksmith shop, 4—Cavalry barns, 5—U.S. Post hospital, 6—Guardhouse, 7—Powder magazine, 8—Bakery, 9—Laundress’ quarters, 10—Storehouse, 11—Unmarried officer’s quarters, 12—General Headquarters Building, 13—Lieutenants’ quarters, 14—Majors’ quarters, 15—Captains’ quarters, 16—Sutler’s store, 17—Cavalry barracks, 18-20—Soldiers’ barracks, 21 and 22—Post Kitchen and Mess Hall, 23—Telegraph office and schoolhouse, 24 and 25—Storehouses, 26—Post Supply storehouse, 27 to 29—Captains’ quarters, 30—Quartermaster Supply Office, 31—Platte River, 32—Telegraph line, 33—Flag pole, 34—Stable, 35—Mule barn, 36 and 37—Stables.

service I used my left hand for writing and wrote my name on all reports with my left hand, and I doubt if any person in my company knew that I could write with the other.

As the men gathered in groups discussing the tragedy I went among them, counseling further delay, and while only a boy, I had the good sense to keep my plans to myself—for I had plans.

In the quiet of my orderly's room I wrote an anonymous missive to Mr. DeLay, using my right hand, warning him to leave the post within twenty-four hours or take the consequences. I then sealed and mailed it myself. Then I "set fast," awaiting results. I think one of the wisest things I ever did was to take no one into my confidence, but keep my mouth shut. Imagine a first sergeant of a company writing a threatening letter and inciting a riot! To be convicted of such a charge would have meant ten years in Leavenworth Prison.

In due time the warning reached DeLay who immediately carried it to the commanding officer, who was also captain of the company to which Bauer belonged. Coates instructed DeLay to arm himself and shoot the first man who attempted any violence toward him.

The captain was making preparations to leave on a hunting trip of a week, and the command of both his company and the post was turned over to Lieut. George O. Webster. Whether Coates looked upon the threat as an idle one, or if he was silently approving, was never known. True, he made efforts to ascertain who wrote the warning note, even to calling in the muster rolls which every man had to sign for pay, and comparing their signatures with the writing in the letter, but he learned *nothing.*

The news was soon broadcast that DeLay was packing a gun, but so far as I could observe, it did not scare anyone. I mingled freely with the men, on the lookout for signs of trouble, and while there was nothing by either action or sign as to what course they would pursue, I felt certain that there was something in the air.

A PART of the daily routine of the company commander was inspection of quarters, mess hall and kitchen. This generally took place in the morning, but Lieut. Webster did not come, and dinner went off as usual. I went into the orderly room, and for awhile my attention was occupied with something else. Shortly, Lieut. Webster came in for inspection.

It was the duty of the "top" to accompany the inspection officer, so I arose and opened the door to that portion of the barracks used for sleeping and while everything was in order there was not a man in sight. It dawned upon me at once that they had gone to carry out the warning, and I began to frame some reply if Webster should ask for the men.

But through the barracks we went, and into the mess hall on whose tables were the used dishes and the remains of dinner. We then passed into the kitchen which was in some disorder, with pots and pans which had been used in preparing the meal, yet unwashed. Still, none of the men was to be seen. We then passed out by the rear door, where the lieutenant dismissed me without so much as a single word of reproof regarding the disorderly manner of the mess room and kitchen. He took the back way to the officers' club at the post-trader's store.

In the meantime Company C had proceeded to the pumping plant where DeLay was on duty, and before he realized what was up, weapons were thrust through both doors and window and he was ordered to throw up his hands. One glance was enough for DeLay and he immediately reached for the clouds. His hands were tied behind his back, and a rope was placed around his neck, after which the soldiers took the road leading south toward Rock Creek which ran along the foot of the hill past the post.

Lieut. Webster had just dismissed me when, stepping over to the edge of the hill, he observed the crowd. Hailing me he inquired, "Oh, Sergeant—what are those men doing?"

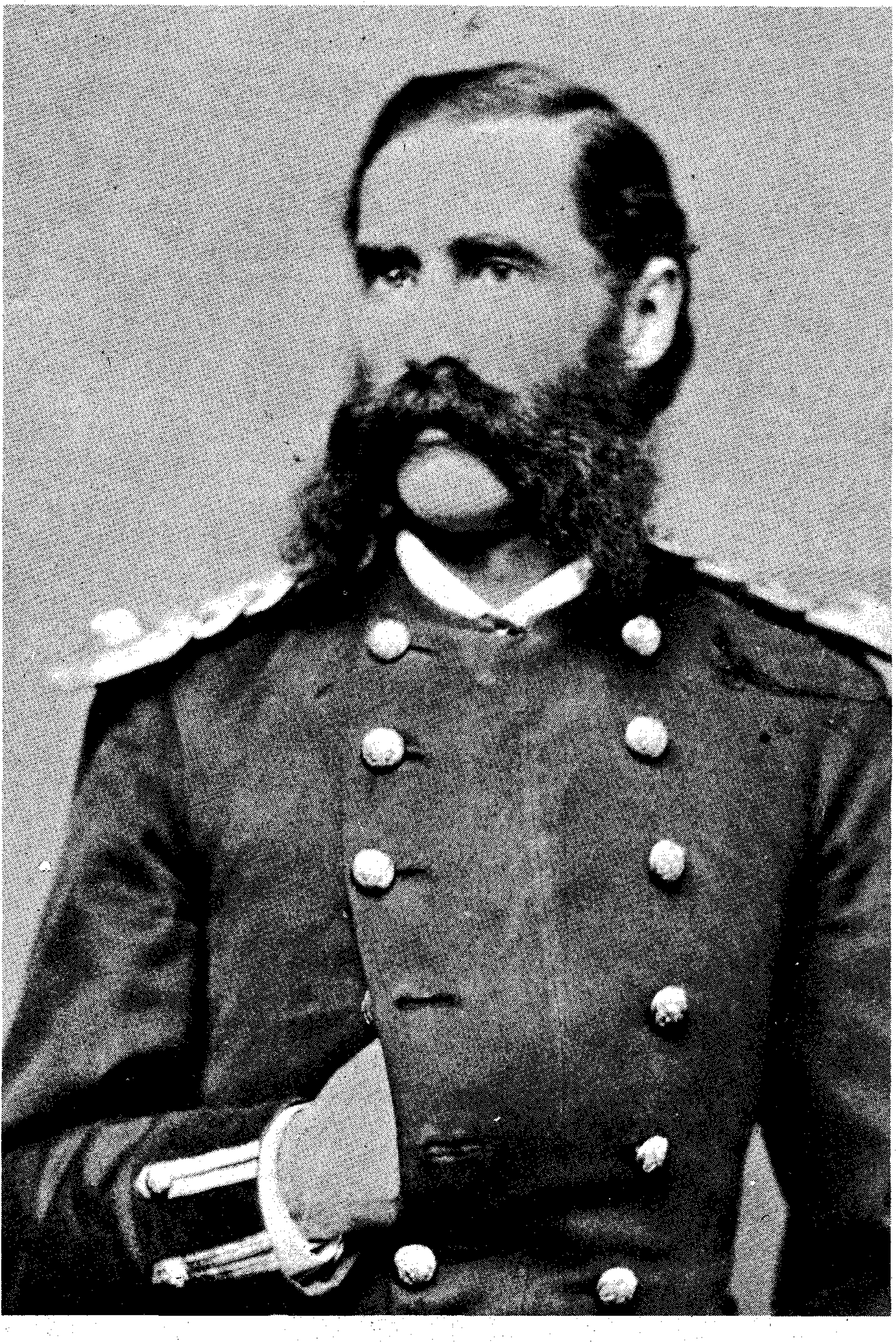
Like any first-class liar I replied, "I don't know, I'm sure, sir."

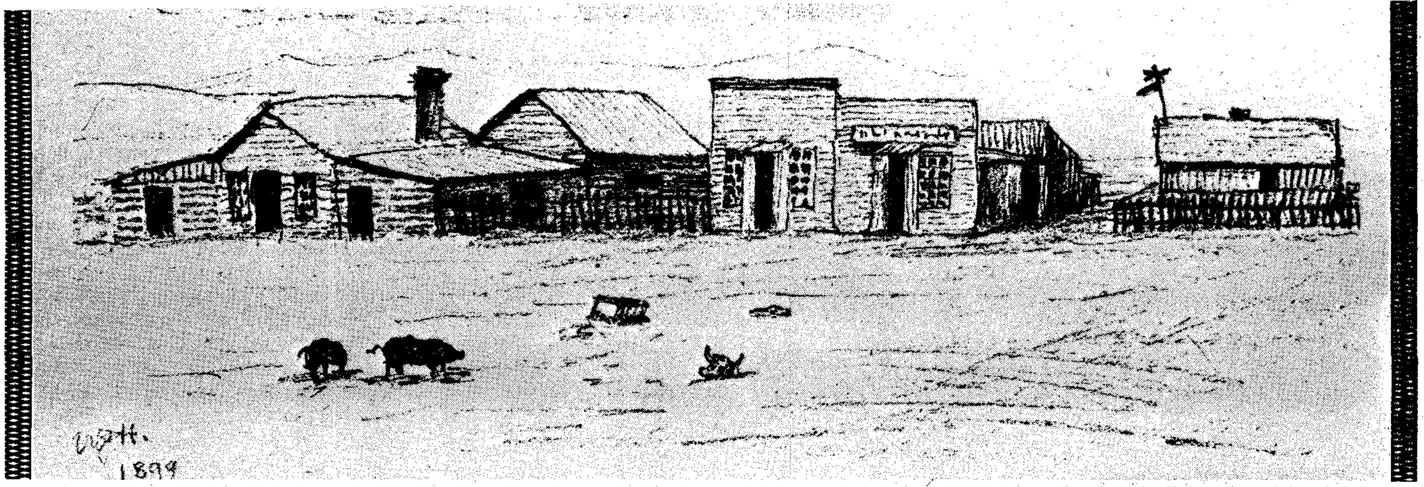
"I suppose they are going to settle some argument," he rejoined as he passed on into the clubroom.

The La Prelle was quite a stream, and at certain times of the year was not very easy to cross on foot. Here the mob untied DeLay's hands, placed a haversack on his back, with some food therein, and gave him his liberty, accompanied by the flourish of a fifty-foot rope. He was ordered to beat it and never return.

Captain Edwin M. Coates, Sergeant Wade's commanding officer.

Courtesy the University of Wyoming Library





Courtesy the University of Wyoming Library

Pencil sketch of Medicine Bow, Wyoming, giving a view of the north side of the public square.

In the company was one Clarence McGrath, a born fomenter and agitator. He had never caused any trouble in the company and, in fact, was very obedient and did his duty in a very soldierly manner; but if there was any truth in certain statements (and one had no reason to doubt them) he had taken part in strikes and agitations in which he seemed to find much satisfaction; and here, by common consent, McGrath took command.

Waiting for sufficient time to elapse for DeLay to get his bearings, which was due south to Rock Creek, McGrath ordered the company into line and marched them in an orderly manner up the hill to the front door of the officers' clubroom, where the command halted.

At the clubhouse door McGrath boldly knocked. Lieut. Webster answered in person.

"Sir," said McGrath, "here are the keys to the engine house."

"Well, what are *you* doing with them?" demanded the lieutenant.

"Sure, and you have no engineer now, sir," replied McGrath.

Ordering the company to quarters, and sending a detail of cavalry to overtake and bring back the fleeing fugitive was the first step. When DeLay was overtaken he pleaded to be allowed to continue on, fearing for his life if he returned; but he was brought back and confined under close guard.

It is presumed that the lack of men for duty restrained the commanding officer from attempting any punishment of the men of Company C. Another reason—probably more potent—was the unspoken conviction that there was some justification for the company's action.

A COURT of inquiry was called, consisting of commissioned officers, to investigate the killing of Private Bauer. It is sometimes strange what trouble will arise over one little word. The remark made by DeLay to Lamb was no doubt intended to convey his contempt for a soldier, but with Murphy it was expressed a little different, and when witnesses were called to testify in the case of Murphy, they laid particular stress on the word "only"—not just the word itself but the accent or emphasis, and it was in fear that the fact would be established that the accent denoted contempt which caused Murphy to sit on the anxious seat.

Finally the court of inquiry adjourned, and what conclusion they arrived at was never known. But when Capt. Coates returned from his hunt, a detail of ten men, over whom I was placed in charge, was given orders to escort DeLay and his wife, bag and baggage, to Cheyenne and there give him his liberty.

While there may have been men in the company who suspected that I was the author of that warning letter, I was never openly accused, and I wisely kept my own counsel as long as I remained in the service.

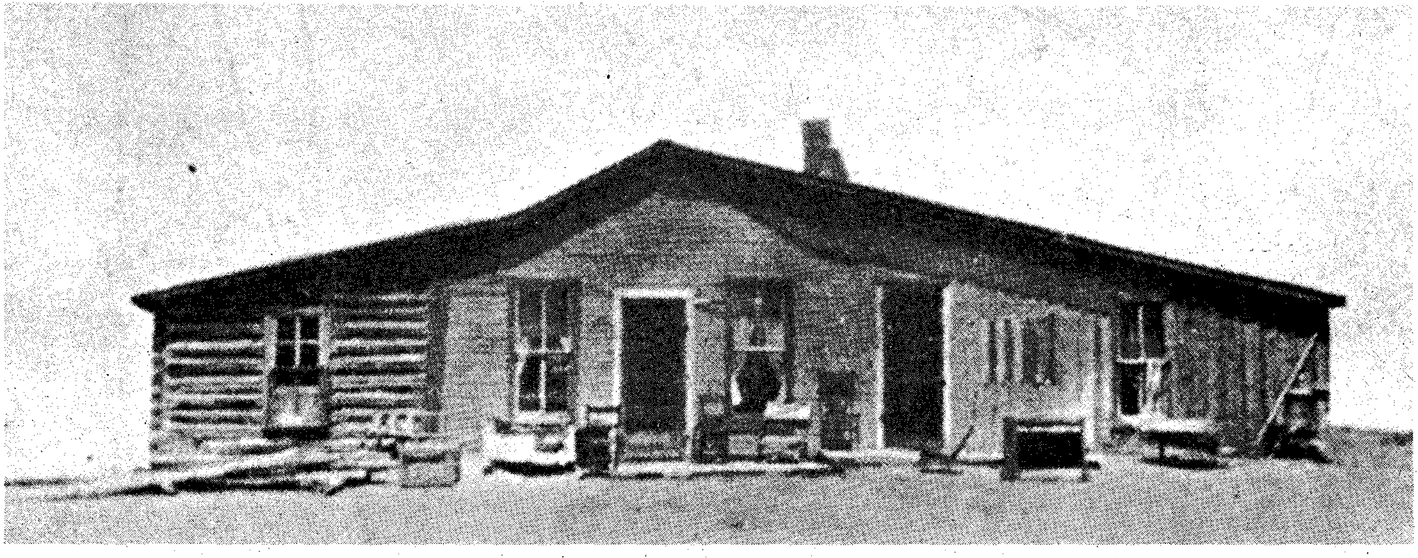
Years after, out of curiosity, I visited the post cemetery which held the remains of many badmen too slow on the draw, as well as those of soldiers who had either been killed by Indians or had made the supreme sacrifice in some other manner. Among those graves I noted a headboard on which was inscribed: "Sacred to the memory of Private Henry Bauer, Company C. Fourth Infantry. Killed through criminal negligence."

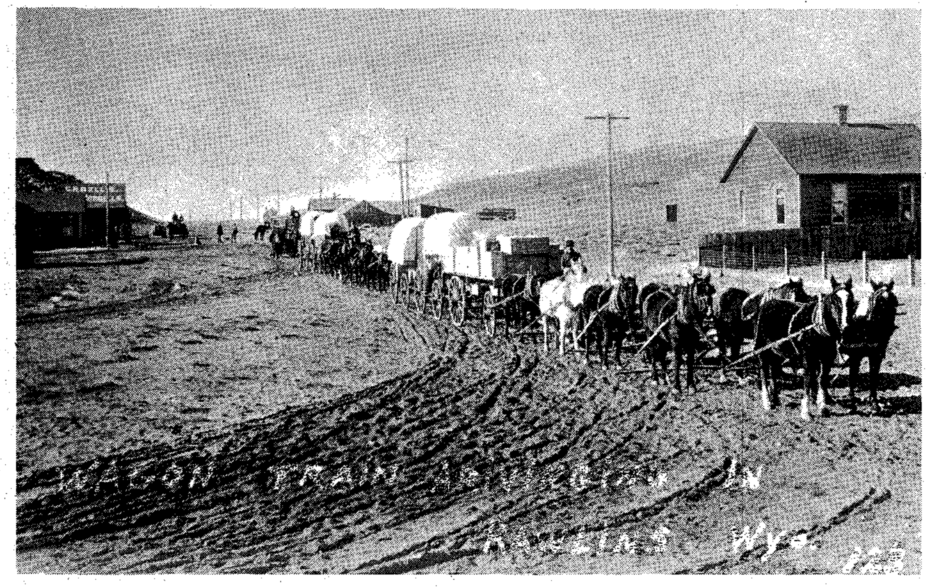
He was "only a soldier"!

WITH THE ADVENT of spring there was great activity at Fort Fetterman. Both military and civil troops and supplies came, all destined for the posts being established in the north. Many small stockmen were coming out of the more congested ranges of Colorado, and some larger outfits, numbering their cattle by the thousands, were seeking locations. Settlers also were becoming numerous, while close behind followed numerous badmen—cattle rustlers, gun-

The Cedar Street Hotel in Medicine Bow, around 1875.

Courtesy the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department





Courtesy Elmer Wilson, Eureka, California

Rawlins, Wyoming, the town in which Big Nose George was tried and convicted, by due process of law. Vigilantes had their own ideas about justice and took the matter into their own hands and lynched him.

fighters and road agents. The picking was good and growing better, as the government was paying out large sums of money, and hold-ups of the stages were quite frequent; so the troops accompanied every train or wagon going north.

At Sage Creek were Frank Lacy and Calamity Jane; at Brown Springs, Burns and Mike Henry, the oldest settlers in Wyoming; at the Dry Cheyenne, John Irwin and his gang; at Antelope Springs, Mills and Lechner, and a general store at Powder River. If one managed to get safely through, coming south without an escort, it was merely an oversight.

At the Dry Cheyenne ranch one could always find a floating population that came and went according to the dictates of their consciences—if they had any! What they did, nobody asked, and no one cared. Besides, it was not considered good form to inquire into the nature of other people's business in those days in the West. The military authorities made no attempt to interfere. It was their business to furnish military protection for the public, and that was as far as the military was interested.

Fetterman at that time boasted of no hotel or eating house where the transient could obtain food, so the public began to apply to the company kitchens to be fed, and I, being top, was caterer of the mess and quite naturally met and became acquainted with many different persons. While there were many straightforward, honest, peaceable men coming into that country, attracted by the love of adventure or the lure of big money to be made legitimately, there were many others who came for other reasons. Texas furnished many of these badmen, with the "Show Me" state running a close second. One section from which sprang the James brothers, the Youngers, Quantrills and Hilderbrands, furnished a full quota. One was compelled to be very guarded in expressing opinions regarding those notorious characters, for they all claimed relationship and their deeds of robbery and murder were admired and extolled by a certain class, and any adverse opinion expressed in public was bad form.

Between the civil and military population there were no grievances, all stories to the contrary notwithstanding, and during my four and one-half years in the service at Fort Fetterman, there never were any serious clashes or altercations. The much discussed "chalk-line" separating the bar is all bunk.

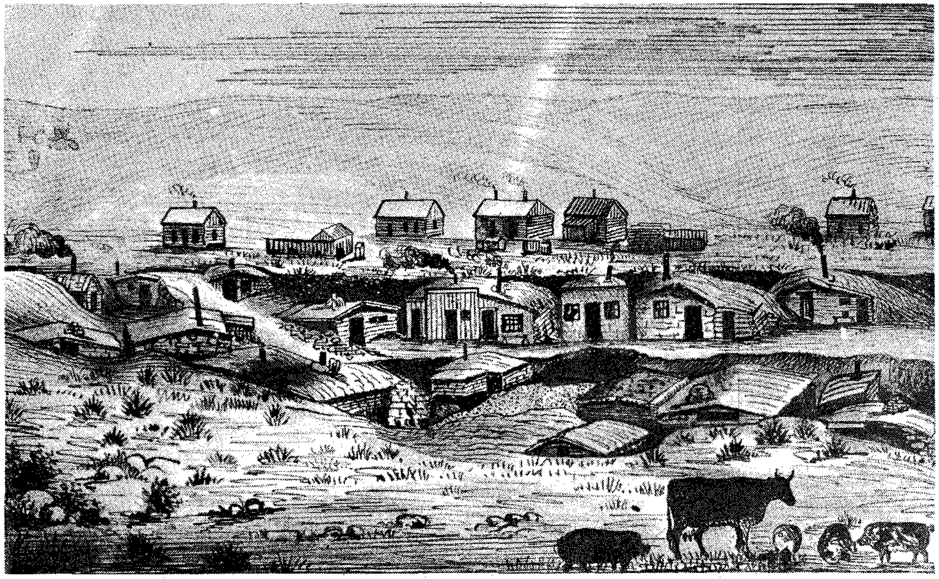
The post-trader's store faced the east. It was built of adobe and its length was about seventy-five feet. On the south end was the officers' clubroom in which they had their sideboard, a billiard table, and several small tables for card playing. A colored man operated a barber chair in which the officers had their tonsorial work done. This Negro also attended to the janitor work of the room. On the north end of the store was the bar where enlisted men and the civilian population were served.

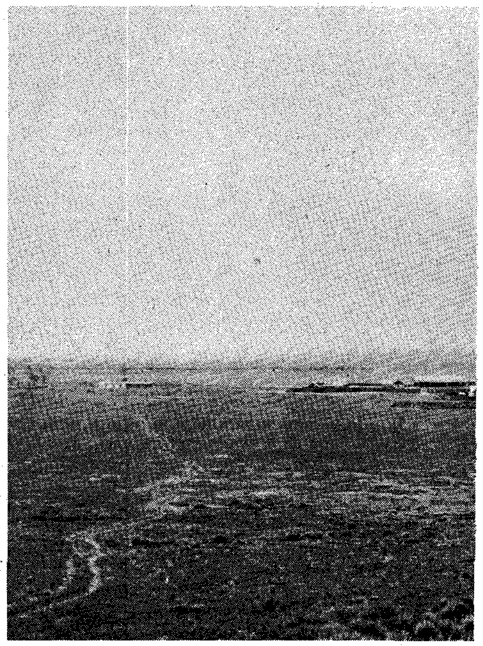
One publication has stated that Gen. Custer broke the chalk-line rule while making preparations for the Indian campaign of 1876, claiming that he realized that there must be harmony between the two factions to insure success. As a matter of fact, Gen. Custer never visited Fetterman at any time, and had nothing to do with organizing and conducting any Indian campaigns starting from the south, and the civilian population took no part in any Indian campaigns, save to go as scouts, teamsters or packers. If such a statement was made solely to amuse the public, well and good. If given as a part of the real history of the West, its value is nil.

ABOUT THIS TIME a gang of desperadoes, some of whom were quite well known at and around Fetterman, held up a train on the Union Pacific railroad at a station between Medicine Bow and Rawlins, securing a large sum of money. They fled into the fastness of the Elk Mountains. This gang was under the

A sketch of Carbon, Wyoming in 1876.

Courtesy the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department





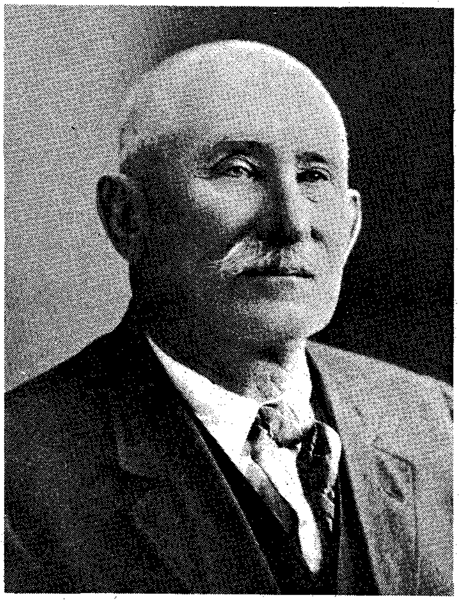
leadership of Big Nose George, and consisted of six men.

The robbery occurred in Carbon County, not far from a coal-mining town of that name. Carbon contained a population of about 500, mostly miners. Two men, Robert Widawfield [Widdowfield] and [Tip] Vincent, were deputized and sent out to capture the gang and secure the treasure, if possible. This was a considerable job for two men to perform, but they started to accomplish the seemingly impossible. They soon located the trail. It headed toward Elk Mountains, and after following it for about twenty miles they ran into an ambush and both were shot and killed.

When the deputies failed to return within a reasonable length of time, their friends organized a posse and started a search for them. They found their bodies robbed of everything of value, even to clothing. There was great indignation, and feeling ran high. Certain men, who of late had been in and around Carbon and upon whom suspicion fell, were conspicuous by their absence. In the course of time they appeared at Fetterman, coming to our kitchen several times for food.

Suddenly there appeared on the scene a railroad detective who arrested one Joe Menoz and took him to Laramie City, the county seat of Albany County. The crime with which Menoz was charged was committed in Carbon County, consequently he had to be taken to Rawlins for trial. When the day arrived for the removal of the prisoner he was placed on the train due in Carbon about eight o'clock. On arrival, several armed men quietly entered the smoker and took the prisoner out of the car to the end of the platform, placed a rope around his neck, threw it over a pole and pushed Joe Menoz into eternity. Very few words were spoken and no protest was made. In a few moments the crowd dispersed and the train moved on.

This episode of western justice had been almost forgotten, when another man known as Dutch Charley was caught in the Union Pacific drag-net, and Dutch Charley's soul went to meet its Maker under exactly the same conditions. And so it continued until five men had been executed in the same manner and at the same place.

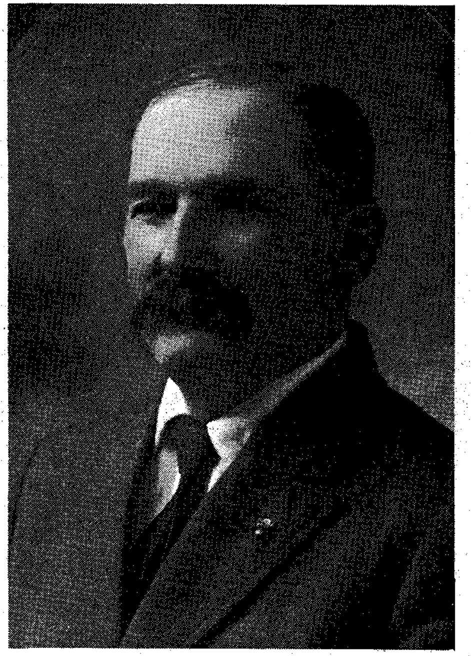


Courtesy the University of Wyoming Library

John Hunton, freighting contractor and stockman, was a familiar face around the Fort.

No one seemed to understand why the prisoners were always placed on the same train, or how word was passed that they were en route; nor did anyone seem to care.

Some time elapsed before the community was reminded of the cited incidents, but the truth came out with the capture of Big Nose George. . . . The news was flashed that every effort would be made to bring him to Wyoming for trial. Great secrecy was to be observed in bringing the prisoner through Carbon, but when the train bearing Big Nose George reached that station the outlaw was taken from the train, without protest, and strung up for a moment and then lowered. The spokesman assured him that his life would be spared if he would tell what he knew regarding the innocence or guilt of those who had been hanged before. His reply was, "Every man you have executed was guilty."

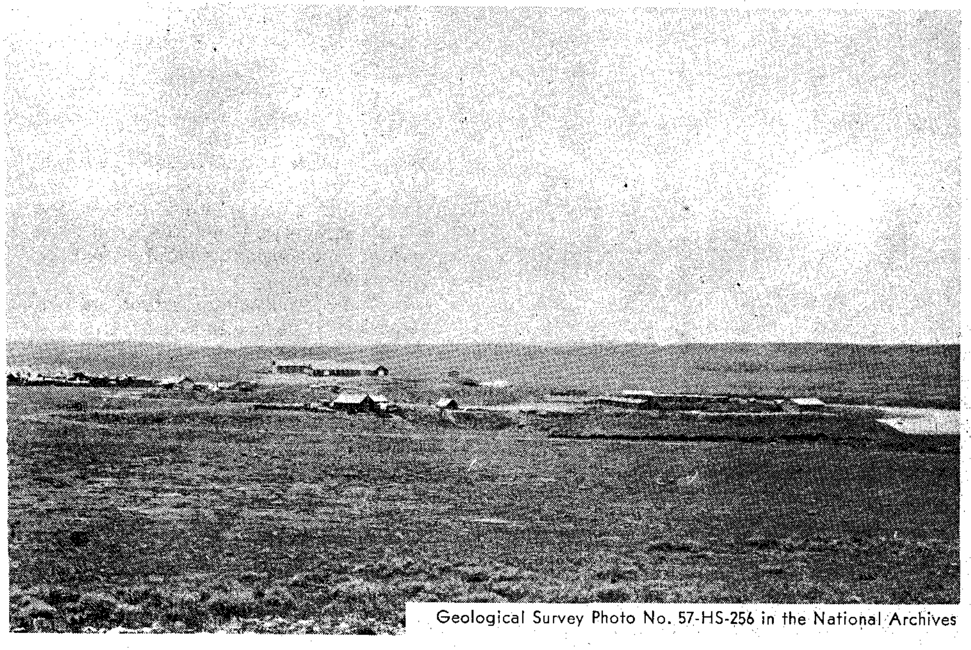


John Oliver Ward

Big Nose George was returned to the officer and taken to Rawlins where he was tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged. The day before the date of execution he struck his jailor, Rankin, over the head with a pair of handcuffs and escaped. But he failed to get out of town. That night the Vigilantes came, took him from the jail, and hanged him. He met his death with a great show of unconcern. It was said that a prominent physician had a pair of gloves made from the desperado's skin.

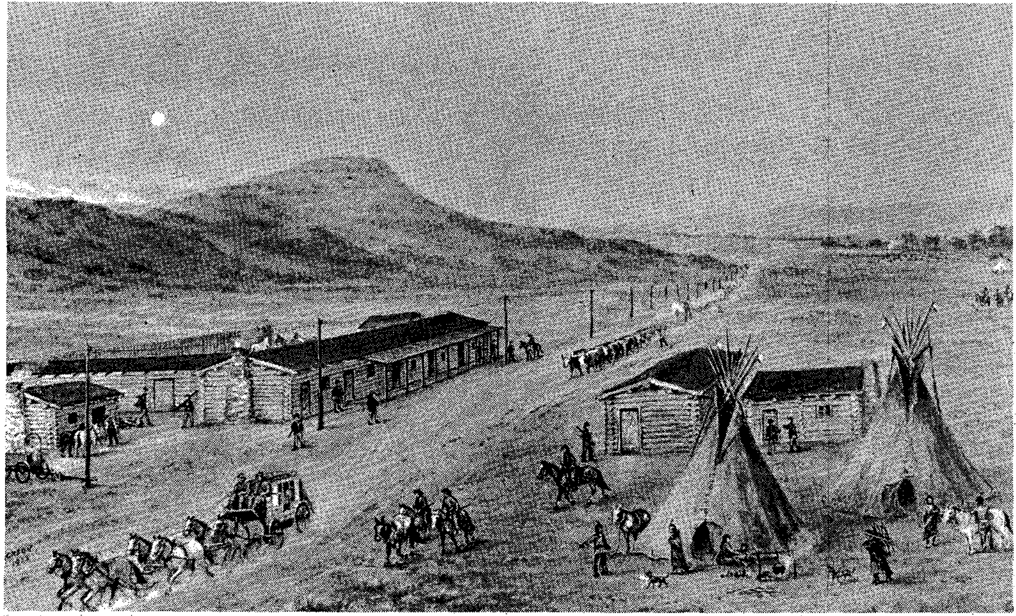
Thus was the country cleared in the early 1880s of one of the most lawless gangs that ever infested Wyoming, and so far as anyone ever knew, no attempt was made to punish any of those who administered justice so swiftly and with such certainty. By what system the Vigilantes obtained their information regarding the removal of the prisoners, none knew or cared; but they must have been very close to someone in authority, for they never made a mistake in their man nor was there ever any resistance or protest by the officers in charge of the prisoner. I drew my own conclusions years ago, but was discreet enough to keep them to myself and it is scarcely worth while expressing them at this late day.

DURING this year all the range on the north side of the Platte, from Poison Spider to Fort Laramie—which previously had been the Sioux reservation, the buffalo country of the north, the No Man's Land of the West—was being stocked with cattle. Searight Brothers, with a thousand head, arrived from Oregon and Washington; Bond



Geological Survey Photo No. 57-HS-256 in the National Archives

Left, a panoramic view of Fort Fetterman in 1870.



Courtesy the University of Wyoming Library

Deer Creek Station

Brothers from Omaha; Tillotson, the post-trader Bronson, Kesline, Sam and John Sparks (the latter afterwards governor of Nevada); and many others with smaller herds.

Fetterman, therefore, was not only the scene of great activity, but it was the only point within ninety miles where supplies could be obtained or medical attention given. So Fetterman was a busy place, especially during the summer months when the cowmen's forces gathered for the general roundup. At such times cowboys could be counted not by the dozens or score, but by the hundreds.

They came from all parts of the country where cattle were king—dark-skinned men from across the Rio Grande, wearing the two-gallon sombrero covered with fancy doodads. They carried the rawhide riata, with their horse equipment bespangled with silver conchas, the cowboy from the Brazos country using the double cinch saddle and the sea-grass rope. From California and the Northwest came those who rode the center-fire saddle and rode with a long stirrup. There were tenderfeet from the East who wore shoes and carried a .22 caliber pop-gun; college graduates, students from the "tight little isle" across the Atlantic, and there was one who claimed the distinction of being a cowboy whose experience was limited to herding "town cows" back in Kansas. Altogether, it was a motley gathering of the flotsam and jetsam of earth—a getting together of riders of the range such as was never seen in this or any other country, and its like will never be seen again.

Came also the old-timers—men who had spent many years on the border of civilization, and who were a factor in the upbuilding of the West.

Robert Fryer, a blacksmith who had a shop three miles from the post, on the government reservation by permission, was there when I first came to Fetterman, and still there when my term of service had expired and I left that country. Fryer claimed the distinction of having seen more men killed right there in front of his shop than any other man in Wyoming. Yet he never carried a gun and never was molested.

John Boyd, an ex-priest, was a bullwhacker owning one team of bulls. He made a living hauling wood in the summer. In the winter he hibernated. Why he abandoned the sacred vestments of the church to become a nomad of the Plains was a subject that was never discussed. He resented the encroachment of civilization, claiming that the country was becoming too congested because there was a distance of only four miles between himself and his nearest neighbor!

Louis Philip Justy, commonly known as "Missouri Jim," (although he had never been in Missouri) was the first civil officer in that precinct, and was called to sit upon many inquests, one taking place in the open with the coroner's jury sitting on a wagon tongue! He was highly educated, a graduate of one of the most popular colleges in the East, and one of the most entertaining persons I ever met. And above all, he was a man of iron nerve.

It was my fortune—or misfortune—to be a convalescent patient in the post hospital one time when Missouri Jim was brought in, suffering from thirteen cuts made in the calves of his legs by a sickle. The post surgeon was obliged to remove pieces of flesh and muscle from his lower limbs. The operation required about an hour, but Jim bore the pain and suffering without a murmur, refusing an anesthetic in any form. Later, he jumped out of the window in the post hospital at Fort McKinney in the dead of winter, while suffering from an aggravated case of the D.T.s, and was found frozen to death.

JACK [John] Hunton was a freighting contractor and stockman whose home ranch was below Fort Laramie on the Chugwater, but whose business interests were mostly in and around Fetterman. Like many other pioneers he had a squaw, which many claimed was protection from hostile Indians.

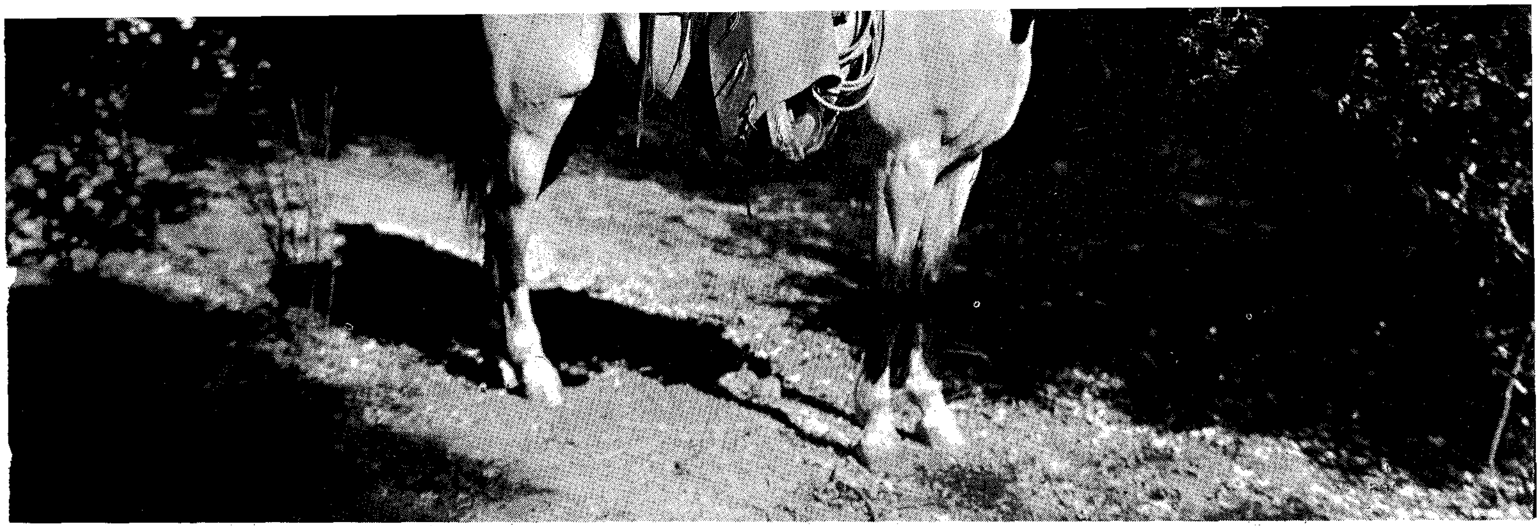
Then there was "Black Bill" Robinson, who carried the mail in and out of Fetterman for many years across the Medicine Bow Mountains and Laramie Plains, in storms and blizzards, rain or shine, until the stage line to Rock Creek put him out of business. Then Robinson took his squaw and papooses and departed for the reservation.

There was also an odd genius known as "Frenchy," born and educated in France. He had fought and killed an opponent in a duel, and was obliged to seek asylum elsewhere. He came to Fetterman in an early day and took to the mountains. He was the proud possessor of a Sharps sporting rifle, which he used with considerable skill and which was his principal means of support. He used one horse for packing, but scorned to ride. A quarterly remittance from abroad brought him to the post four

(Continued on page 46)

Rock Creek Station

Courtesy the University of Wyoming Library



Above, Clyde Kinney (Robert Clyde Ruffner) on 'Fox.' Kinney always made his own chaps and holsters. His Stetson, the last he wore in pictures, is in the author's collection.

Motion Pictures Vignettes

By ROBERT S. BIRCHARD
Photos Courtesy Author

The first in a series of "faces you remember; the names you forget."

"KIN 'E RIDE that wild buffalo?" asked a skeptic.

"Kin 'e?" replied Pawnee Bill. "He shore kin!"

And from that moment on Clyde Ruffner became Clyde "Kin 'e," or rather, Kinney, as he spelled it. He was the first man to ride a saddled wild buffalo, but that was sixty years ago. Sixty years is a long time—but eight years are longer when you spend them in a paint store.

He was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, but his family came to Arizona in the early nineties and he was "range raised." The new country to which his family came was not really new at all, for Arizona in its last days as a Territory was the final stronghold of the "Old" West.

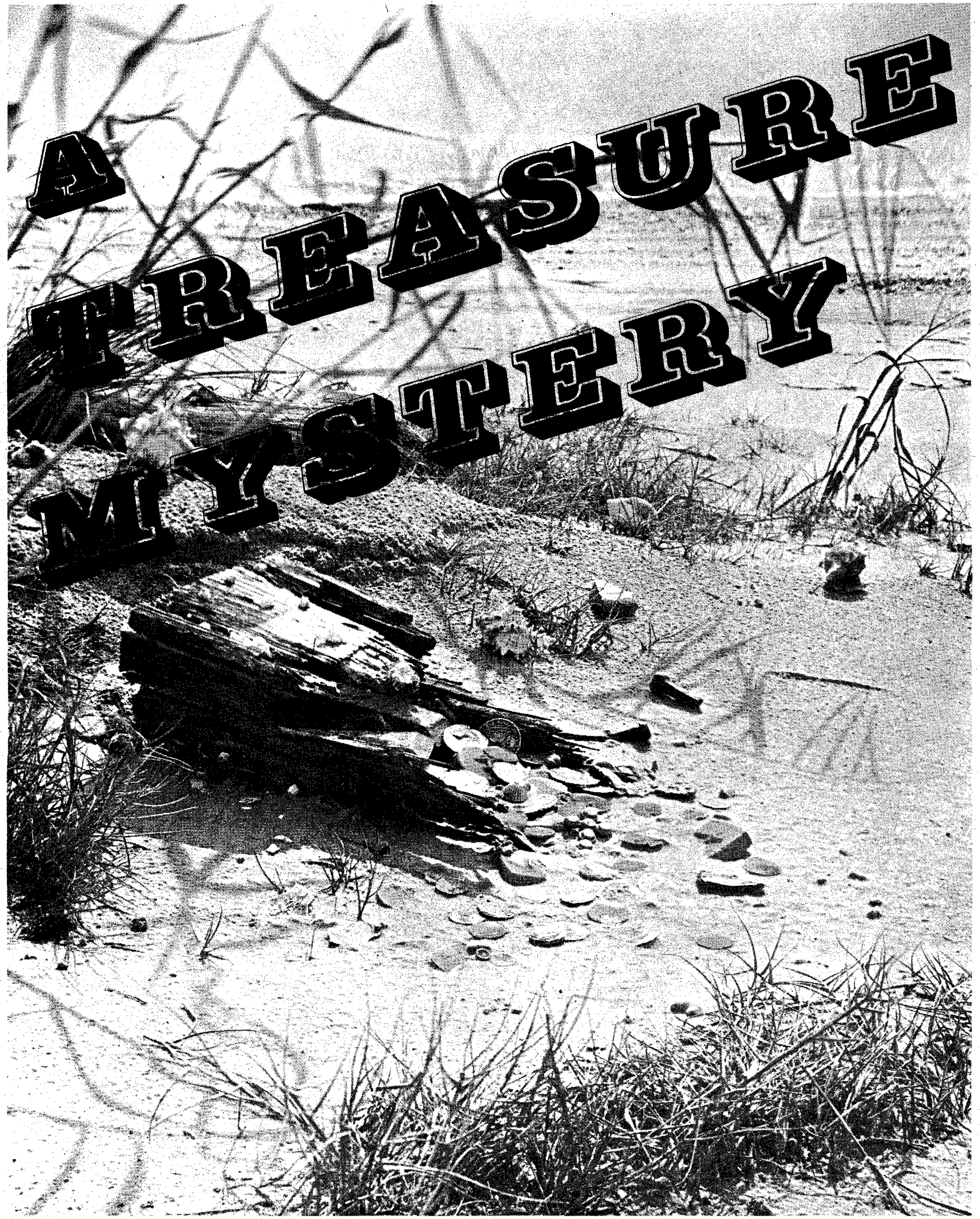
Clyde wasn't tall—physically tall—but size is rarely the measure of a man. Before his days with the Pawnee Bill Wild West Show, he had been a cowhand.

Things went well for Clyde until

(Continued on page 67)

Left, Private Kinney chauffeurs Sergeant Tom Mix in "Flaming Guns," a 1933 Universal film directed by Arthur Rosson.

A TREASURE MYSTERY



Padre Island Photo by William Mahan

AS DEEP AS THE SEA

What Went Before—

By DR. W. W. NEWCOMB

(Explanatory note: The following article appeared in the August-September edition of the bi-monthly newsletter THE MUSTANG, published by the Texas Memorial Museum. Dr. W. W. Newcomb, director of the museum and member of the state three-man committee in charge of making the inventory of the artifacts found on Spanish galleons sunk in the Gulf of Mexico, is the author of the article. This account is based on a pamphlet, "Spanish Documents Concerning the 1553 Flota of New Spain by Padilla, Barcia, and Torquemada," provided by its compiler, Ford Green; a conversation with Mr. Green; and Chapter V, "The Dominican Martyrs of Texas, 1553-1554," in Carlos Castaneda's OUR CATHOLIC HERITAGE OF TEXAS, Vol. 1.

MOST TEXANS who read newspapers and watch TV must be aware by now that the state is in possession of a number of Spanish artifacts recovered from the waters off Padre Island by an Indiana treasure-hunting firm. Included among the sixteenth century artifacts are cannons, astrolabes, silver disks known as marquetas, several crossbows, silver coinage, a gold bar and a gold crucifix.

Almost everybody is excited by tales of Spanish treasure, to which in this case have been added acrid controversy, court action politics and colorful personalities. As fascinating as the current tangled situation may be, the story of the shipwreck, from which these artifacts presumably came, and the fate of its survivors is even more compelling, replete as it is with adventure, horror, hardship and death.

In the spring of 1553, thirty-odd years after Cortez had completed the conquest of Mexico, a fleet of twenty vessels set sail for Spain from the Port of Veracruz, laden with silver from the newly opened mines of the New World, gold, and no doubt other treasures.

Some 1,000 persons were aboard the vessels—old conquistadores, settlers, and merchants returning home with the accumulated wealth—or loot—of a lifetime. Their wives, children, and servants were with them. There were Dominican missionaries, too, one of whom, Fray Juan Ferrer, was something of a mystic. As they sailed he predicted that the fleet would never reach Spain and that most of its passengers would perish after terrible hardships. He is also said to have claimed that he would survive and live for many years, though he would never see Spain and would dwell among strange people. His predictions, as will become evident, came uncannily close to being true.

The fleet reached Cuba without incident, where it took on more supplies and discharged merchandise. Three ships, serving as a screening and scouting force, departed several days before the rest of the fleet, and they reached Spain safely. But the remainder of the fleet, caught by swift currents and then by "bad weather" in the Bahama channel, were swept back into the Gulf. Only three of these vessels survived the storm. Two battered hulks eventually reached European ports; a third managed to return to Veracruz.

The balance of the fleet, fourteen ships, were wrecked. It was one or more of these that apparently fetched up on what is now the Texas coast, off lower Padre Island, some of whose remains have now been recovered. Just how many of the vessels were wrecked at the same location is a matter of conjecture.

One would guess that a violent storm would scatter such a fleet badly, but this seems not to have been the case. Apparently the Spanish sailors chose to run before the April storm, enabling them to stay together, but not realizing that it could carry them entirely across the Gulf of Mexico and onto the low-lying Texas coast.

By swimming and hanging onto planks, boxes, and other flotsam, something fewer than 300 survivors, including women and children, managed to gain the shore. Stunned, miserable and without means of making fire, for six days the castaways huddled forlornly on the beach. On the seventh day they saw Indians. There were about 100 natives, equipped for war with bows and arrows, though they made signs of peace by approaching with unstrung bows. They also came with quantities of fish and the fire with which to cook them.

The Spaniards accepted the fish gratefully and the fire enthusiastically, but they were wary. The "General of the Fleet," a perceptive man but as events later revealed not a very successful leader, believed the Indians brought too much food for enemies but carried too many arrows to be friends. He ordered the men to leave the cooking to the women and to be prepared to fight the Indians should it become necessary.

UNFORTUNATELY for the Spaniards, they had few arms. A few swords and a box containing two crossbows of fine tempered steel, and including a quiver of metal arrows, had washed up on the beach. They had no firearms. The clumsy wheellock was the most advanced hand gun of those days, but whatever its deficiencies as a firearm, its noise and flash more than made up the difference. The Indians were terrified of it.

Apparently these Indians, probably a Coahuiltecan group, had had experience with Spaniards before and were anxious to see if these mysterious foreigners had these terrible weapons. Seeing they did not, as soon as the famished Spaniards sat down to eat their first hot meal in a week, the Indians raised a whoop and fired a volley of arrows at them.

Forewarned, the Spaniards reacted quickly. With the two crossbows three Indians were killed and many others wounded. The Indians retreated, startled that the Spaniards had offered such stout resistance.

The Indian attack seems to have unnerved the Spaniards. Though enough wood had been cast ashore so that they might have built a small boat which could have been sent for help, they did not do so. And though considerable quantities of salt pork, biscuits, and other supplies had washed ashore from the well-stocked ships, the castaways failed to take advantage of this good fortune. Pell-mell, all but five or six of the survivors set out down the coast toward Panuco, believing it to be a journey of only three or four days.

Most of them were barefoot, many were nearly nude, and some had no clothes at all. The fierce spring sun made the sand brutally hot on tender feet and few had covering for their heads. They were soon hungry and tired, and the women and children found it difficult to keep up with the men.

Before they had gotten very far the Indians returned to harass them, attacking the rear of their column to pick off stragglers. The General ordered the two crossbows back to protect the rear and this kept the Indians off, but the Spaniards could do little damage to the agile Indians who now scarcely exposed themselves.

For five days the Spaniards traveled south along the coast, finally reaching the mouth of the Rio Grande. (Castaneda disagrees with this and subsequent river designations, but since the Rio Grande is the first large river south of Padre Island, it is difficult to see how he can be right. If his interpretation is followed, "Brazos Pass" is counted as a large, swift, drinkable stream, and farther south, the Sota la Marina has to be disregarded completely. Ford Green suggested to us that the shipwreck victims struggled ashore on the mainland, not the island, a likely possibility which Castaneda did not consider.)

DURING the march they had eaten only fish and herbs and there had been no water to drink. The more desperate people licked the morning dew from the leaves of plants. Now they eagerly drank from the river, some so heedlessly that they sickened and died.

The General ordered rafts built on which to cross the stream, and they were able to construct them since some had brought ropes, with which the logs were tied together, and others wore sheets, which were used as sails. The crossing itself seems to have been uneventful, but one of the priests, thinking he was throwing his bundle of clothing overboard to make more room, instead threw over a bundle containing the two crossbows. No one dared to attempt their retrieval in the deep, swift water but the loss was to prove disastrous.

The Spaniards rested for a time after

the crossing, then took up their weary march toward Panuco. Their Indian assailants had also made the crossing, and before long they realized the Spaniards had lost their crossbows. Now bolder, they approached more closely but not close enough to come within reach of the Spanish swordsmen. The Indians now succeeded in killing some Spaniards with their arrows, and they mutilated the bodies which the Spaniards dared not stop to bury. The harried survivors continued on for several days, their numbers dwindling day by day.

One morning the Indians captured two Spaniards, stripped them of their clothing, then released them. Whether calculated or not, the incident had an electrifying effect on the other Spaniards. Believing the Indians wanted only their clothing, men, women, children, the General, and the clerics stripped to the buff, discarding every shred of clothing that remained to them for the natives to appropriate. The modesty of four Spaniards kept them from disrobing and they became targets for Indian arrows and were quickly dispatched.

The other survivors, worse off than before and shorn of their dignity as well, struggled on, with increasing numbers succumbing to exhaustion, starvation, and their wounds. After several days more of continued hardship, the weary Spaniards reached another river which they called the "Rio de las Palmas," apparently the Rio San Fernando.

There were now about 200 survivors, half of whom were badly wounded. Finding an abandoned canoe, they ferried themselves across the stream, a number of women and children being killed by Indians while they did so. While resting after the crossing and off guard, believing that they had not been pursued across the river, they were again attacked. Almost fifty more Spaniards fell to Indian arrows. In this attack, Fray Diego de la Cruz and Fray Hernando Mendez were seriously wounded. Unable to continue, they lay with the dead, gambling that the Indians would pursue the survivors.

The Indians did so, and the priests recrossed the river, hoping to ascend it in an effort to find settled, friendly natives among whom they might preach the gospel and recover from their wounds. But Fray Diego died on its banks, and after burying him, Fray Hernando started up the river. Soon he met another naked survivor, Francisco Vasquez, and the two continued on for several days, living on roots and such other food as they could find.

Before long they encountered another naked survivor, a Negro woman. By this time Fray Hernando was so weakened by his wounds that he could not continue. The other two brought him what food they could find, but while out on a foraging venture the woman was killed by Indians, and Father Hernando died a few days later.

Alone again, Francisco Vasquez decided to return to the place where the ships had been wrecked and wait there for rescue. By traveling at night he avoided the Indians and managed to find his way back. Almost a year later he was rescued by Captain Angel de Villafana, who had been sent to locate the shipwreck site. Castaneda, incidentally, states that Villafana "succeeded in recovering a good portion of the rich cargo of silver and gold," since the fleet had been wrecked on sandy banks in fairly shallow water.

FOLLOWING the bloody attack, after crossing the Rio de las Palmas, the remaining Spaniards split up into several small groups. The three other Dominicans and two sailors decided to turn back and follow Fray Diego and Fray Hernando up the river. Not finding them, they turned back after several days and attempted to rejoin the other survivors.

They discovered a group of their shipmates lying a short distance beyond the river, a few of whom were still alive. They gave these what assistance they could and stayed among them that night. At daybreak they started on again, and by nightfall overtook another small band of survivors.

The next day the combined party reached the seashore, and for twenty days they followed the coastline unmolested by Indians. At the end of this time they encountered another river, probably the Soto la Marina, but in crossing it were again attacked by Indians, only a few wounded men surviving.

Fray Marcos de Mena, being too seriously wounded to continue, was buried except for his face, so that the Indians and wild beasts would not desecrate his body. But Fray Marcos did not die as his desperate companions expected, and rousing before dawn and feeling somewhat refreshed, he rose from his grave and followed the tracks of the others. In an open field he overtook them; they had been slain by the Indians. Only the body of Fray Juan Ferrer, the priest who foretold their disaster, could he not find. Perhaps, as he had predicted, he somehow escaped and managed to live out his life among friendly Indians.

Deeply depressed, with maggots crawling in his festering wounds, and out of his head or nearly so, Fray Marcos continued on for what must have been a week or more. He arrived finally at the banks of the Panuco River where he was discovered by two friendly Indians, and they took him to Tampico. Fray Marcos lived for many more years, though as an invalid, dying in a monastery in Lima, Peru in 1584.

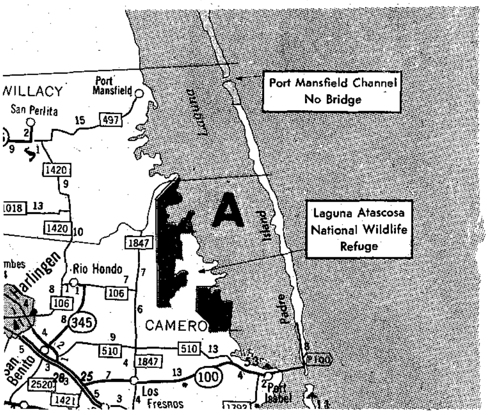
Out of about 1,000 people who had embarked at Veracruz, then, Francisco Vasquez and Fray Marcos were the only ones to see their countrymen again. Not only was it a terrible tragedy in terms of the lives lost, it was also a severe setback for Charles V, the hard-pressed Spanish sovereign who was then waging war with France. He badly needed the treasure flung so violently into the waters off the Texas coast.

The remains of the Spanish fleet, wrecked more than four centuries ago, are historically and archeologically important. If salvaged carefully and thoughtfully, they should reveal much that is now obscure or unknown about the fleet, to say nothing of sixteenth century Spain and Mexico. As a group, the artifacts could relate graphically a dramatic story and one important to the European conquest of the New World.

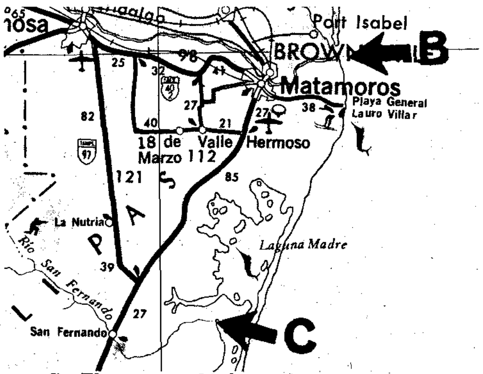
Once wrecks are pillaged, however, they can never be investigated by those who would learn from them, and the artifacts once looted and dispersed are forever gone. In uncharitable moments, one can only wish that certain modern barbarians could be embarked upon a Spanish galleon at Veracruz some windy April day.

A. The survivors of the wrecked Spanish fleet began the southerly trek toward Panuco (E) from what is now the lower Padre Island area.

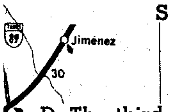
Map Courtesy the Texas Highway Department, Austin, Texas



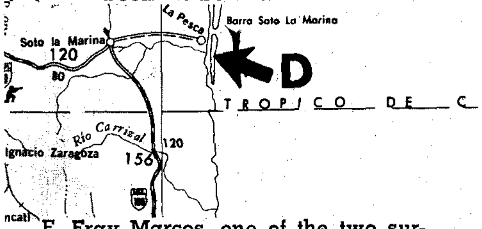
B. The first river the party encountered is believed to have been the Rio Grande.



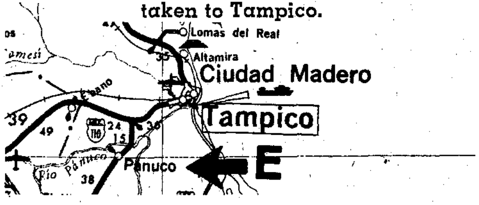
C. The second river they came to was most likely the present-day Rio San Fernando.



D. The third river is believed to have been the Soto la Marina.



E. Fray Marcos, one of the two survivors of the tragedy, eventually made it as far as the Panuco River. There he received aid and was taken to Tampico.

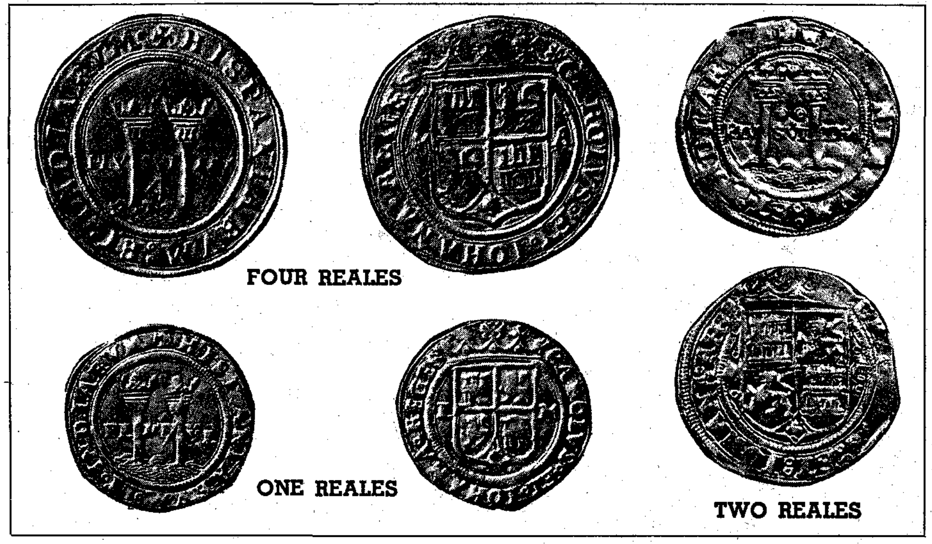


Map Courtesy Departamento De Turismo y Petroleos Mexicanos, 1966

What's Happening Now—

By ROBERT HEARD

Portions Reprinted by Permission of the Associated Press



The two larger coins above are the types most commonly found on Padre. The smallest two were minted about 1542 in the first mint of the Americas, Mexico City, established by decree from the queen of Spain in 1535.

SUNKEN TREASURE makes jelly of a man's mind. It fetches violence. It sprouts misfortune. Every man connected with the 416-year-old Spanish treasure recovered off Padre Island is unhappy.

Texas Land Commissioner Jerry Sadler is unhappy. A snuff-dipping politician from the piney woods and red earth of East Texas, Sadler had his hands on most of the treasure for several months but had to give it to a court-appointed commission on October 22 for preservation work. But because of the treasure: He is involved in two lawsuits; a grand jury investigated him on a charge he used a state employe to run a motel he owns; he was reprimanded by the Texas House of Representatives; he received a warning telephone call, he says, from the Mafia; he choked a crippled legislator who suggested Sadler needed psychiatric aid.

State Representative Jake Johnson of San Antonio is unhappy. Johnson is the one who got choked. He is twenty-three years younger than the sixty-two-year-old Sadler, but because of a childhood polio attack doctors have fused the top foot of his lopsided spine, which pushes his coat out several inches like the rim of a large bowl. Both of Johnson's brothers are six-footers. He is 5'-8".

Johnson went to Sadler's office July 29 with newsmen, two other legislators, and a court-appointed commission to view the treasure. Sadler, stocky and an inch or so taller than Johnson, reached out with one hand and grabbed the frail lawmaker in the vicinity of the throat.

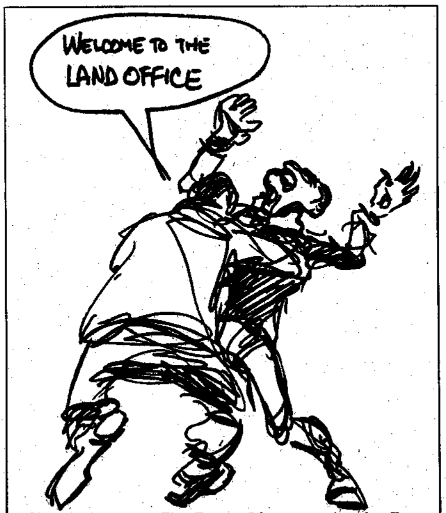
A radio newsman stuck a microphone in Sadler's face and asked, "Mr. Commissioner, are you choking the representative?" Sadler made no reply. The men were separated. Sadler later said he grabbed Johnson by the tie.

Johnson filed the complaint regarding Sadler's motel. The grand jury failed to indict Sadler, but in its final report called for a clarification of Texas laws on the issue involved: The use of state employes for private purposes.

Representative Frances Farenthold of Corpus Christi is unhappy. Together with Johnson, Mrs. Farenthold served on a subcommittee investigating the treasure. Sadler barred her as well as Johnson from his office.

She introduced a resolution to censure Sadler. The Rules Committee changed censure to reprimand. The house voted 79-54 to postpone action on the resolution, killing it for the first called special session, but Mrs. Farenthold reintroduced it August 27, the first day of the second called session.

Johnson angrily denounced the house after the vote on postponement. The House voted 64-49 on September 9 to reprimand Sadler.


WELCOME TO THE LAND OFFICE

Sketch Courtesy **The Texas Observer**, Austin, Texas

Platoro, Ltd., Inc., of Gary, Indiana, is unhappy. Platoro recovered the treasure in late 1967, but ended up giving it all back to Texas after a supposed contract with Sadler calling for a 50-50 split fell through.

Platoro changed its mind and decided to claim all the treasure because Texas at the time had no antiquities law. It filed suit in the U.S. District Court in Brownsville.

Dr. W. W. Newcomb of the Texas Museum and State Archeologist Curtis Tunnell are unhappy because, they said, the treasure was rapidly deteriorating in fresh-water tanks in Sadler's office. This was particularly true of a crossbow which still has its wooden shaft, they say.

Included among the hundreds of silver coins recovered is one that may be worth more than the rest of the treasure put together. It is the oldest Eight Real piece in existence, says Ford Green, a San Antonio documents expert.

Green, called by Dr. Newcomb the foremost authority on the treasure, says coin dealers argued for years that no Eight Real pieces were minted before 1558—five years after this coin went down with a Spanish galleon off Padre Island. Green says he is the only man who has translated pertinent Spanish documents from that period. The language is as difficult as a cross between Chaucer and Shakespeare, he says.

The unhappiest people of all, of course, were those who died in the monster storm that destroyed fourteen Spanish galleons. Among those lost at sea was the daughter-in-law of Ponce de Leon. She was being taken back to Spain in chains to stand trial.

"She had an affair with some low character," Green says. "She got her Negro slave to leave her door open so her lover could kill her husband." The plan failed, and the Negro talked.

A gold crucifix recovered by Platoro conceivably belonged to the daughter-in-law. It is only one inch high but so exquisitely carved that the nails in Jesus' hands and feet are easily seen. Even the teeth in a skull that Jesus' feet rest on are visible. Sadler says the crucifix may be worth more than $100,000. Green puts its value at about $20,000.

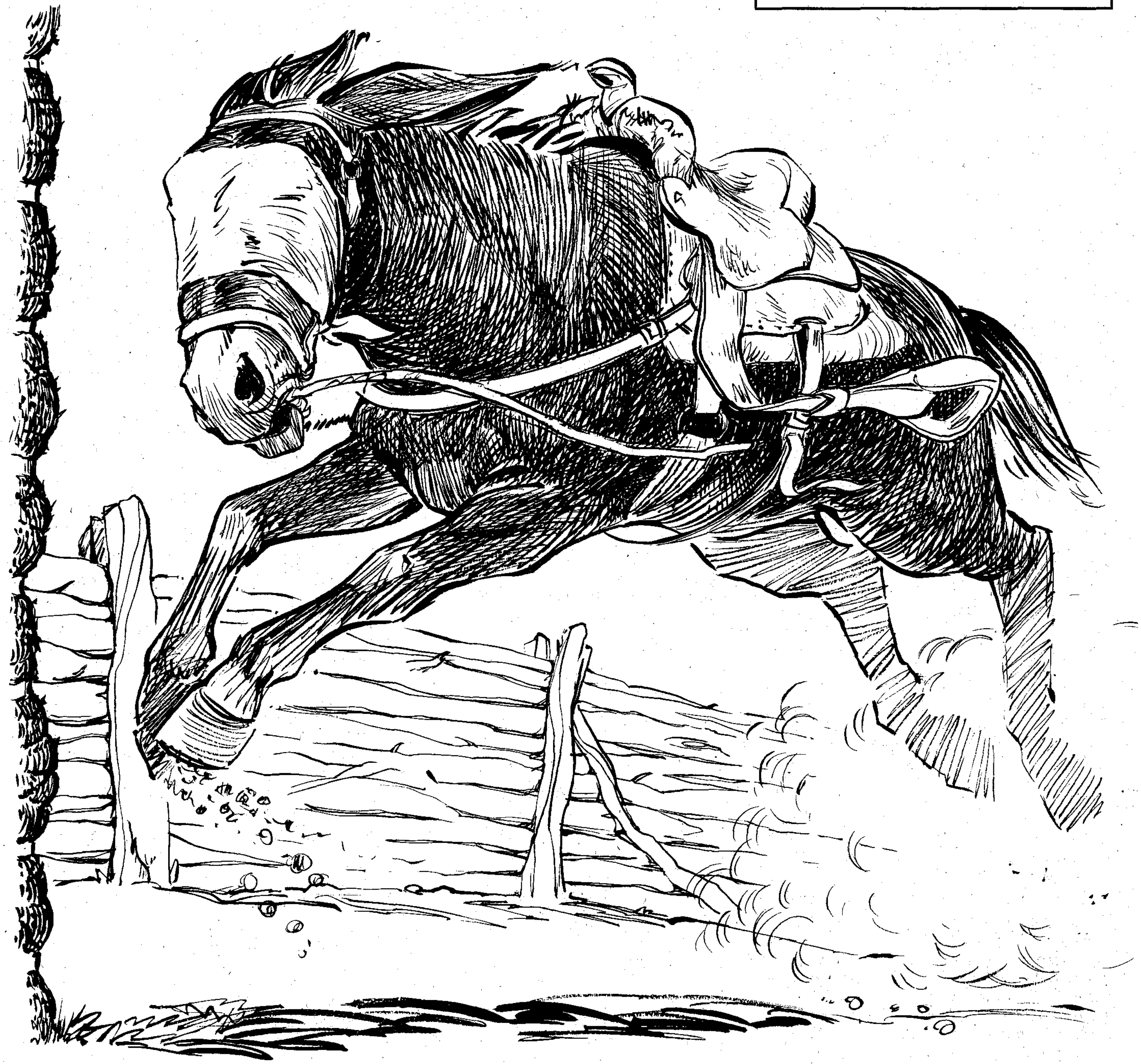
Sadler remains the central figure in the treasure controversy, where he is as much at home as a bird in a nest. Just when you think Sadler can't top his last headline, he comes up with something like his reported call late at night from the Mafia. His latest statement is that he was happy to give up the treasure "temporarily" because one item, the gold crucifix has a "hoodoo" on it. "Gave me a double hernia," he lamented.

Editor's note: As we go to press things are still far from settled. The treasure (whether part or all, we don't know) is in a local research center being catalogued. A lawsuit by Platoro is still on the books. If something monumental develops in this case, we will bring it to you in a later issue.

A GUARANTEED

From the author: I have changed the names of the participants and put them in another town close to where the actual happenings occurred—not to protect the innocent but because I still do business with them every once in a while!

By REX REY KING
Illustrated by Bud McCaulley



SLIDING STOP

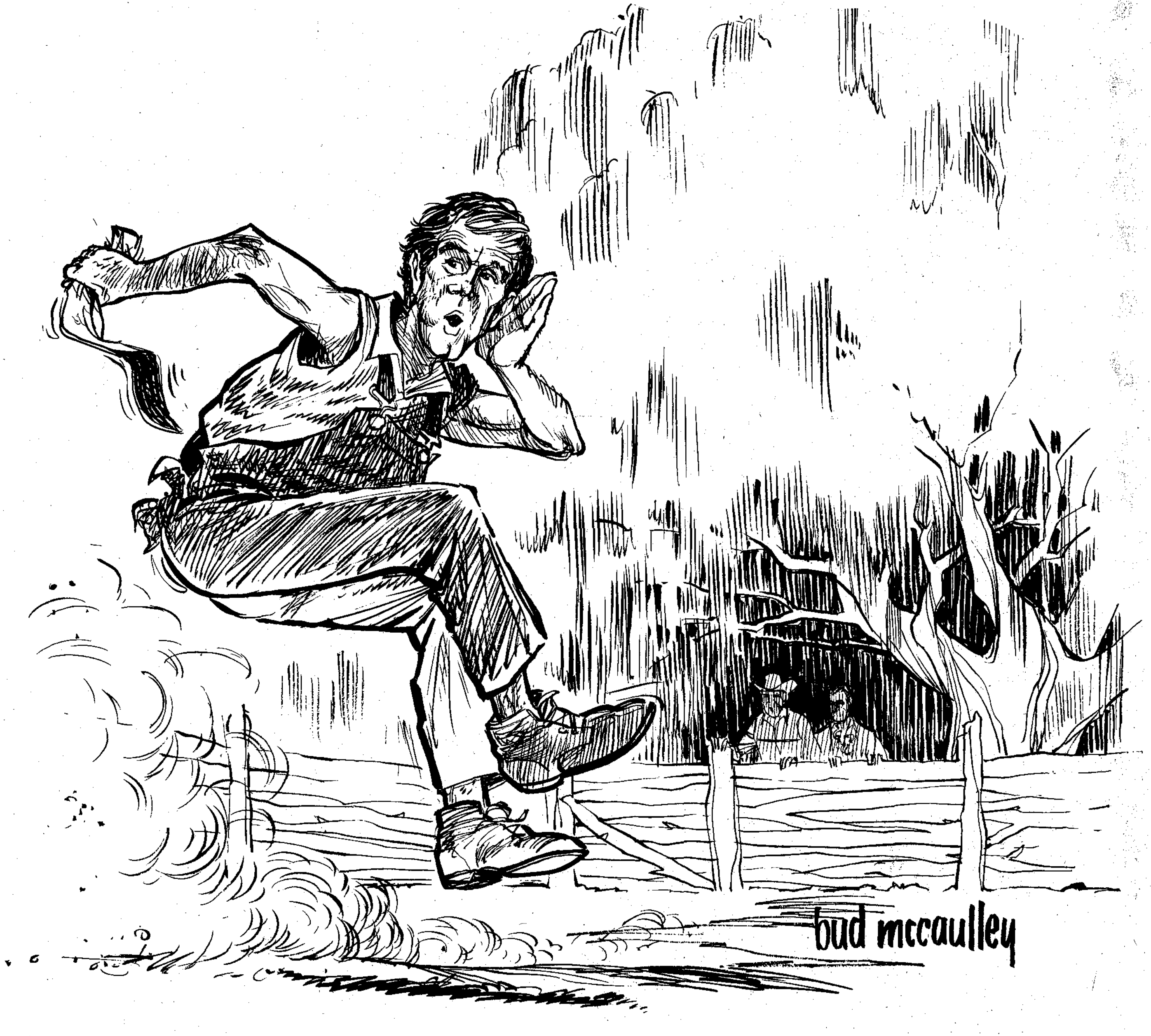
I HAVE HANDLED horses practically all my life, and like every other professional and most amateurs, the major training problem I encountered was to put a good stop on each and every horse.

I have tried just about everything I heard about, read everything available, and have driven thousands of miles and spent hundreds of dollars going to clinics to watch and listen to experts. I'd attend some reining-horse clinic and the expert would tell what to do, then get on some old pony and demonstrate. It would always be really something to see, too; that old pony would be running like the millwheels of hell and at a signal you could hardly see, he'd drop his head, drive his tail in the ground, and leave skidmarks halfway across the arena. But if you don't go home then—just stay in town and in a couple of days go out to where the old boy is training—nine times out of ten if you sit around and watch and keep your mouth shut, you'll see him working with all the skill he has at a horse, and the horse insisting on slinging his head up and bouncing on his front legs. When you mention that he seems to be having a wee bit of trouble keeping the horse's front legs where they belong you nearly always get the same answer.

"I'll be dogged if I understand what's wrong. I've tried every single thing I know, and some I don't, and about all I can figure is that some horses just can't learn how to stop right."

I was more than halfway inclined to throw in the towel and agree with everyone else that some animals can't be taught to stop the right way when I made a little buying trip a few months ago and saw a real "Whoa!" expert at work.

(Continued on page 43)

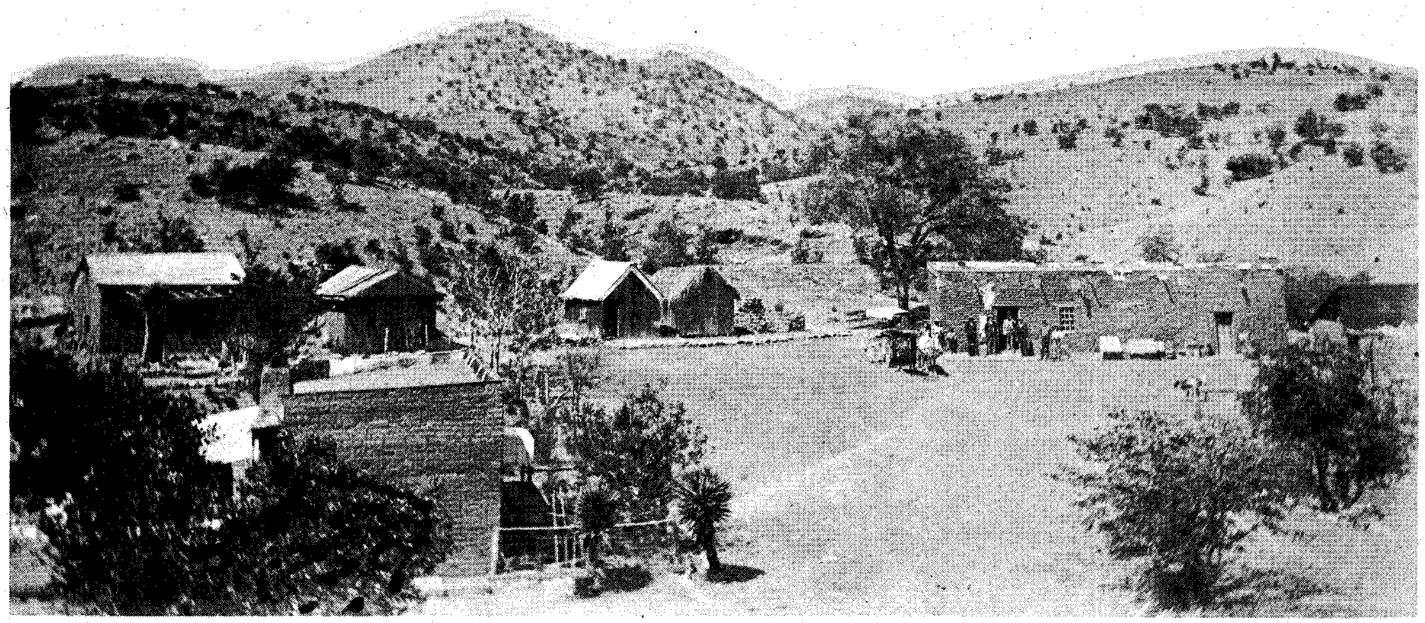


A seemingly inexhaustible supply of the "bonnie yellow dust"—such was the description of Greaterville when the pickings were so easy a man could be broke at sunrise, well off by noon, and rich by sundown—day after day!

MILE HIGH PLACER CAMP

By JAMES A. LONG

Photos Courtesy Author



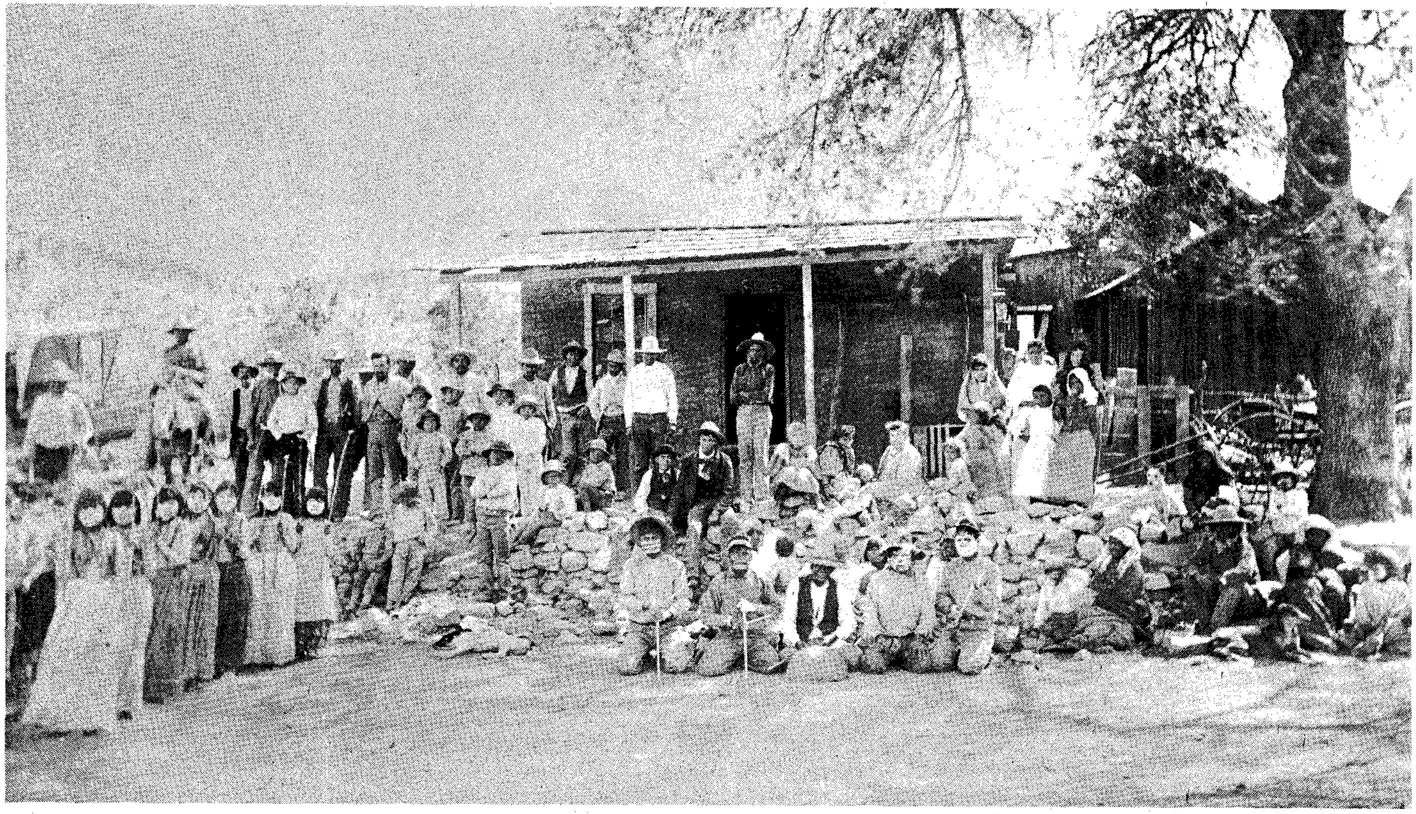
The Greaterville post office is on left, Edward Downer's store on right, in 1896.

Left, 'Pop' Gotcher pans some dirt to show 'Yaqui,' left, and L. A. Cole that there's still gold at Greaterville.

ON the southeastern slope of the Santa Rita Mountains, thirty-five miles southeast of Tucson, Arizona, within the mineral belts of Coronado National Forest, sleeps the ghost of Greaterville, a placer gold camp first called Santa Rita. To the southwest, majestic forbidding Granite Mountain towers watchfully like a gigantic stone sentry.

To this area in 1874 came a tough, experienced prospector, Alvah Smith, looking for quartz ledges. One day he scooped up some dirt from one of the gulches and washed it. To his amazement, several flecks of gold twinkled in the pan. He dug deeper and tried again; heavy, buttery-yellow grains smiled up at him.

Miners and prospectors flocked in from California, Colorado, Mexico. Shacks, tents, and hillside dugouts appeared like magic; a rag-tag settlement took shape in every productive gulch. In front of his tent, the purveyor of wet goods turned a wagon box on its side to serve as a bar and, with a barrel of rot gut and a few tin cups as stock, the first saloon was in business. Then came the riffraff, speculators and wanderers, gamblers and painted tarts. At a miners' meeting on



Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

Papago Indian dancing party in front of Barcelo and Verdugo's store at Greaterville, May, 1896. Indians came once a year to sell pottery and dance for provisions.

March 17, 1875, the Smith Mining District was organized and claims properly recorded. By June nearly 400 miners were at work feverishly digging the gravel and toting it to water from Boston, Kentucky, Ophir, Hughes, Colorado, and Enzenburg Gulches, the poorer goldseekers relying on their own strong backs, the more affluent utilizing the sturdy backs of burros.

New strikes were made daily and by July 1875, glowing reports in nearby Tucson's *Arizona Citizen* added fuel to the hopes of getting rich quick.

"David Burroughs brought in 10 ounces of nice placer gold, the product of three days' work of himself alone, and he carried the dirt ¾ of a mile on his back to water. The gold averages coarse. One piece is worth about $50; another near $35, and others from $1 to $5. Horace Arden has regularly made an ounce a day in the Smith district, and he is not noted for working imprudently hard. Jack Ralston came in with $150 more placer gold, nuggets, we should say, which may be seen at Wood Brothers'. The largest piece is worth $90.50, the balance in bits from $1 to $10. David T. Harshaw came in this week with a sack of dust and nuggets worth $843. We saw the shining metal at John H. Archibald's store. It was the result of four day's work for three men. Others are making from one ounce to $20 per day. Of course water is scarce, but if the dirt is rich enough to pack a mile or two, and then give the miner from $16 to $100 per day, the Santa Rita placers are entitled to rank with the best ever discovered."

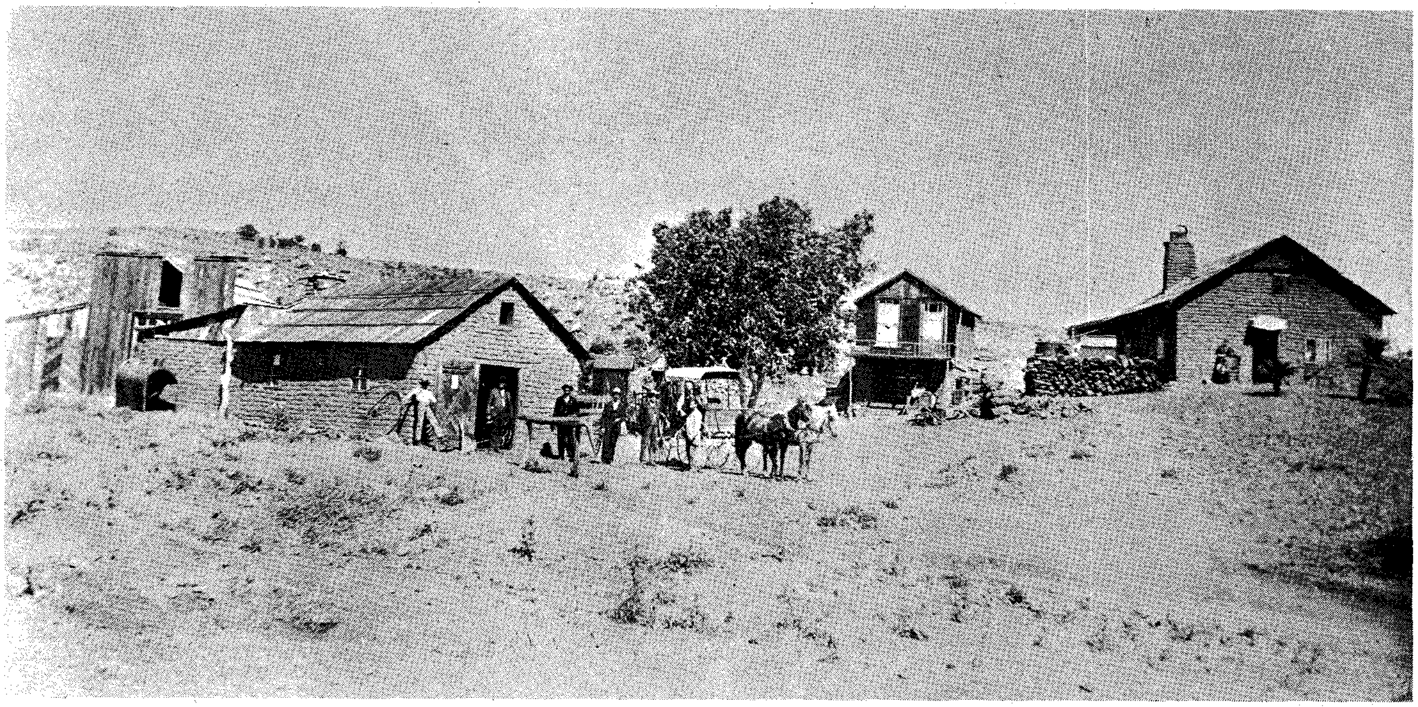
By midsummer, miners and businessmen were beginning to think about a site for a permanent town.

"Of aspiring localities for the townsite, there are three or four," stated the *Citizen* on August 7. "Thus far, Greater Creek appears to have the start, and by far the largest number of settlers. Musick's Camp, on Smith Creek, and Harshaw's Camp, on Mac's Creek, have each quite a settlement and either one of them may yet be the point. . . ."

GREATER CREEK won the nod, and many new buildings were soon erected and occupied. Fred G. Hughes opened a store; John Anderson's large building housed a store and blacksmith shop; Thomas Steele opened a general merchandise; several saloons, with imposing false fronts, and a hurdy-gurdy house began to operate; two enterprising Chinese established a combined restaurant-flophouse-laundry.

A report from Santa Rita, printed by the *Citizen*, October 9, 1875, stated: "Mr. Herman Welisch is here building a house in which he proposes to open a store and accommodate the public with the necessities of life at cheap rates. The inevitable James Speedy arrived to-

Old safe found at the site of one of Greaterville's stores.



Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society

John B. Anderson's home on right, and the blacksmith shop on left, in 1896.

day in the diggings with a stock of goods and provisions to accommodate the hungry and thirsty, and will sell cheaper than anyone. We are sorely in need of a justice of the peace here, as there are disputes arising about claims and other difficulties that cannot be settled by miners' meetings."

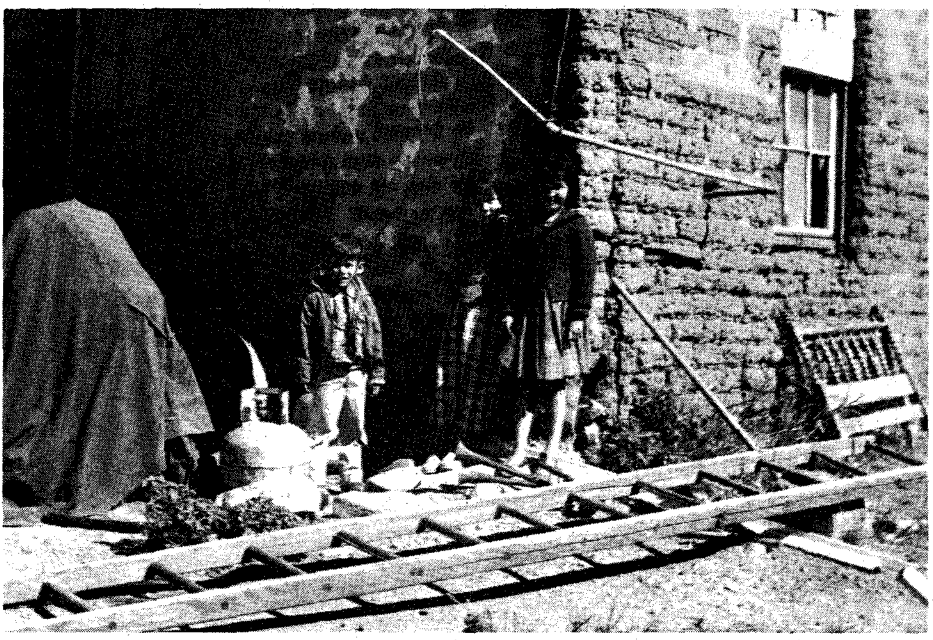
In February 1876, Mr. Welisch estimated that between $60,000 and $80,000 in gold had been taken out of the placers in the one year they had been worked. One man, in three months, had taken out $8,000.

Throughout 1876, the exciting news from Santa Rita continued, and on February 5 the *Citizen* reported that Mr. Welisch had brought in 60 ounces of gold dust worth over $1,000. Included was one nugget weighing three ounces, perfectly free from any foreign matter. It continued, "Mr. Candelario found a nugget weighing over 12 ounces, and half-an-hour later another worth $104 was found by E. Bedolla. And on September 10, Joe Herring took $162 from his claim in one pan of dirt. One piece, alone, worth $150."

On January 3, 1879, the town was granted its long-awaited post office. And, at this time (according to historian Will C. Barnes), the name was officially changed from Santa Rita to Greaterville, with Thomas Steele named postmaster.

"About 250 men are at work in the (Greaterville) diggings," reported the *Arizona Star*, August 7, 1879. "The amount of work which has been done, and the amount of gold taken out, is more than our people are aware of. Mr. Hefty, alone, during the time he has been operating, has taken out more than $40,000. Thousands of dollars have been brought to this city by individuals. It is estimated that not less than $250,000 has been the product during the past two years and a half."

This old adobe was once Greaterville's schoolhouse. The light-complexioned children are said to be Maya Indians.



Excitement again soared with new discoveries in the nearby hills, and November 11, 1879, the *Star* reported: "Several promising leads have been discovered in the Smith district, about three miles from Greaterville. The first discovery was made by Sam Katzenstein, storekeeper at Greaterville. He was walking up Hughes Gulch . . . when a piece of horn silver attracted his attention. Carefully prospecting up the sides of the adjoining mountains, he came to a favorable-looking outcropping and soon found seams of galena running in all directions. This find created a stir which has not since abated; every visible ledge is located and the prospects of Smith district are very promising. . . ."

Year after year, the seemingly inexhaustible placers continued to produce the "bonnie yellow dust." In the 1885 report of the Director of the Mint, it was stated that the Greaterville placers had been worked for eleven years and had produced more than half a million dollars, and that the largest nugget taken out had weighed over thirty-seven ounces.

"There are 30 or 40 men working here all year, who take out an average of $1,200 per man, all with the rocker. They frequently pack water over a mile in canvas sacks on burros," stated the government report.

"One hundred and fifty men are working at the Greaterville placers," reported *The Oasis* (Arizola, Arizona), January 18, 1894. "They appear to all be doing well."

(Continued on page 60)

The Ambush of GEORGE FLATT

He was pretty good with a gun and might have got better, but somebody out there in the dark had already ordered his tombstone—

By ROBERT W. RICHMOND
Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

ALTHOUGH Dodge City was still in its heyday as the cattle capital of the world in 1879, the community of Caldwell was about to gain national notoriety as another rip-roaring Kansas cowtown. One of the dubious distinctions of the trail towns was their much-celebrated gunfights, and Caldwell was no exception. On July 7 of '79, an exchange of pistol shots took place which resulted in the death of two men, and a lawman involved built a quick reputation.

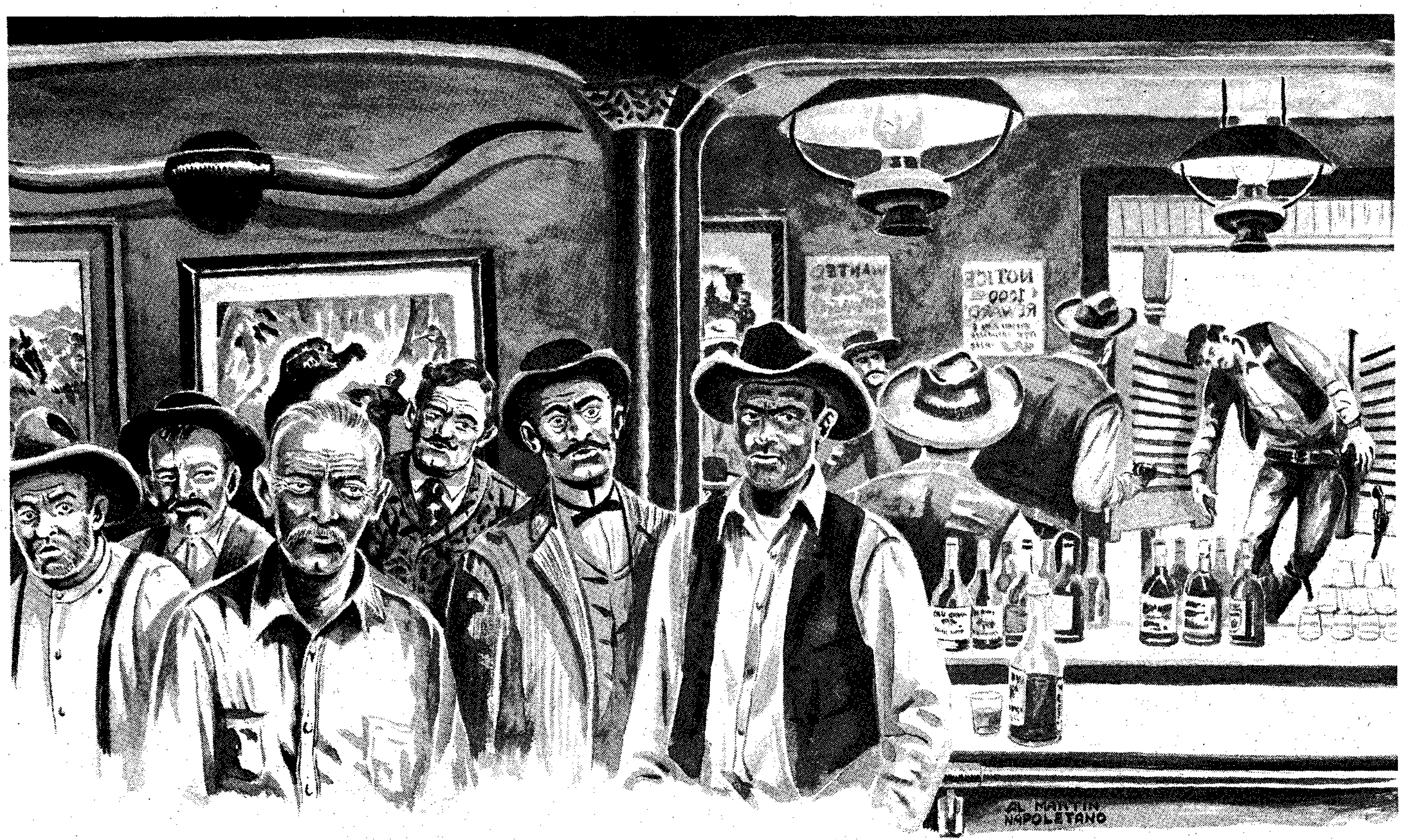
Two men described as "a couple of desperadoes from the Chickasaw Nation," rode into Caldwell on that day and proceeded to consume a considerable amount of cheap whiskey. They got drunk enough to wander into the main street and fire several shots into the air. Eventually they made it back to the Occidental Saloon and announced to all and sundry that a number of men had already died as a result of their prowess with the pistol. When one of the other patrons of the saloon decided to leave they threatened him but were prevented from shooting by another bystander.

Someone, who had become alarmed by that time, sent word to the local constable who appeared with his deputy and a quickly gathered "posse" which included George Flatt. The deputy entered the front door of the Occidental and Flatt followed him, stopping at the bar in the front of the room where the troublemakers were standing. The two strangers cocked their pistols and made for the front door, but Flatt backed out in front of them. When they threw down on him and demanded his guns, Flatt replied, "I'll die first," and at that moment one of his opponents fired. He missed Flatt but the slug grazed a saloon customer who had failed to get out of the way.

Flatt then drew his guns and fired the one in his right hand at the man who had got farthest toward the door, hitting him in the right hand, ruining his trigger finger and putting a slug into his chest. The man fell to the sidewalk, rolled off into the street and died almost instantly. His sidekick took a shot at Flatt but was struck by a bullet from Flatt's other gun. In the meantime the deputy moved into the second man's line of vision and drew his fire, but the deputy returned the fire so quickly that it was all over. The man was hit twice and mortally wounded.

An impromptu coroner's jury was called and the inquest was concluded almost immediately. The verdict—"that said men came to their death by pistol shots fired from the hands of the officers of the law and their deputies, while in the act of performing their duties." The local editor added: "Their

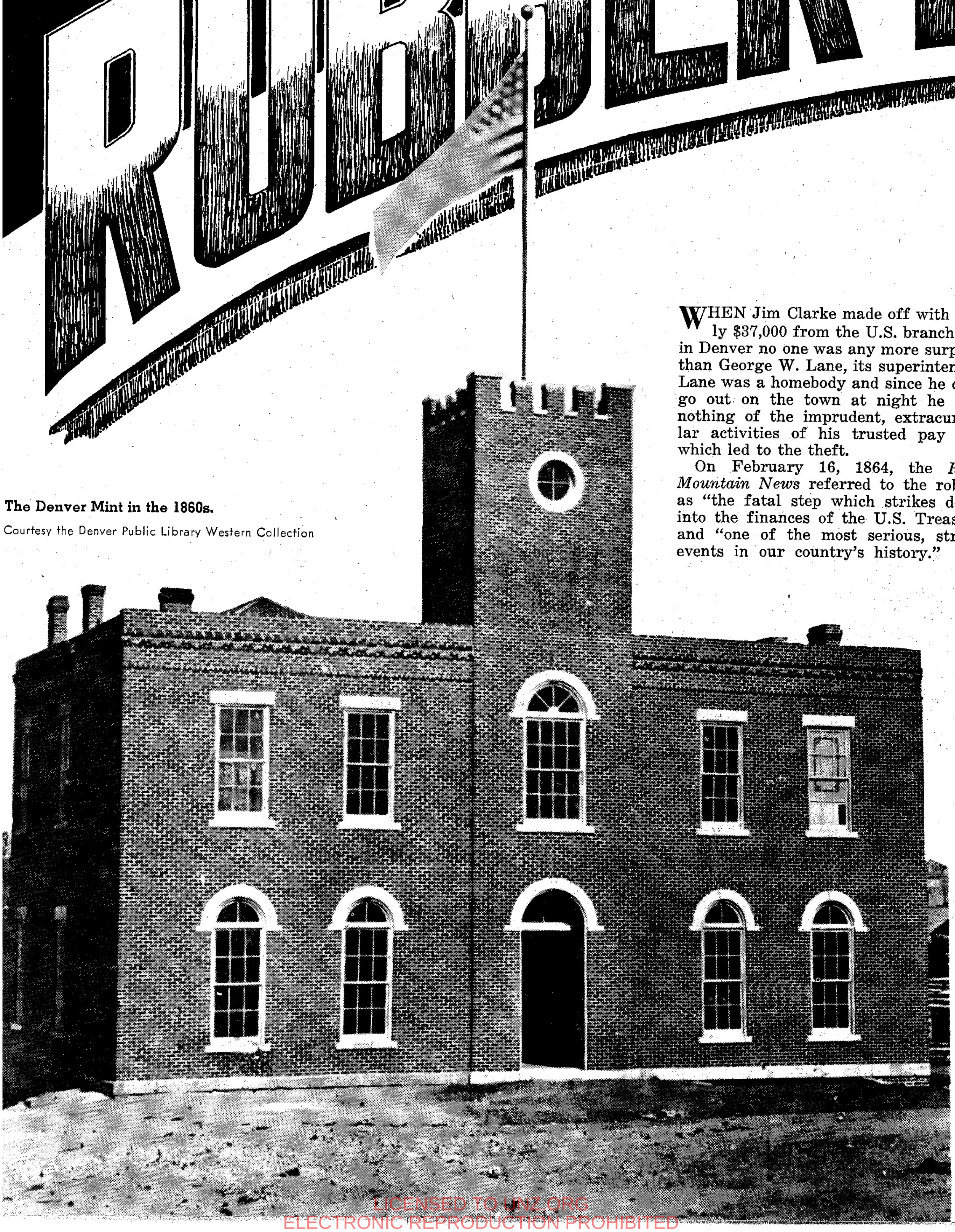
(Continued on page 52)



ROBBERY

WHEN Jim Clarke made off with nearly $37,000 from the U.S. branch mint in Denver no one was any more surprised than George W. Lane, its superintendent. Lane was a homebody and since he didn't go out on the town at night he knew nothing of the imprudent, extracurricular activities of his trusted pay clerk which led to the theft.

On February 16, 1864, the *Rocky Mountain News* referred to the robbery as "the fatal step which strikes deeply into the finances of the U.S. Treasury" and "one of the most serious, strange events in our country's history."



The Denver Mint in the 1860s.

Courtesy the Denver Public Library Western Collection

OF THE DENVER MINT

Jim Clark was a very inept embezzler. During a lost weekend he sloshed around in the snow with $37,000, and shivered and shook while the posse caught up!

By C. A. HOCHMUTH
Photos Courtesy Author

The mint at that time was no more than an assay office which received and refined gold into ingots. Coinage had been discontinued when the government took it over from Clark, Gruber and Company in 1863. James D. Clarke, a twenty-one-year-old, pint-sized Pennsylvanian, was hired after being recommended by no less personages than the mayor of Denver and the representative of the Territory in Congress. He possessed all the qualities that could be hoped for in a young man—antecedents, character, education, appearance and popularity. His salary was $1,800 a year which, at that time, was pretty good for anybody. But, as the old saying goes, he couldn't stand prosperity.

Gambling, drinking and "a gay and crafty milliner" added up to a severe strain on Clarke's finances. In order to maintain his newly acquired high standard of living he dipped into the resources of the mint. He tried to recoup by gambling heavily but within six weeks was in so deep that he decided the easiest way out would be to take off without leaving a forwarding address. After making that decision he did some fast thinking and concluded that he might as well up the ante—which turned out to be the $37,000—and make his flight a paying proposition.

ON SATURDAY, the 13th, Clarke left the mint as usual but returned to his office after supper. He was seen by the watchman and a messenger but nothing was thought of it because he often did that. It was assumed later that he had collected the treasury notes, gold coins and a gold bar during the day and put them in his desk. Upon his return he placed the loot on the windowsill and propped the window open with a pencil.

Lane was in the next room with an open door between, but Clarke, who had worked quietly all the while, slipped out and picked up his haul without the superintendent's ever knowing he had been there.

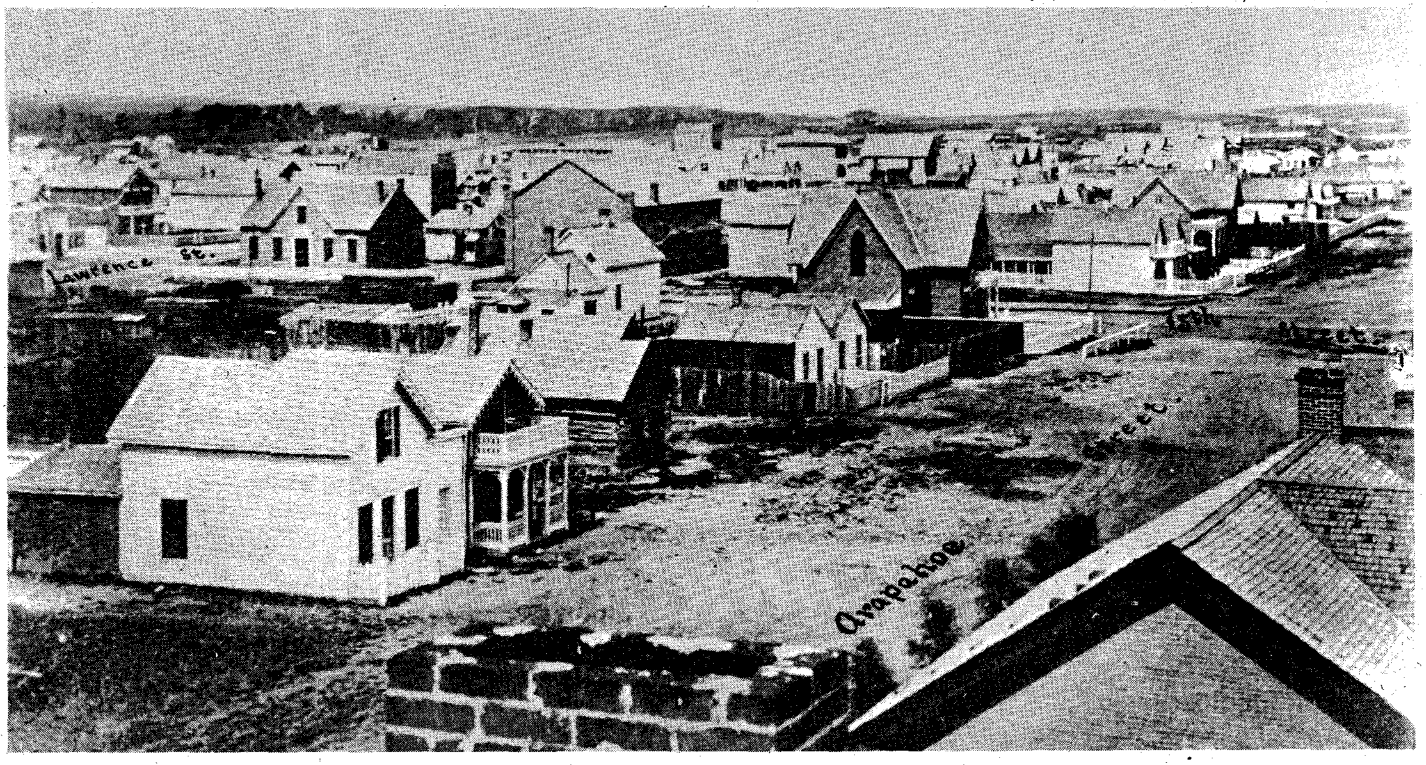
The pay clerk, as he frequently did, had engaged a saddle horse for the weekend to ride out to visit an uncle who lived southeast of town. After his sudden change in plans, he loaded up with two navy pistols, a revolver, two saddlebags and a pair of spurs. The artillery was destined to be excess baggage but he made good use of the bags by stuffing the notes into it and sewing it up later. Being a friend of the stable owner, Clarke left $200 for him, figuring it would be enough to pay for the horse. By leaving the money he also unwittingly eliminated the possibility of being lynched for horse theft if he were ever caught.

Jim Clarke took off along the now-famous Cherry Creek but breezed right past his uncle's place without stopping.

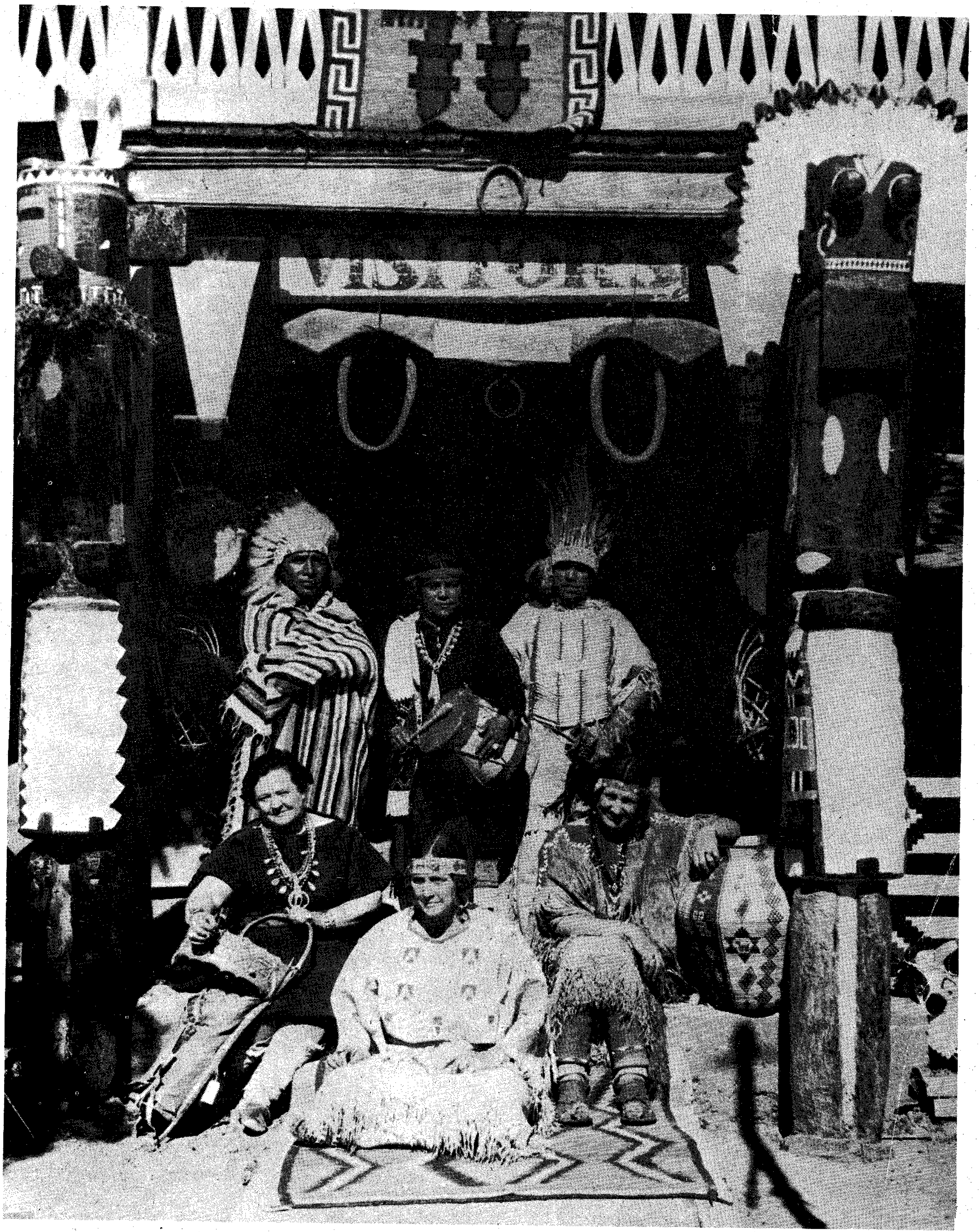
(Continued on page 65)

Denver in 1864. View is from 14th and Arapahoe Street. Mint is located in upper center.

Courtesy the Denver Public Library Western Collection



MARIETTA



and the KING of SIAM

A royal customer and a lady Indian trader match wits over some turquoise

Reprinted from the New Mexico Quarterly, XXIX:2, Summer, 1959

By MABEL C. WRIGHT

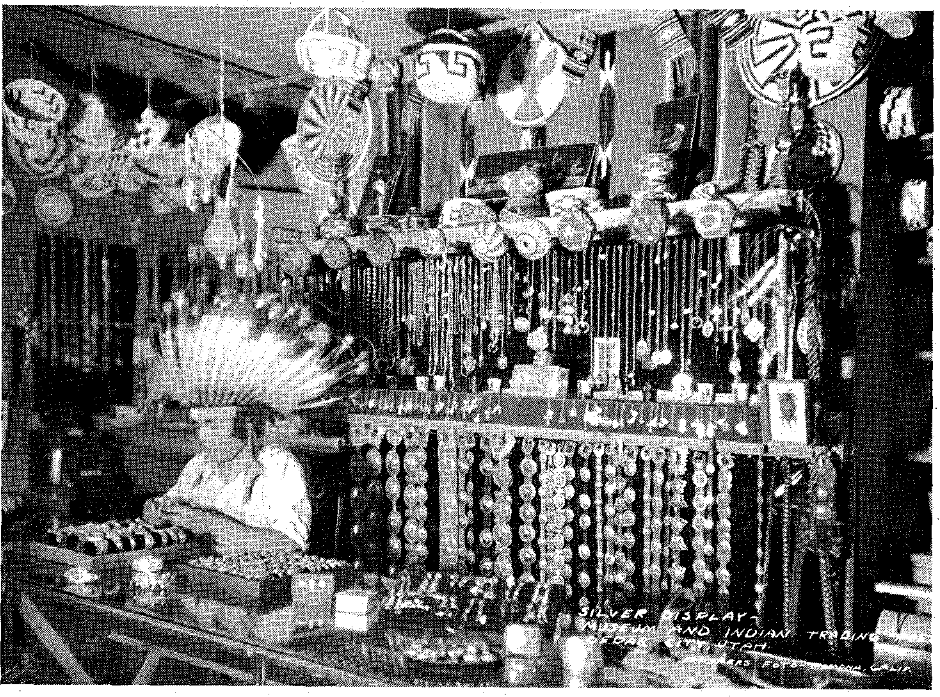
Photos Courtesy Author

Left, the trading post at Cedar City, Utah. Marietta is on the bottom row, far left.

Author's note: Marietta Palmer Wetherill laid the foundation for her years of trading post activities when still a young girl in the eighties and nineties. At that time she was traveling through the Southwest with her father, Sidney La Vern Palmer, and would observe carefully when, after hours of palavering, a sack of Arbuckle's coffee was exchanged for an old Navajo blanket or an Apache basket.

After she married Richard Wetherill in 1896 and they took up their lives at Pueblo Bonito in Chaco Canyon in New Mexico, it was Marietta who ran the trading posts that were established around the remote archeological excavations which Richard supervised.

Following his tragic death in 1910, she supported her little family by managing trading posts in various locations throughout the Southwest. Many an illustrious name appeared on the checks which passed through her hands but only once was there a royal signature.



Rising Moon was setting turquoise, as shown here, while the Siamese Prajadiphok, or Crown Prince, watched with interest.

THE KING OF SIAM wanted turquoise "without flaw." Across the counter from him at her Cedar City, Utah, trading post, Marietta stood ready to accommodate her unscheduled royal customer in any way possible, but she was so bold as to raise the question—when is a flaw not a flaw? Steeped in the Navajo tradition of the sacred stone and the significance of matrix running through it, she shuddered when the delicate tracery was termed a "flaw."

As a matter of fact, he was still the Crown Prince [early 1930's], but Marietta's lovable trait of upping everyone a degree had made him already King Prajadiphok of Siam. With his consort, entourage and escort from the State Department, His Royal Highness had been touring the National Parks. The rigors of sightseeing had proved too much for Queen Ramphai, and her physician had ordered a few days' rest at Cedar City. The Hotel Escalante rolled out the red carpet and tried to act as if royalty dropped in every day, while the Mormon townfolk did a great deal of discreet peeking from behind their wooden shutters. Directly across the street from the hotel, Marietta's trading post was a natural headquarters for the distinguished party during their enforced stay.

Here was everything from mastodon bones to saddles and guns, and excited chattering Siamese ran all around. But the King stood transfixed before the cases of silver and turquoise jewelry, and it was only the turquoise he saw. The royal eye gleamed as Rising Moon, a Hopi silversmith, meticulously set a bit of blue into the silver of a squash-blossom necklace, and the King asked if he might look at unmounted stones.

Seated at a table with a tray of turquoise before him, he examined each nugget carefully, and those he laid to one side were pure blue with no matrix.

"Where are the mines that these came from?" he asked. Marietta told him that the trading post had its own turquoise mine near Cortland, Arizona.

"Areezona, Areezona," he exclaimed. "But that is where my good friend Governor Hunt lived. Do you know Governor Hunt?"

Marietta replied that she had known Governor Hunt for many years, and then she recalled that he had been, at one time, Ambassador to Siam. The King kissed her hand over their mutual friend, and it set the seal for a relationship above and beyond a mere commercial transaction.

Marietta sat and watched the King

(Continued on page 67)

Marietta exhibiting some of her collection at the Albuquerque Fair in 1951.

When

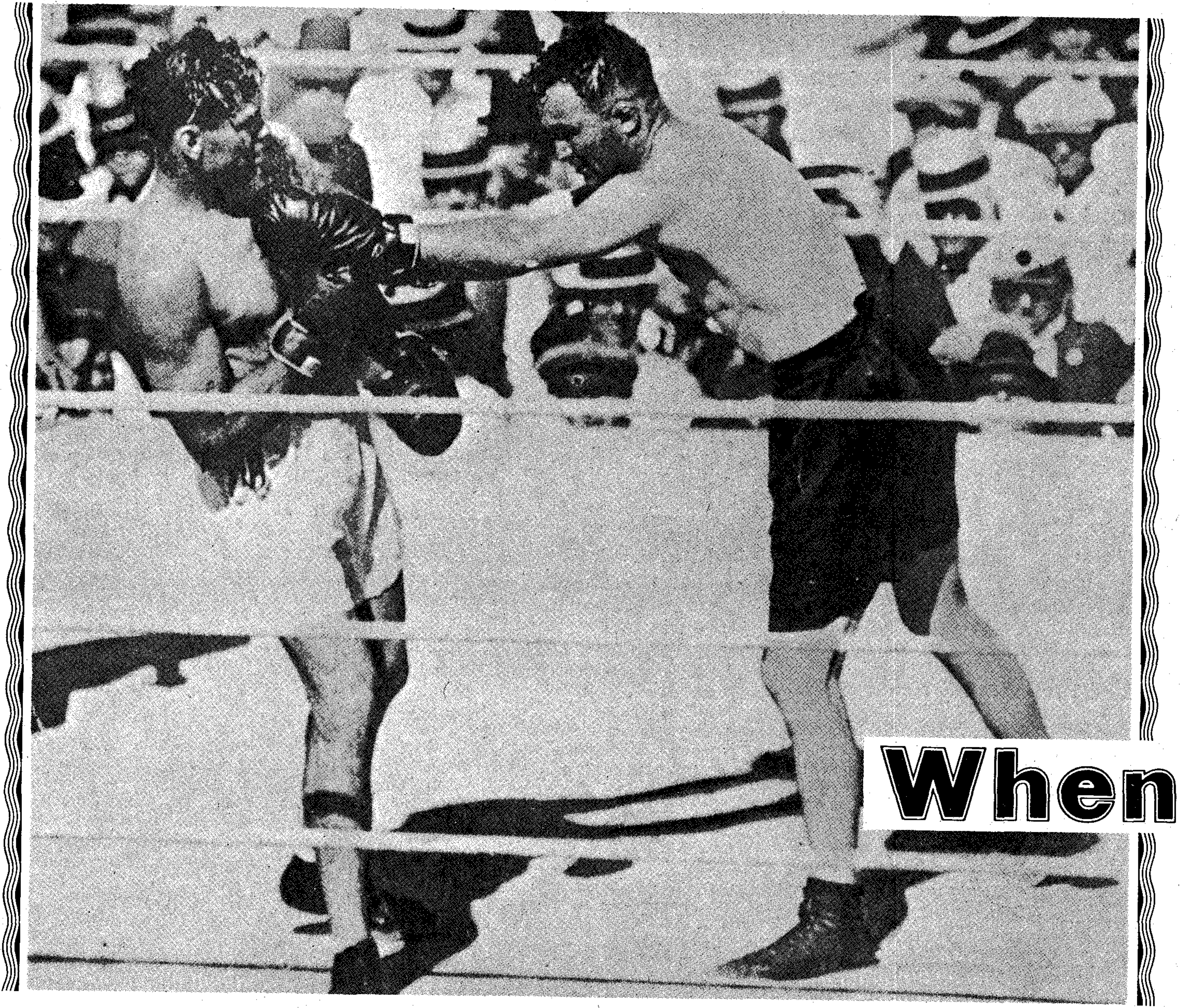
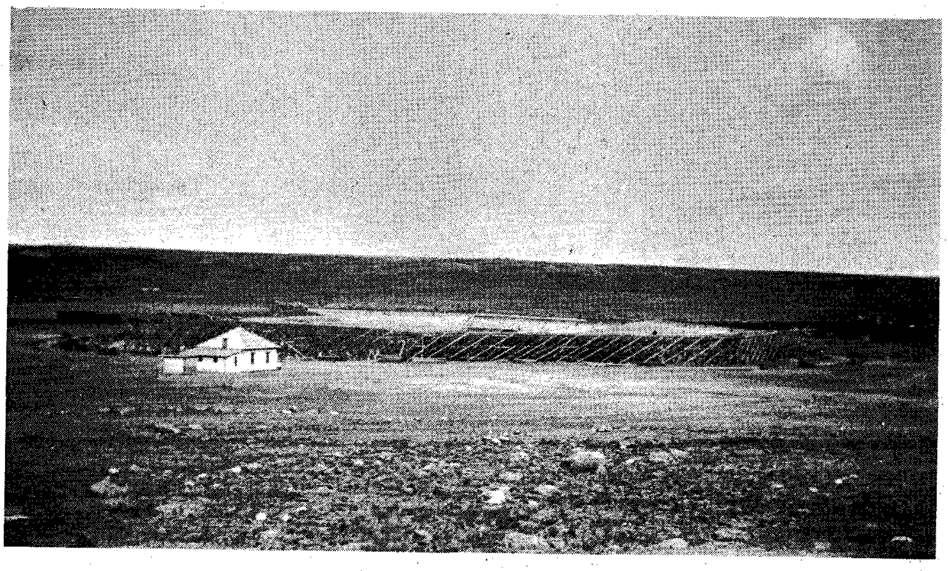


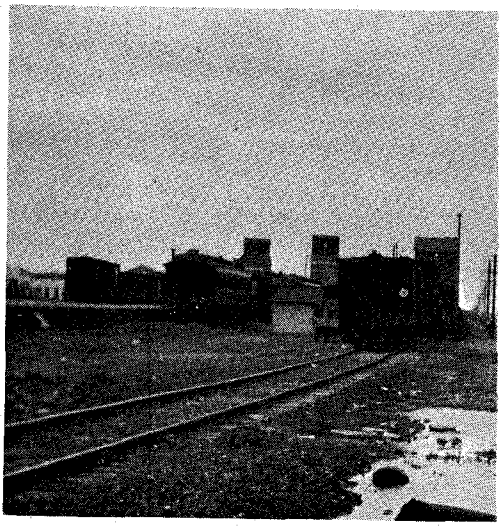
Photo from **A Pictorial History of Boxing**, by Nat Fleischer and Sam Andre, Citadel Press, New York

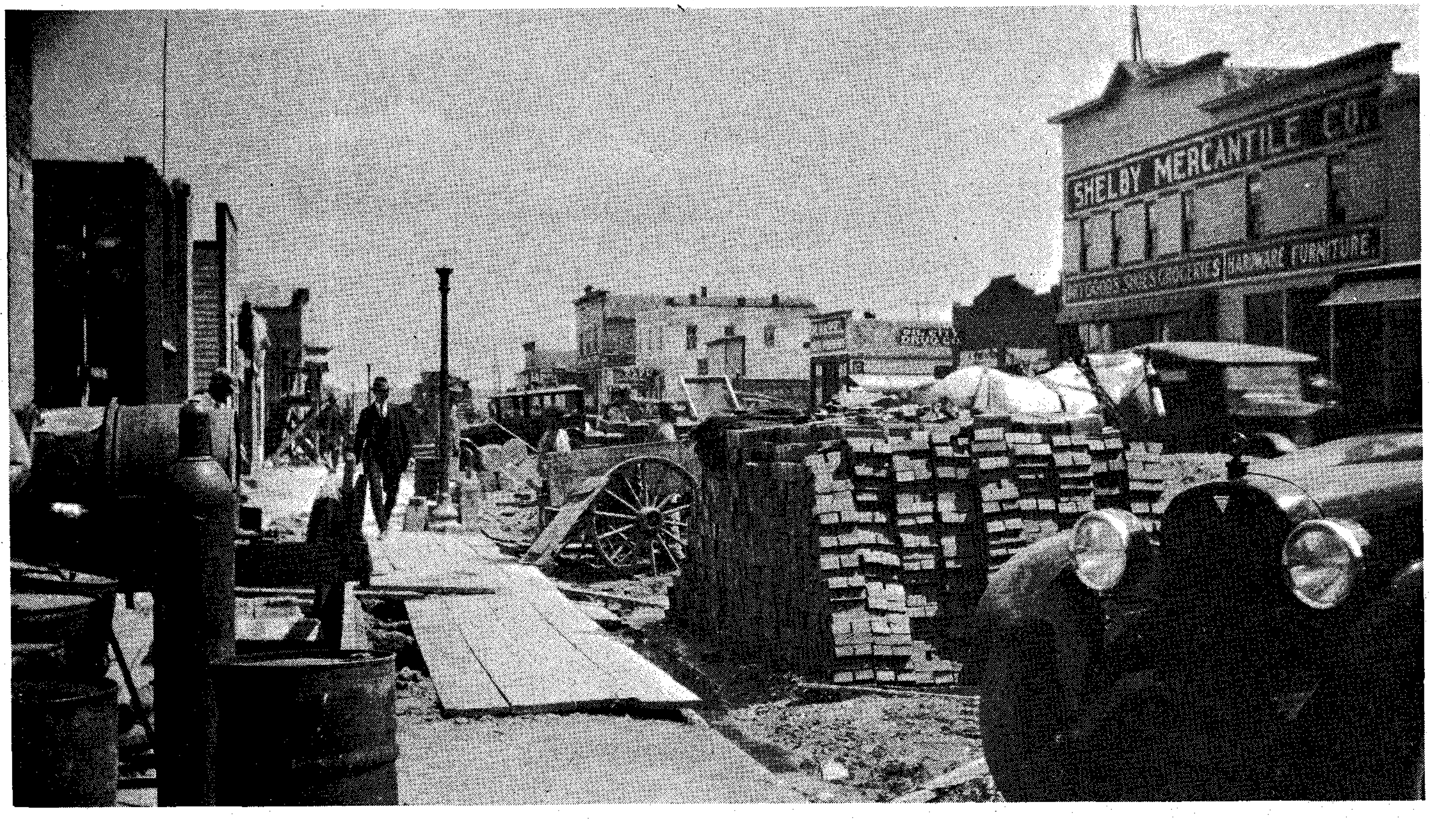
The Gibbons-Dempsey fight, July 4, 1923. Dempsey, left, had trouble with the lighter, faster Gibbons, but sheer strength won out.

The arena built at Shelby for the Gibbons-Dempsey fight.



Below, the Great Northern Railroad had side-tracked a number of Pullman cars to accommodate the expected throngs of people.



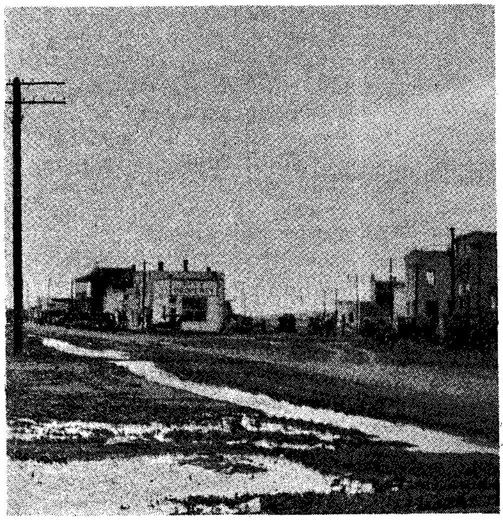


Shelby, Montana on June 1, 1923. The piles of building materials reflect the credit-inspired boom just before the World's Championship fight between Gibbons and Dempsey.

Gibbons Met Dempsey at Shelby, Montana

Both men were good fighters, but the biggest scrapper of all—the one that really went for broke—was the little town of Shelby itself!

By VICTOR H. WHITE
Photos Courtesy Author



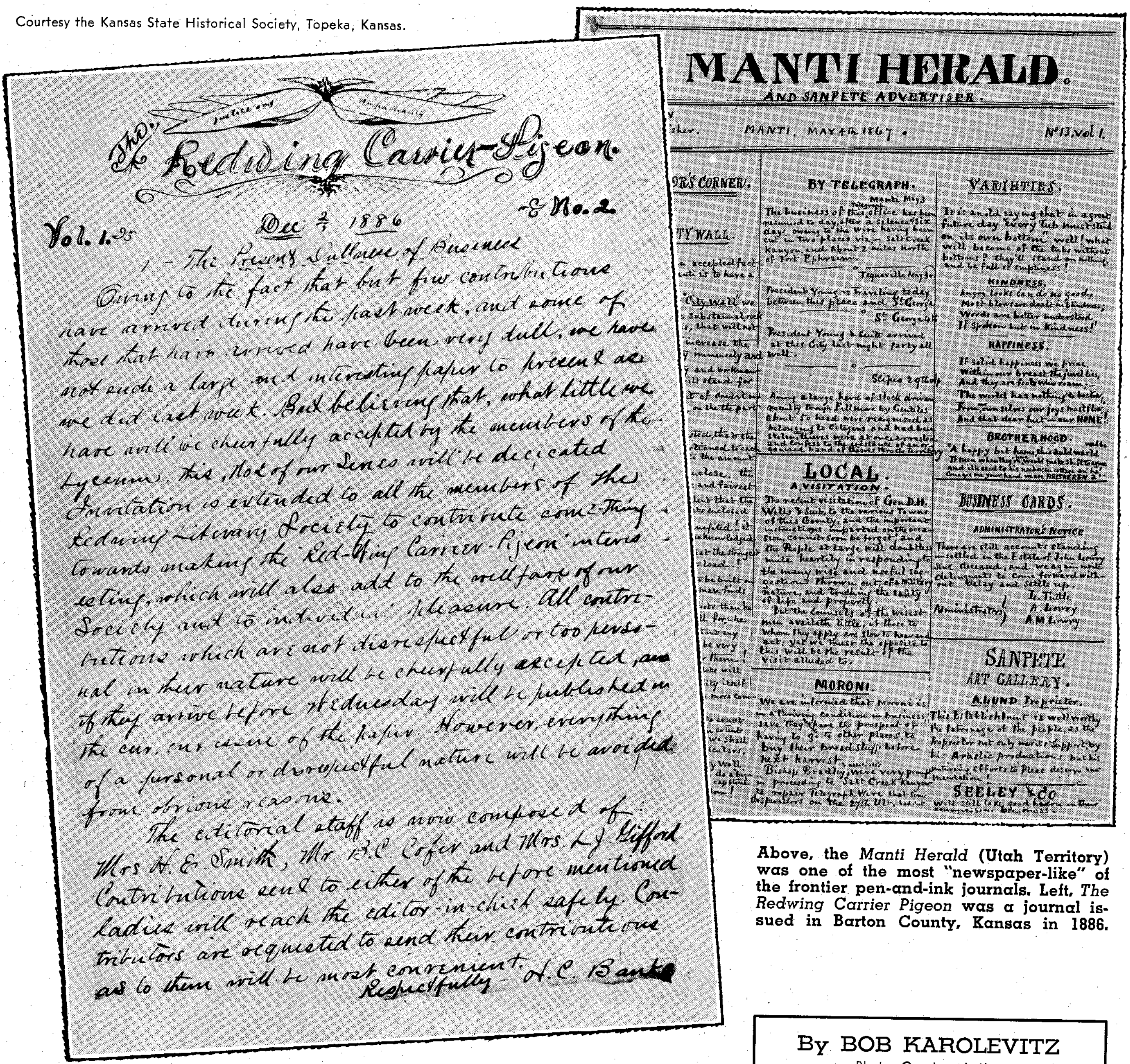
OF THE heavyweight championship fight at Shelby, Montana on July 4, 1923 Jack Dempsey wrote in his book *Dempsey*, "It was the roughest crowd I ever fought in front of, that's for sure. There were guys with guns, whiskey bottles and lariats—during the preliminaries guys lassoed the fences, pulled them down, and many got in for nothing."

I was a young man selling insurance in Montana at the time. About two weeks before the fight, I was driving south from Shelby and ran into a heavy rainstorm. Long into the night, with rain pelting the gumbo road into soft soap, and the uncertain headlights of my Model T fluttering like little yellow ghosts of nothingness before me, I literally pushed the car along with my left foot some fifty-eight slow miles, mostly in low gear. Thanks to many months of experiences in manipulating chain and mud-laden rear tires through that particular kind of frustration, I came onto the hard gravel of Choteau's main street and the car clog-clogged to a stop in front of the Choteau Hotel. This hostelry was an elongated two-story wooden building with a night clerk who eyed me with as much suspicion as an Indian scout watching something other than a cougar that was wearing a cougar skin. I sensed immediately that something was wrong. To me, Montana was a friendly place. Every guest was welcome at every hotel. Why not now?

There was not another soul in the suspense-laden tiny lobby or on the after-

(Continued on page 49)

Courtesy the Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka, Kansas.



justice and impartiality

The Redwing Carrier-Pigeon.

Vol. 1.25
Dec 2/7 1886
-& No. 2

1 - The Present Dullness of Business
Owing to the fact that but few contributions
have arrived during the past week, and some of
those that have arrived have been very dull, we have
not such a large and interesting paper to present as
we did last week. But believing that, what little we
have will be cheerfully accepted by the members of the
Lyceum. this, No 2 of our Series will be dedicated
Invitation is extended to all the members of the
Redwing Literary Society to contribute something
towards making the 'Red-Wing Carrier-Pigeon' interes-
ting, which will also add to the wellfare of our
Society and to individual pleasure. All contri-
butions which are not disrespectful or too perso-
nal in their nature will be cheerfully accepted, and
if they arrive before Wednesday will be published in
the current issue of the paper. However, everything
of a personal or disrespectful nature will be avoided
from obvious reasons.
The editorial staff is now composed of
Mrs H. E. Smith, Mr B. C. Cofer and Mrs L. J. Gifford
Contributions sent to either of the before mentioned
ladies will reach the editor-in-chief safely. Con-
tributors are requested to send their contributions
as to them will be most convenient.
Respectfully H. C. Banks

MANTI HERALD.

AND SANPETE ADVERTISER.

sher. MANTI, MAY 4th 1867. No 13, Vol I.

BY TELEGRAPH.

Manti May 3

The business of this telegraph office has been resumed to day, after a silence of six days owing to the wire having been cut in two places viz,— Salt Creek Kanyon, and about 2 miles north of Fort Ephraim.

Toquerville May 3rd

President Young is traveling to day between this place and St George

St George 4th

President Young & Suite arrived at this City last night party all well.

Scipio 29th

Among a large herd of stock driven recently through Fillmore by Gentiles about 50 head were recognized as belonging to Citizens and had been stolen, thieves were at once arrested and confess to the existence of an organized band of thieves through the territory

LOCAL.

A VISITATION.

The recent visitation of Gen D.H. Wells & Suite to the various Towns of this County, and the important instructions imparted on the occasion, cannot soon be forgot, and the People at large will doubtless unite heartily in responding to the many wise and useful suggestions thrown out, of a military nature, and touching the safety of life and property.

But the counsels of the wisest men availeth little, if those to whom they apply are slow to hear and act; yet we trust the opposite to this will be the result of the visit alluded to.

MORONI.

We are informed that Moroni is in a thriving condition in business, save they share the prospect of having to go to other places to buy their Bread Stuff before next harvest.

Bishop Bradley, [illegible] were very prompt in proceeding to Salt Creek Kanyon to repair Telegraph Wire that some desperadoes on the 27th Ult. [illegible]

VARIETIES.

It is an old saying that in a great future day "every tub must stand on its own bottom" well! what will become of the tubs without bottoms? they'll stand on nothing, and be full of emptiness!

KINDNESS.

Angry looks can do no good,
Most blows are dealt in blindness;
Words are better understood,
If Spoken but in Kindness!

HAPPINESS.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast the jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam,—
The world has nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut—our HOME!

BROTHERHOOD.

"A happy bit home, this [illegible] world
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] BRETHREN"

BUSINESS CARDS.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

There are still accounts standing unsettled in the Estate of John Lowry Snr deceased, and we again invite delinquents to come forward without delay and settle up.

Administrators
L. Tuttle
A. Lowry
A.M Lowry

SANPETE ART GALLERY.

A. LUND Proprietor.

This Establishment is well worthy the patronage of the people, as the Proprietor not only merits support by his Artistic productions, but his untiring efforts to Please deserve commendation!

SEELEY & Co

will still take good [illegible]

Above, the *Manti Herald* (Utah Territory) was one of the most "newspaper-like" of the frontier pen-and-ink journals. Left, *The Redwing Carrier Pigeon* was a journal issued in Barton County, Kansas in 1886.

This was the fourth estate at its sacrificial best—imagine the tedium of writing a front page by hand over and over—

PEN and INK NEWSPAPERS of the OLD WEST

By BOB KAROLEVITZ
Photos Courtesy Author

THE LACK of a printing press did not always prevent the publication of a newspaper in the mining camps, timber towns and shantyvilles of the Old West. Sometimes the craving for news and diversion became so great that a local scrivener with a small bundle of paper, a quill pen, and no fear of writer's cramp would fill the need with what became known as a "manuscript paper."

On other occasions such hand-written journals were nothing more than early attempts at satire or humor—or a method used briefly to refute some editorial policy of the town's printed paper.

Probably most unique of all manuscript papers was the *Flumgudgeon Gazette and Bumble Bee Budget* penned in Oregon City, Oregon Territory, in the summer of 1845. Were it recognized as a legitimate newspaper, it would have been the first on the Pacific Coast because the *Oregon Spectator*, a printed sheet, did not appear in the same frontier village until February 5, 1846. The *Spectator*, in turn, preceded California's first paper—the *Californian* of Monterey —by more than six months.

The *Flumgudgeon Gazette* was published anonymously by someone who called himself Curltail Coon. His editorial policy was forthright: "Devoted to scratching and stinging the follies of the times." In English—and a smattering of Chinook jargon—Mr. Coon lambasted local political leaders and called for an end to double-dealing and chicanery.

The dateline on the satirical little journal did not locate its office of publication at Oregon City, but rather in a mythical place called Flumgudgeonberg. Atop the nameplate the editor sketched a somewhat scrawny raccoon, saying (by means of a comic strip "balloon"): "Don't stroke us backwards! There is enough *villany* (sic) going on to raise our bristles without that."

There were at least eight editions of this pioneer spoof-sheet, and it must have caused tongues to wag in anger or in knowing approval each time it emerged from its secret source. Many years later a former Oregon City businessman, Charles Edward Pickett, claimed to have been the mysterious Mr. Coon.

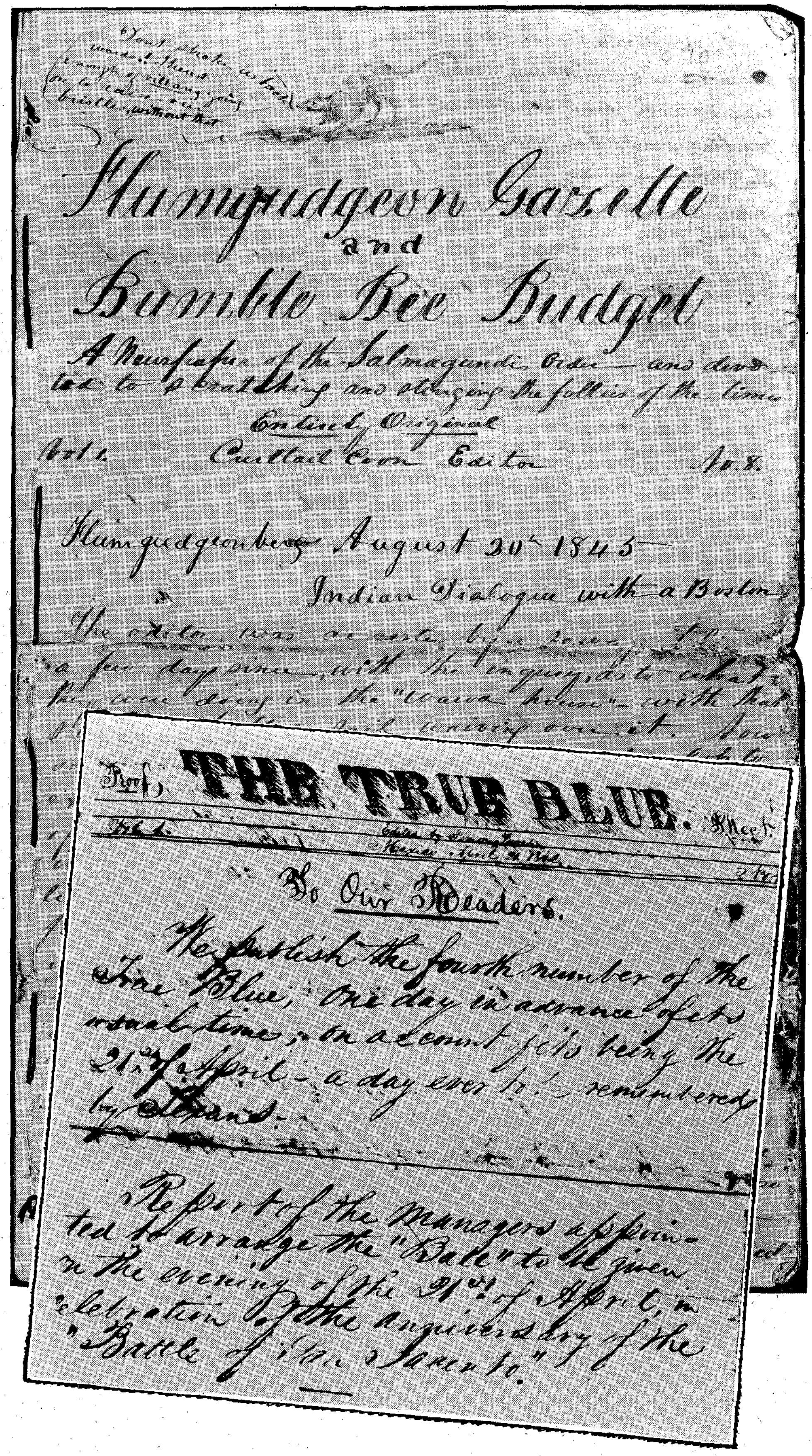
THE FIRST two attempts to bring journalism into what is now the State of Nevada were also manuscript papers. About 1854 Joseph Webb scrawled out the first copies of the *Gold Cañon Switch* at Johntown, then in Utah Territory. Webb was a partner of "Old Virginy" (Finney) Fenimore after whom Virginia City was later named. Little is known about the *Switch*, and it is unlikely that any copies are now in existence.

There was still no printed paper in Nevada when Stephen A. Kinsey issued the first copy of the handwritten *Scorpion* in Genoa (Mormon Station) on February 1, 1857. Kinsey, who had settled in Carson Valley in 1851, laboriously produced his monthly publication which contained as many as twelve columns of news items and commentary. His motto was: "Fear no man, and do justice to all." He illustrated each sheet with amusing caricatures, and for almost a year *The Scorpion* was the sole source of local intelligence for the prospectors, opportunists and adventurers then on the rugged Nevada scene. It wasn't until December 18, 1858 that W. L. Jernegan and Alfred James published the first issue of the famed *Territorial Enterprise*, also at Genoa, on a press packed by mules across the snow-laden Sierra.

One of the most famous of the known manuscript papers was *The True Blue*, a pen-and-ink sheet issued periodically by irrepressible Texans imprisoned in Mexico City. On April 21, 1842, the editor published an "extra" (which he noted was his fourth number), announcing a ball to be held that night in celebration of the Battle of San Jacinto, "a day ever to be remembered by Texans." Later the prisoners were moved to the Castle of Perote nearer the coast, and no evidence

(Continued on page 62)

Courtesy the Oregon Historical Society



Dont stroke us backwards! There is enough villany going on to raise our bristles without that

Flumgudgeon Gazette
and
Bumble Bee Budget

A Newspaper of the Salmagundi Order — and devoted to scratching and stinging the follies of the times

Entirely Original

Vol 1. Curltail Coon Editor No. 8.

Flumgudgeonberg August 20th 1845

Indian Dialogue with a Boston

The editor was accosted by a [illegible] a few days since, with the enquiry as to what they were doing in the "[illegible] house" — with that [illegible]

Proof, THE TRUE BLUE. Sheet

Vol. 1. [illegible] Mexico. April 21 1842.

To Our Readers.

We publish the fourth number of the True Blue, one day in advance of its usual time, on account of its being the 21st of April — a day ever to be remembered by Texans.

Report of the Managers appointed to arrange the "Ball" to be given on the evening of the 21st of April, in celebration of the anniversary of the "Battle of San Jacinto."

Top, *The Flumgudgeon Gazette and Bumble Bee Budget* was one of the most unique of the western manuscript newspapers. It was anonymously edited in Oregon City, Oregon Territory, in 1845.

Bottom, Texans imprisoned in Mexico City in 1842 issued a paper called *The True Blue*. It kept up their morale as well as giving them the news.

NUGGETS

THE CONGENIAL BANDITS

By Walter W. Gann

IN 1903 when I was fifteen years old, we shipped 1,500 head of cattle from Texas to the Creek Nation, Indian Territory, for summer grazing. They were about equally divided between cows and three-year-old steers. The cows were held near Red Fork.

B. F. Robey and D. P. Kennedy each had cows in the same pasture. Ben Dragoo was working for Robey and Houston Coffey was working for Kennedy. The three of us looked after the cows and we shared a camp together. Ten or twelve miles up the Arkansas River we had another camp where the steers were located. E. R. Crockett, a McCulloch County rancher, had steers in the same pasture with ours. Jim Martin represented Mr. Crockett and Dixon Baird looked after our interests.

One day Jim rode down to Red Fork and told me he was going away for a few days to visit his uncle, Morgan Livingston, who was running a string of cattle over in Cherokee country. He said that Dixon wanted me to come up and stay with him while he was gone—which I did.

One evening shortly before sundown, Dixon and I were riding into camp. We stopped at a waterhole to let our horses drink. There were three strangers lounging on some large flat rocks on the creek bank. Their horses looked like they had been ridden far and hard. The men were heavily armed. While our horses were drinking, they and Dixon passed the time of day.

As we started away, one of them said, "Well, boys, we're kind of on the dodge and guess we'll have to hold you here until dark." That kind of scared me, but Dixon didn't bat an eye.

"Oh," he said. "Well, we've got a camp just on top of the hill. You'll be as safe there as here. We can go up and get supper while you wait."

When we got to camp they took their Winchesters from their scabbards and leaned them against the wall of the cabin. One of them asked, "You boys got any grain? We rode pretty hard today and our horses are sort of weak."

"Yeah," Dixon said. "There's a little in a sack in that box at the side of the house. We grained some of our horses this spring until grass got good, and that much was left over. Help yourself."

Between Papa and Mr. Crockett, we had about twenty head of saddle horses. We kept one horse shut up in the corral overnight to wrangle horses on next morning. It was my job to do that while Dixon did the cooking. Dixon said, "This boy will be going out to get a night horse. Do one of you want to go along to keep an eye on him? If you do, ride my horse."

I wasn't exactly scared—that is, I wasn't much scared at the thought of being out alone with some kind of an outlaw riding herd on me. Nothing happened. He asked me several questions and I didn't dare ask him what they were on the dodge from the law about. We penned the horses and I caught up the night horse. We unsaddled the ones we were riding and turned them loose with the others.

When we got to the house, Dixon and the other two were cooking supper, and carrying on quite a conversation. In those days most outlaws in that part of the country had been recruited from the ranks of cowboys. Dixon had been around. He had punched cows over most of west Texas, up over the Plains, and into Wyoming. He had a wide acquaintance among those of his kind and he and the three men who had come suddenly upon us found much in common in talking about the different men they had known and worked with.

AFTER the supper dishes were put away and the after-supper smokes indulged, one of them glanced out the window. "It's plumb dark, and we'd better be pullin' our freight," he said. "We are much obliged to you boys. If I ever get the chance I'll do as much for you." The other two preceded him out the door and then he turned to us. "I know it ain't customary to pay for grub a feller eats in a cow camp, but would it make you mad if we offered to pay for the grain our horses et?"

"It shore would," Dixon said with a grin. "And it'd make the man I work for a damn sight madder if I took it."

"All right—it goes to the kid," and he pitched a silver dollar into my lap. Not knowing what it might mean to me in later years, I spent that dollar the first time I got to where I could buy something with it. I have wished a thousand times that I hadn't.

We were up at the first streaks of day. I saddled the night horse and rounded up our small remuda and put them in the corral. As I turned the corner of the house, I came to a sudden stop. Three men sat their horses facing the door. Apparently they had heard me coming, because all three were giving me their undivided attention. At least one had his hand on the butt of his six-shooter. Like the trio who had been with us the previous night, they carried Winchesters and each had a six-shooter with a belt of cartridges buckled around his waist.

That was as far as the similarity went. They wore the brand of U. S. Marshals just as plainly as if it were written all over them. When they saw who and what it was coming around the corner of the house, they turned their attention back to Dixon who was standing outside on the doorstep.

"No," he was saying, "I don't know which way they went. They left here about an hour after dark." Then he added, "You fellers had just as well get down and have breakfast with us."

"No," the marshal replied, "we stayed down at George Ireland's last night and we had breakfast there."

"That was mighty close," Dixon grinned. "I'm damn glad you didn't come up here." George Ireland was a full-blood Creek who lived less than a half mile down the draw.

The marshals left and scattered out. They rode in ever-widening circles trying to pick out a trail from the conglomeration of tracks made by our saddle horses coming into and leaving the corral.

After breakfast Dixon and I rode out to the pasture. It was a still morning and sound carried a long way. While Dixon was down opening the pasture gate we could hear those Winchesters going "pow—pow—pow" several times. Apparently the outlaws had hid out in a deep canyon less than two miles from our camp and the marshals had caught up with them there.

We spent the day riding in and around the pasture. When we returned to camp that evening, George Ireland, the Indian, was waiting for us with the news. He said the marshals returned to his place about ten o'clock that morning. They were leading one horse with the body of a dead man draped across the saddle. Another was wounded so badly that he could hardly ride and the third was handcuffed and chained to his saddle horn. The marshals hired George's wagon and team to haul the dead man and the wounded one to Sapulpa which was the nearest railroad point. An employee of a Sapulpa livery stable returned his wagon and team that evening. George said the marshals told him the men had robbed a bank in a small town down around Muskcogee. He didn't think they recovered the money.

That was all I ever learned about those friendly outlaws who paused briefly at our camp for supper. I never learned their names or their ultimate fate—except for the fate of the dead one. I have always hoped that he was not the man who pitched the silver dollar into my lap.

THE SAME OLD WIFE ASSOCIATION

From the May 6, 1922 Stroller Weekly, Juneau, Alaska

Submitted by Harriett Farnsworth

A LETTER from the lower Yukon country requests that the *Stroller* make another effort to secure a sufficient number of charter members for the organization of "The Same Old Wife Association," along the same lines attempted several months ago, when the requirements as then outlined stipulated that fifty Alaskans, having the same wives they had in 1900, must register as members in order that a charter might be issued by the Territorial secretary.

When it was demonstrated that fifty eligibles could not be secured, the *Stroller* made the attempt on a twenty-five basis and at this time it looked as though the organization was assured as twenty-three signatures of men able to qualify had been obtained. But before the remaining two could be secured, two of those who had previously qualified wrote requesting that their names be stricken from the roll as dissension and strife had invaded their respective homes and in both cases the women had been to see lawyers.

One of the writers candidly admitted that his matrimonial bark had been wrecked on the home brew reef, and that he alone was to blame. He said that he had made brew from seventeen different recipes and that by the time he had sampled and toyed with all of them he was a hysterical wreck; that his teeth were all loose, his hair came out, he shed his toenails, and one eye looked gee while the other looked haw, his kidneys were afloat and he felt like hell.

The other letter laid all the blame on the writer's wife who, he said, was five feet four inches high, weighed 235 and insisted on not only wearing short skirts but also *rolling* her hose; that when he remonstrated she said, "Shut y'r mouth." She further informed him that they (her legs) were her'n and that she would wear 'em exposed or kivvered as she doggone pleased. The writer's letter closed with:

"Please strike my name from the list of eligibles for members in 'The Same Old Wife Association.' Things have been too shocking around our ranch lately to be forgiven and forgiving. The old lady shocked me by her seeming lack of modesty and I shocked her with the language I used. She says just to think of her living thirty years with a man who harbored such language in his system all that time. And, to be honest with you, I didn't know I harbored it myself until I got riled up. Anyway my chance for ever holding membership in 'The Same Old Wife Association' are all shot to pieces and I don't care what happens. I have half a notion to take a correspondence course in moonshining. Can you recommend a good instructor and what will a five-gallon-capacity still cost? If the old lady persists wearing them rolled down, I'll start a still sure, as that means I can keep all the men in the neighborhood so lit up they can't see."

THE *Stroller* realizes that the longer he postpones organization of The Same Old Wife Association the more difficult it will be to procure the required number of charter members, but he dislikes the idea of launching it with only twenty or twenty-one members and with little or no prospects for adding to the membership after the charter has been received. He also doubts if twenty eligibles could be mustered at present, as the two prospective members from whom letters were received are probably not the only representatives of homes whose firesides have been disorganized and whose fig trees have been withering by the fumes of home brew.

It is a fact that the atmosphere of Alaska in the early days was not conducive to domesticity, especially where the man preceded his wife to the North a few months or a year. In some cases a few weeks worked such changes that many confiding wives have had grave suspicions ever since. It was always embarrassing to a recently arrived wife to have an acquaintance of her husband meet them together on the street and blurt out, "Introduce me to the new skirt," or "Camille wants to know why you'se weren't down to Clancey's last night."

Such things had a tendency to arouse former trusting dispositions and, while suspicion was frequently allayed by the statement that the man they had met was mistaken in the matter of identity, even the most diplomatic lying on the part of the husband was necessary in the majority of cases to convince his wife that it was not her duty as a respectable woman to take the next steamer south and to leave the base deceiver to go to Clancey's every night.

(And right here the *Stroller* takes the opportunity for stating that more monumental liars were developed in Alaska in the early days than anywhere else on earth.)

Incidentally, it was during the early days of Alaska that the *Stroller* conceived the idea of opening and maintaining a sob room which institution he has ever since conducted in connection with his uplift work. If he were at liberty to reveal even a small portion of the confidences that have been poured into his ears in the sob room, angels would weep. He could tell of weeping on his shoulders and of tears running down, and still down, until his leather garments would be soaked with brine and when later dried be caked with crystallized tears.

But the *Stroller* is proud to state that callers in his sob room have, in most cases, departed comforted in mind and sustained by renewed and unfaltering trust in mankind. Had more women availed themselves of the benefits of the sob room nearly a quarter of a century ago, there would have been more men eligible for membership in The Same Old Wife Association today.

Forgiveness and overlooking of shortcomings are among the cardinal principles taught and advocated within the sacred walls of the sob room—which is still open during business hours every day during the week, but only by special arrangement in the evening and not later than midnight.

THE INDIANS SCALPED ME ALIVE!

By Jim Flanary

DESPITE his high-sounding name, Delos G. Sandberton would have been just another anonymous infantryman—except that he was scalped and lived to tell about it!

Custer was busy with the Indian uprising during the winter of 1868 and Sandberton, if newspaper accounts were accurate, wasn't even sure which battle cost him his pate. He told one correspondent (from the Detroit *Free Press)* that it had happened at the battle of Washita; a second writer merely placed the action "on the Colorado plains."

His first-person account of his scalping was widely printed in the nation's newspapers and went something like this:

"I was in the infantry. Custer had command of the troops. There was quite a force of cavalry with us, but they were about a mile in the rear when we first discovered the Reds. Some of the troops had been sent around so as to attack from the other side.

"The Reds were encamped in a sort of valley, and we were within eighteen rods of them for half an hour before daybreak.

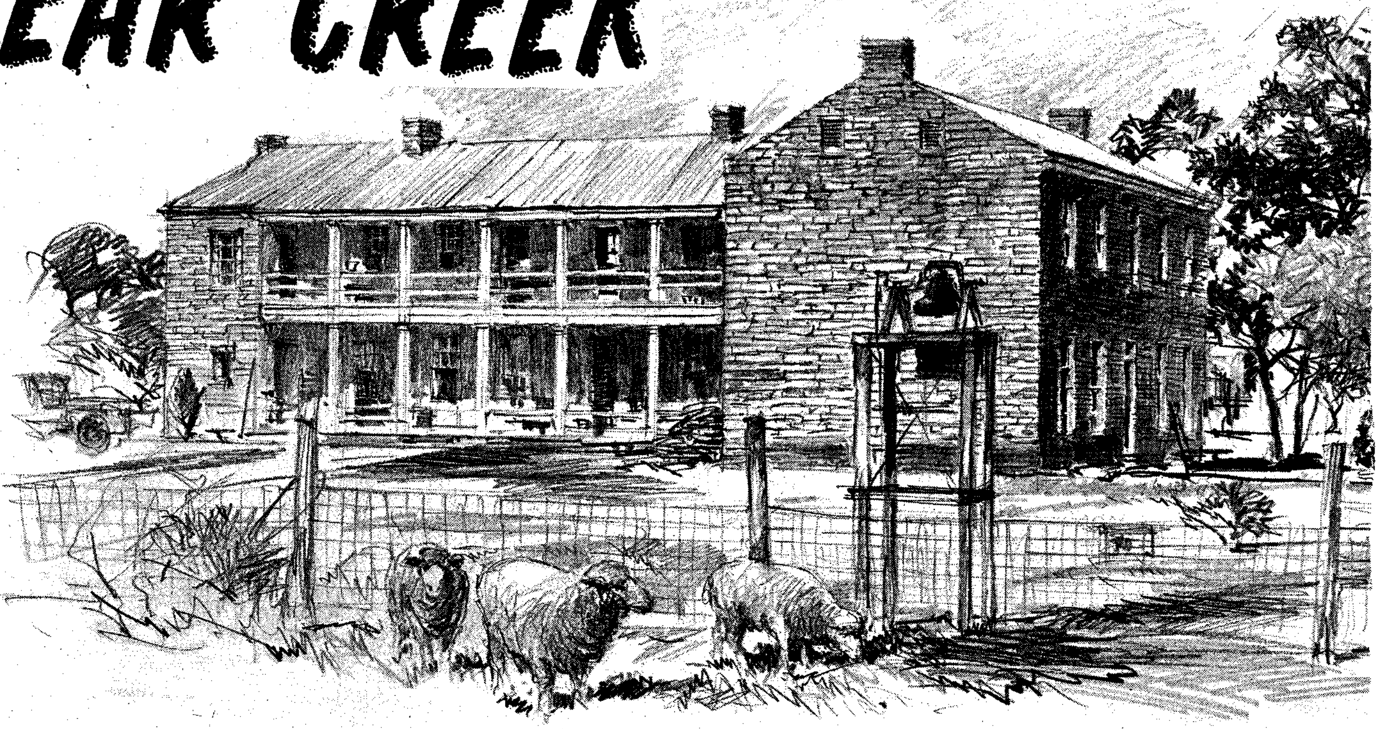
"Just in the gray of morning, the firing commenced on both sides, and we had it all our own way for a few minutes—the cussed snakes being much confused and not knowing what was up.

"At length they rallied, and we could hear Black Kettle, the chief, shouting and ordering. The vermin got behind rocks and into holes—anywhere they could find a place to hide—and began

(Continued on page 64)

A boy who grew up at Johnson Institute (with 22 brothers and sisters!) recalls the wonder of—

BEAR CREEK and FRIDAY MOUNTAIN



The author, Willie Kemp, grew up at Johnson Institute.

By WILLIE KEMP
Photos Courtesy Author

MY PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE of and association with the Johnson Institute dates from the fall of 1908, at which time my father Lewis Cass Kemp moved me, along with the rest of the family, into that great rock house located on the waters of Bear Creek in Hays County, Texas, some seventeen miles southwest of Austin.

The Institute was the fulfillment of a dream of Thomas Jefferson (Bristle Top) Johnson, which he had while still a resident of Virginia in the late 1840s or very early in 1850. Johnson was well educated, as was his wife, Mrs. Katharine Johnson. They had five children.

Various reasons have been given for Johnson's deciding to relocate his family in a completely new environment. One is that he was teaching in a school of higher learning, which may have been very trying to a man of his temperament, so he took to drink and became an alcoholic. After he was "hooked," he decided to break the habit. In 1850 Johnson loaded his family and belongings into covered wagons and headed for Texas. They landed in Austin.

Johnson promptly made known his intentions to establish a boarding school for boys. According to his son, he was offered the land on which The University of Texas now stands but turned it down, saying, "I want to get away from people and temptation." Old Bristle Top finally bought 2,300 acres in the northeast part of Hays County along Bear Creek. Being as he arrived at this location on Friday, he named a beautiful 1,000-foot mountain about one-half mile away, but still on his land, "Friday Mountain."

Mr. Johnson became so busy getting his school started and it was so far away from a saloon that he eventually broke the alcohol habit and embraced religion. On his deathbed, it is said he exclaimed, "Glory, glory all is bright ahead!" (This is a quote from a tombstone on his grave about 200 yards west of the Institute.)

IN 1852, when Johnson arrived on Bear Creek, he found forests of virgin mountain cedar, black walnut, post oak, live oak, wild red cherry, elm and pecan. His son Bill said he hired John Roy to build the school. First, Mr. Roy went into the woods, using slaves to cut down and hew heart cedars into gallery posts, ceiling joists, floor joists, window and door sills,

In the sketch of the ten-room, two-story building at left, the artist (E. M. Schiwetz) took the liberty of transferring the dinner bell from the kitchen wing to the front of the building. He felt that it belonged in the sketch.

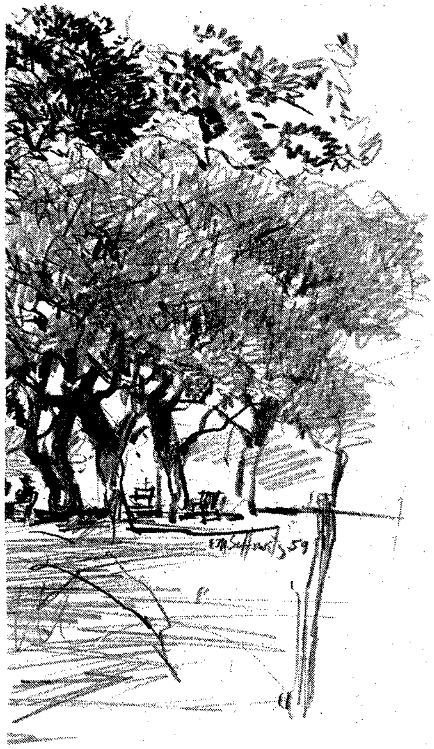
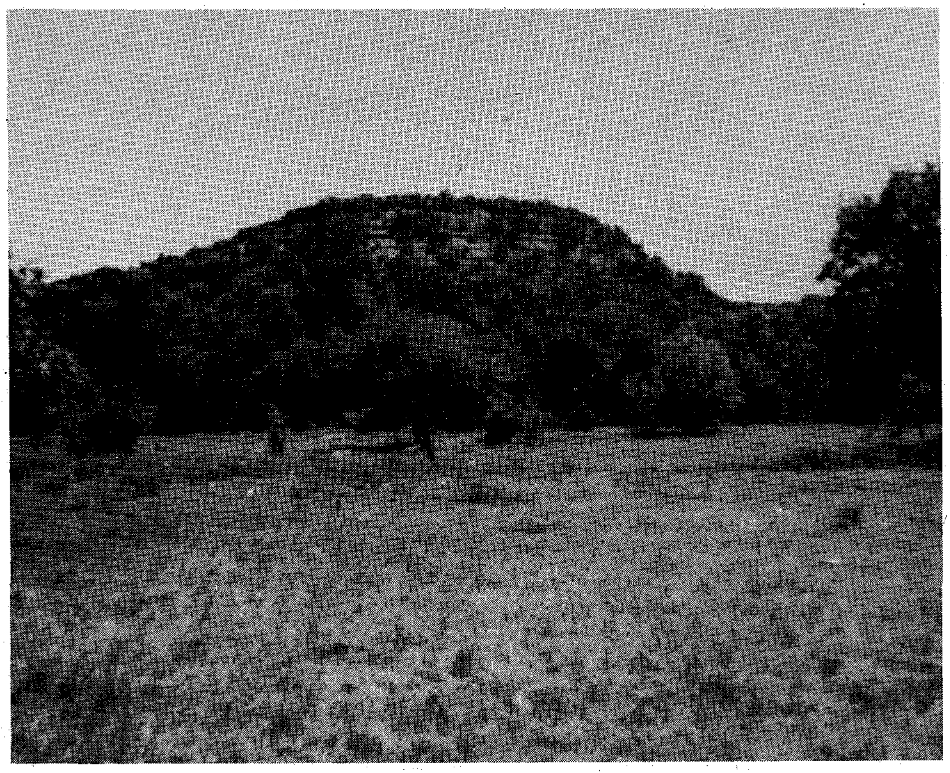


Illustration is from **Buck Schiwetz' Texas,** by E. M. Schiwetz, University of Texas Press

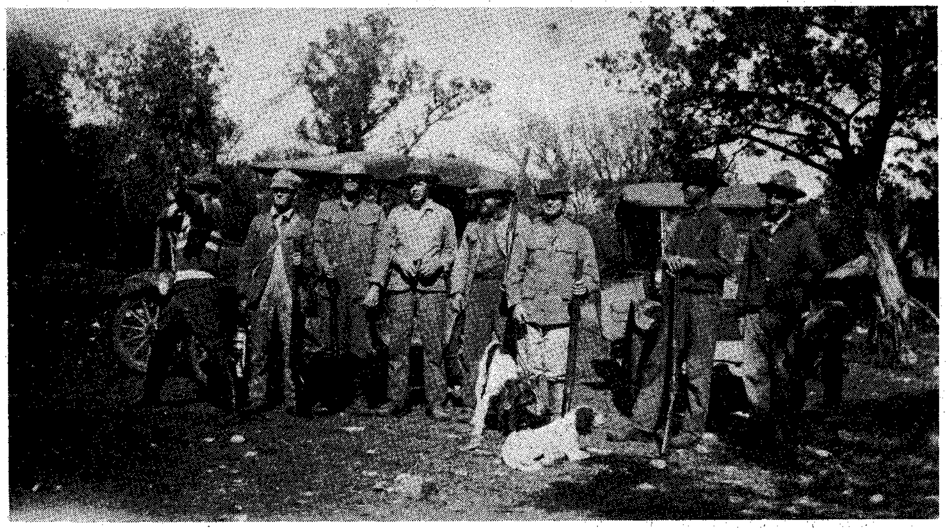
and rafters, using cross-cut saws, froes, foot adzes, axes, and broad axes. Some of the sides and edges thus hewn are as true as ones sawed by power saws. The timbers used in the Institute are as solid today as when first taken from the woods, and have never been blemished by paint.

The first buildings put up were about a dozen log cabins to house the students and provide classrooms and kitchen and dining rooms. Then Roy, still using slave labor, quarried rocks within 200 yards of the spot where he built the "Johnson Institute." In this massive building not one grain of cement was used. Roy made lime kilns to burn his own unslaked lime, then screened sand from the shoals along Bear Creek. With unslaked lime and fine sand, mortar was made which held the rocks in place. The walls are about twenty-two feet high, with not a crack in them anywhere. The foundation is as true as when first built. The rafters are of hewn cedars; the laths are made of native cedar logs hauled to Bastrop, Texas and sawed into slabs of various lengths and widths. The original roof was made of cypress shingles from Bastrop saw mills. The Institute still has its original door and window frames. Also, most doors are original, though windows have been replaced.

Johnson, his wife, son William and daughter Lizzie all taught classes, as well as several others whose names have been forgotten. They taught from the lowest to highest grades. One of the students, Albert Rissmann, told me that Mr. Johnson did not want any student who was not tough. In fact, the tougher they were the

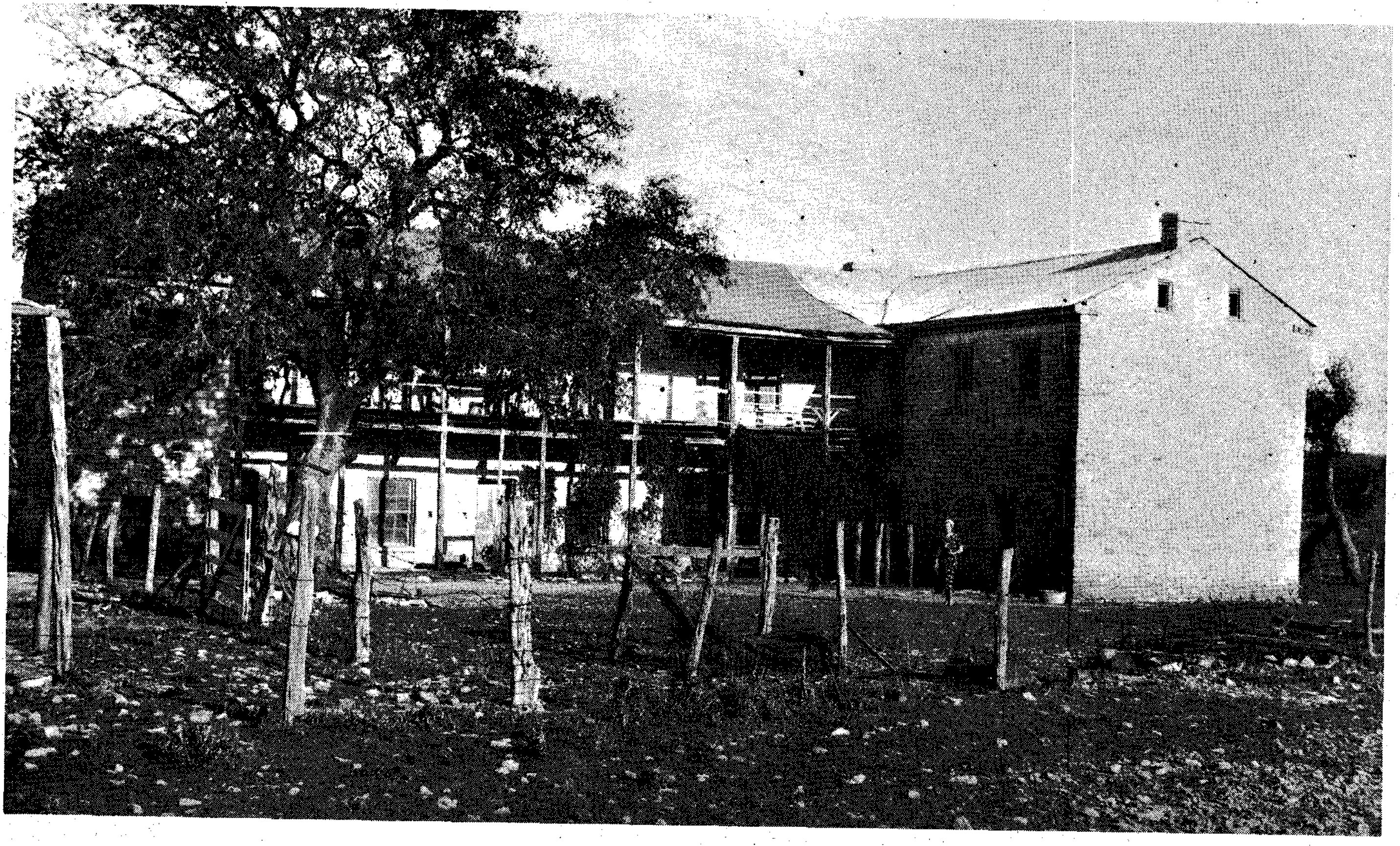


The north side of Friday Mountain.



Above, a hunting party at Friday Mountain in 1914. Left to right, Leslie McNeese, Dan Wallis, Ben McNeese, Willie Kemp, Tom McNeese, Elbert Kemp, unknown, and Johnny Ireland.

Below, Willie Kemp in back of team. He was raising molasses cane.



A few of the "Bear Creek Boys." Willie Kemp is at the bottom, far right.

better he liked it for then he (Johnson) could take it out of the student by proving that he was the toughest man around.

A number of Mr. Johnson's students were born and lived their entire lives within five miles of the Institute. There were three that I can recall just now. I have talked with them many times; all are deceased now. They were Robert Stacker, Jim Wuthrich and Albert Rissmann. Enrollment varied from forty at the beginning to over two hundred. Some sources claim the Institute was co-educational but son Bill, Albert Rissmann and Jim Wuthrich always maintained that it was strictly for boys.

THOMAS JEFFERSON JOHNSON died September 2, 1868, one month before his sixty-third birthday. He ran the Institute until his death, then his family operated the school until 1872 when they "gave up" and closed it. Soon the Institute passed out of the hands of the Johnson family. According to land deed records of Hays County, the property changed hands many times before being bought by my pa, Lewis Cass Kemp, in 1908 from a bachelor named Tom Miles who lived in the massive house alone. Miles did not really own it; he had assumed vendors lien notes made by some previous occupant. Pa paid Tom either $100.00 or $200.00 for his equity and assumed the notes which were held by Brown Brothers, prominent money lenders on land, with offices in Austin. The interest rate was 10%. Pa, in time, paid off these notes in full, causing the Institute to be free of debt for the first time in years.

Pa was married twice and raised two complete families. My mother, Anna Agnes Ross, was born in Scotland and was his first wife. Their children were fifteen; I am number thirteen. Ma died in 1900. Pa was in a predicament with a houseful of kids and no wife. The oldest girls did the best they could, but without a ma, they were discouraged. May God bless them for putting up with us "brats."

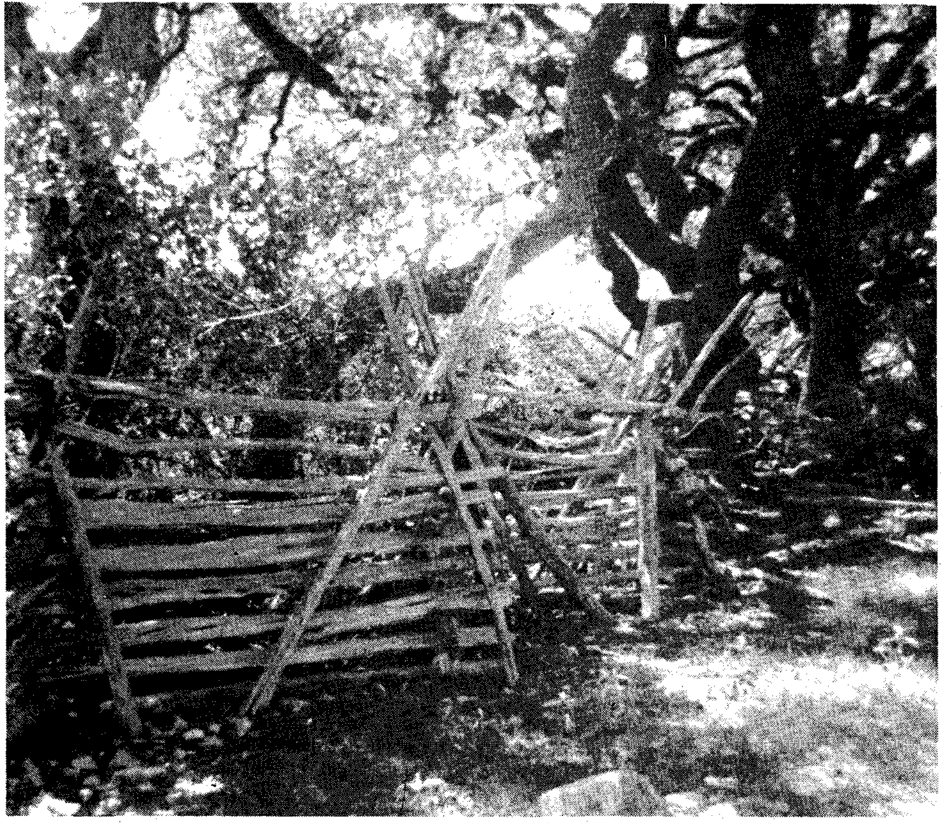
When Pa married Laura Carter Stamp in 1904, she had a small son, Turner Stamp. Then she and Pa produced seven more children. So our family consisted of twenty-three kids. In passing, let me say that Role Christal, with just a barbed wire fence between Pa's place and his, fathered twenty-two kids. The Christal children and we were comparable in age.

Moving to the Institute was one of the highest highlights of my life. It was so exciting to live in such a place. There were ten rooms, two halls and two bathrooms. (The latter were strictly for bathing—in a washtub or other vessel. There were no pipe connections or fixtures.) The other rooms ran from 18'x21' to 18'x30'. There in splendid view was Friday Mountain, the stupendous rock bluff overhanging the swimming hole. We kids would stand near the Institute and on certain days, holler and listen to the echoes which would travel from place to place along the bluffs alongside Bear Creek. Some of our greatest moments were spent climbing Friday Mountain and getting a panoramic view of the country for miles.

At Christmas time we shattered the

"Posing" for this photo, Willie swats George Ireland who is busy making molasses.

More "posing," Willie Kemp, on left, battles it out with George Ireland.



Stake and rider fence used around the Institute.

Willie Kemp and wife.

peace and quiet of the countryside (and the nerves of the old folks for miles around) by using as much as a case of dynamite in one night, making blasts on top of Friday Mountain. Starting blasts would be one-fourth of a stick of dynamite. If that failed to make enough noise, blasts were increased to up to two full sticks, at which time we usually put cotton in our ears. Our celebrations were heard up to fifteen miles away, and were not always appreciated, especially if some old sorehead had neuralgia or the "break bone grip."

My pa found not a single water well on the place so we used a "slide" on which we placed either one or two 50-gallon wooden barrels with one or two horses or mules hitched to it to slide water from the spring for drinking and cooking, to wash clothes, or bathe. Creek water was the best, next to rainwater. Creek water was also hauled four to six barrels at a time in a wagon. The wagon was driven into a waterhole in the creek, the deeper the better, just so it did not float the wagon bed off the running gear. Then water was dipped with a three-gallon bucket and poured into the barrels. When full, the barrels were covered with either cotton or tow sacks with barrel hoops fitted over the top to keep the water from sloshing out and away. Those were the days. We had very little money but we had fun.

Pa devoted his and our (the kids') time to raising cotton, corn, sorghum, cattle for beef and milking, horses and mules. The cotton was sold so as to have a bit of money to buy salt, pepper, coffee, flour and clothes. Corn was used to fatten hogs, to feed horses and mules, and to make cornmeal for home use. Cows produced milk and butter. Hogs supplied us with sausage (how good it was) hams, shoulder and bacon and lard. Horse and mule colts were raised, broke to work and ride, then sold as another way to raise a bit of cash. Our fuel came out of the woods, cut into lengths for cook stove and fireplaces. The Institute had nine fireplaces. We kids considered it sissy for anyone to use a heater instead of a fireplace for heat.

There were no barbed wire fences; they were all made of stake and rider cedar rails, and not in too good repair when we first moved there. Pa with our help (usually when I say "Pa," that in-

(Continued on page 58)

TRAILS
GROWN
DIM

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Bascombe Harper - Bob Gillock

Can anyone give any information about an oxen driven wagon train with Bob Gillock as Captain, that left Missouri for the west in 1864 via the Platte River and the Oregon Trail? The David Browning family was with this wagon train. I'm writing this letter for a friend who is old, crippled and in poor health. It would give her so much happiness to get any information on this, and I'd like to give her some flowers while she can enjoy them. Bascombe Harper was her father.—Mrs. Clark Johnson, Box 27, Rexford, Kansas 67753

R. F. "Bob" Williamson

Robert Franklin (Bob) Williamson, my father, was born in Dalton, Georgia, came to Texas in 1870 and married Sallie Bates. He lived in Dickens County, Texas and died at Gila, New Mexico. I do not know any of the Williamsons except that my father had a brother, Jim. I would like to know his relatives. If any of the old nesters or cattle people knew him, please write to me.—Mrs. Roberta Puschel, 312 Main Street, Alamosa, Colorado 81101

Elijah Hill of Ohio

Among your readers I am hoping there is someone who can send information on Elijah Hill, who emigrated to Texas from Jackson County, Missouri at the time of the Civil War. It is quite possible that he "wintered" in Texas during the war but more probably he either moved there during Order #11 or went to Mexico with General "Jo" Shelby and moved back to Texas after the colony disbanded. Born near Newark, Ohio, Elijah Hill moved to Jackson County before 1850.

He married Charlotte (?) and there were several children, among them Amasa and Elmira, who married a man named Wright. Charlotte Hill and a son are buried in the family cemetery in Jackson County. Word of Elijah Hill's death was received in Missouri between Christmas of 1885 and February 24, 1886. Perhaps during the Civil War Elijah or Amasa Hill took the name of "Tuck" Hill and was with Quantrill. There seems to be a physical resemblance between the man known as "Tuck" Hill and members of the Missouri Hill family as well as notorious mutual acquaintances of "Tuck" Hill and the Missouri Hills.—(Mrs. Donald B.) Nancy M. Ehrlich, 9801 E. 18th, Independence, Missouri, 64052

Free and McKinney

I would surely appreciate any information I can get from anyone to locate my mother's and father's people. My father, David Lee Free, was born some place in Alabama, I believe near Montgomery. He was the son of W. W. and Minervy Free, who had another son, Joseph Henry, and a daughter, Anna. The McKinneys settled in Fannin and Collin counties. My grandfather, John McKinney, married Josey Ford. They had six children: four girls, Mary, Amda, Frank, and Jinnie; and two boys, Bob and Tom. They left McKinney or Bonham years ago and settled in Llano, Texas. All of them have passed away now and most are buried in Llano.—Mrs. R. H. Snow, 307 W. 3rd, Weatherford, Texas 76086

Palmer

I would like to hear from any descendants of Edward Palmer and his wife Ester who lived in Virginia in Halifax County around 1796. This was my great-great-great-grandfather. They moved to Christian County, Virginia in the early 1800s. Eventually their son William and family came West to Missouri and then to California by covered wagon in 1852. One of William's sons, Morgan, stayed behind in Missouri and was never heard from again. I have traced my family back to Edward and Ester in Kentucky but there the trail ends.—Edwin D. Palmer, Box 371, El Cerrito, California 94530

Johnson and Cromer

I am very anxious to locate a friend of mine, Mrs. Kitty (Davis) Johnson. Her husband, Melvin Edward Johnson, was my former employer in Memphis and Gatlinburg, Tennessee. She has lived in Memphis and also Atlanta. Her husband was resident manager of a Houston, Texas hotel and died there in September 1965. I have tried for two years to find her.

I am also seeking information on my husband's half-sister, Donnie (Donna?) Louise Cromer (maiden name). She would be around fifty-seven now and was last seen by a cousin, Forrest Cromer, working as bookkeeper for a lumber company in Sand Springs, Oklahoma (after December 1960.) We have never seen her, would like very much to correspond with her. Any information concerning either of these two persons, no matter how small, will be greatly appreciated.—Mrs. J. L. (Jewel) Cromer Jr., 712 E. Dean Avenue, Longview, Texas 75601

Riddle and Hodge

I am searching for descendants or anyone with information on the following persons: William Henry Harrison Riddle, born in Henderson County, Tennessee December 30, 1840. Father's name, Nathan Riddle, mother's name was Elizabeth Hub Riddle. After death of Nathan Riddle, Elizabeth married John Jones and they left Decatur County, Tennessee and moved to White River, Marion County, Arkansas in 1857. John Jones had a son, Rufus, when he married the widow of Nathan Riddle.

I am also interested in information on Bill Hodge. His wife was Mary James who was supposed to be a sister to Jesse James' father, Robert James. They came to Marion County, Arkansas either from Kentucky or Tennessee. Bill and Mary Hodge had two boys, Charley and William, and three girls, Call (Green), Chess (Heard) and Charity (Martin). Any information on any of these will be greatly appreciated.—Mrs. Dorotha Marsh, 1908 East Avenue, Baxter Springs, Kansas 66713

Robert Leroy Carpenter

I would like to contact any relatives of my father, Robert Leroy Carpenter who was born in Lansburgh, Michigan on October 9, 1880 to Gilbert and Elizabeth (Green) Carpenter. There were five children born of this union, three boys and two girls. My father was the youngest. My uncle, Lewis George, was born on May 15, 1871. The other brother was known only as "Will" and it is believed that he was the oldest. I do not know the names of the sisters. It is believed that my grandfather was born in Pennsylvania. My grandmother was born in England. Uncle Lew came to Wyoming in 1899, my father somewhat later, although I am not positive. My grandfather had died previous to 1893. Any information as to the whereabouts of either my Uncle Lew or my father before 1920 would be appreciated.—Clyde L. Carpenter, Box 161, Libby, Montana 59923

William DeAdder

Can anyone tell me where William DeAdder ever went? I last heard of him when he was traveling with a team of horses and light wagon west of Seligman in 1920. At that time he was about fifty. He was a very successful wolf trapper ranging south to Flagstaff, Arizona and in winter trapping in the Seligman, Kingman, Gold Road area.—Dave Hopkins, Box 332, Camp Verde, Arizona 86322

Walker-Johnson-Click

I would like to hear from anyone who knows anything about my grandfather, Jerry Washington Walker, born December 18, 1840. He married Martha Pearl Johnson on May 22, 1862. I do not know where he was born or where they were married or where he is buried. They had two sons, William Joseph Grean Walker, my father, and Elbert Ira Walker. My father was born January 22, 1866 and Uncle Ira was born July 10, 1867.

(Continued on page 68)

The Art of SURVIVAL in Indian Territory

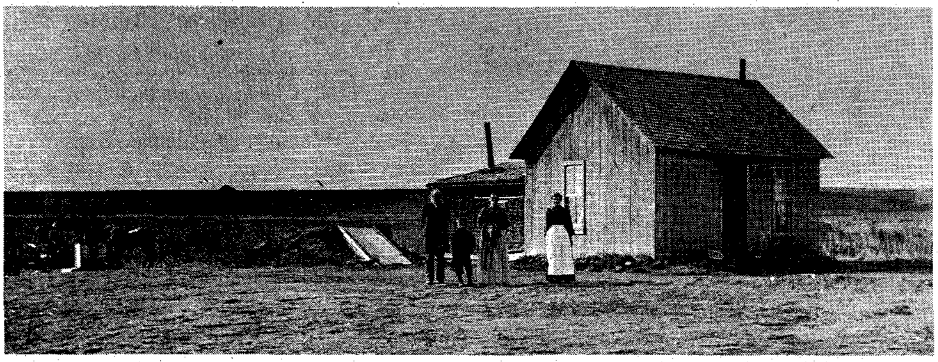
The land had its built-in ails and its built-in cures, and if a youngun could get through the second summer, his chances were good

Above, it looks rough, but some of the signs of settled life have begun to appear in this photo, made just after the Great Land Rush. Planks for wooden construction, a rough door, a stove, perhaps even curtains are a few. This was no life for a lady, but they survived it by the thousands.

Courtesy the Oklahoma Historical Society

Below, Two Oklahoma homesteads in the 1890s.

Courtesy the Oklahoma Historical Society



By OLEVIA E. MYERS

Photos Courtesy Author

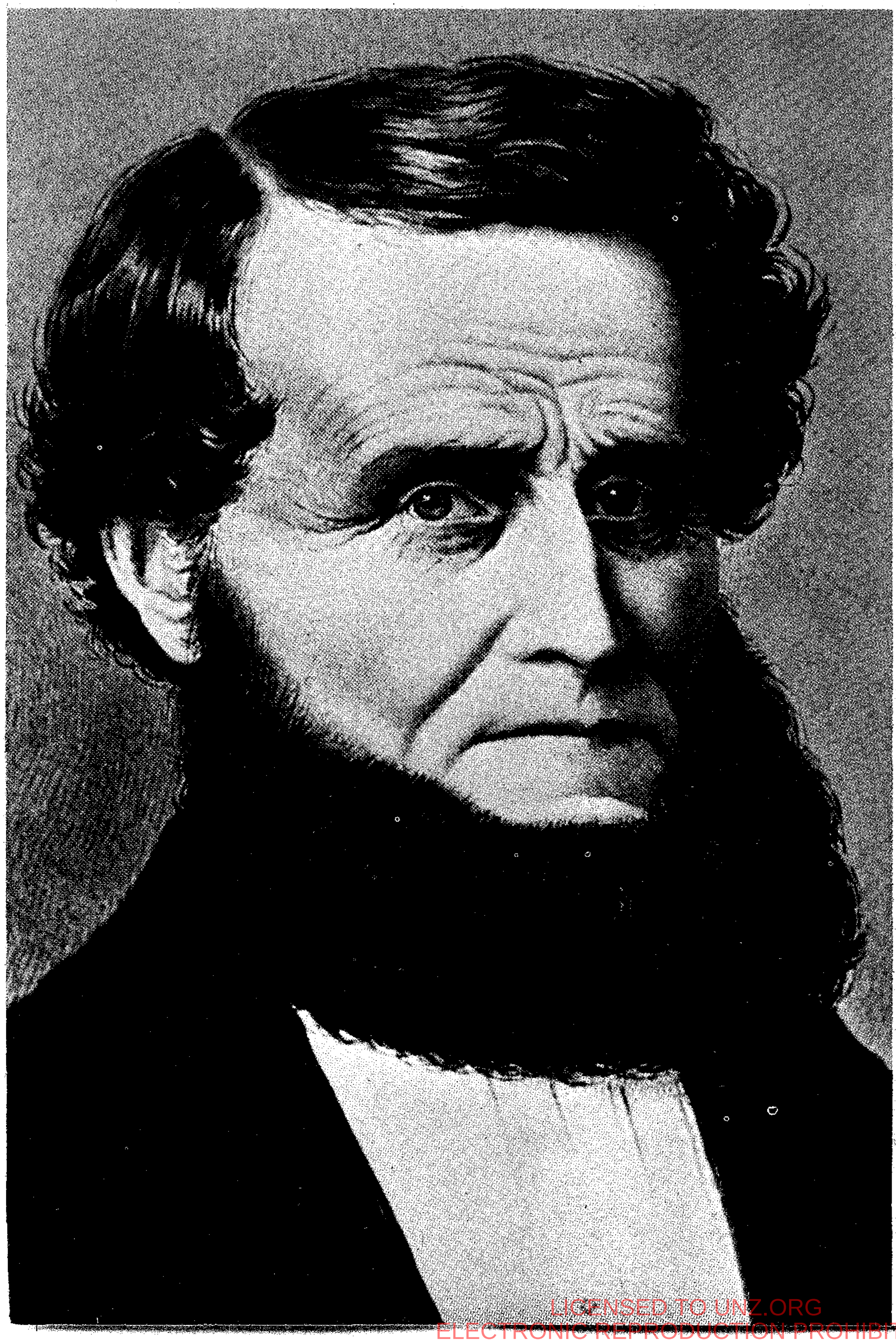
WE PIONEERS in Indian Territory were left to our own resources. There were no neighbors for miles around, no drug store in the whole Territory, no doctor for many miles, and hospitals were unheard of. I remember so well our log cabin in the Creek Nation where we lived on the Davie Knight allotment and we, like the few other white families, were self-sufficient. If sickness or accidents came we might not have done the right thing, but you can be sure we did something! We were not helpless, not by a long shot.

A short time ago I read in the Tulsa *World* where doctors now agree that Grandma was not so far off when she used cabbage leaves for a poultice. There is a certain ingredient in the leaves which promotes healing. Cabbage heads, if they were in season, were pounded into a gooey mess and applied to a boil or sore. Another good remedy we learned from old Aunt Katy Bear, who had come up over the Trail of Tears, was penicillin. Here's the way Aunt Katy taught me: Take a piece of bread, dip it in milk, flatten it out on a rock—about half an inch thick—then cover it tightly with anything handy. Often we used a mud mound, carefully keeping the mud from

(Continued on page 56)

LICK OBSERVATORY

After the quiet man had conquered the California earth—had made it do incredible things—he turned his eyes toward the stars



By HELEN ARBUCKLE
Photos Courtesy Author

Left, James Lick, one of California's first millionaires.

Courtesy Lick Observatory, San Jose, California

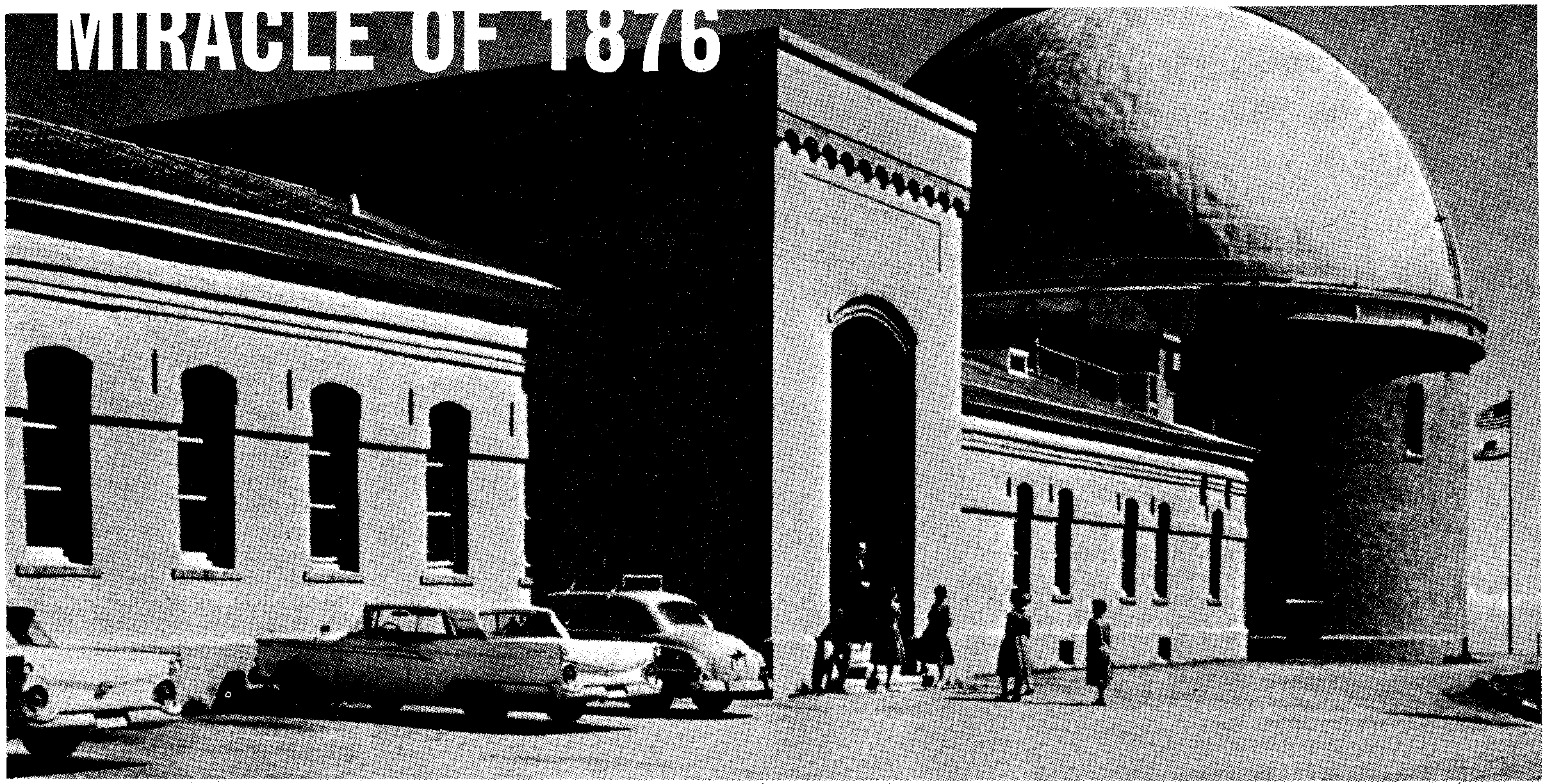
JAMES LICK is best known today for his gift of the observatory and thirty-six-inch refractor telescope which bears his name, on Mt. Hamilton, twenty-six miles east of San Jose, California. But among his contemporaries he was considered eccentric because he used bone-fertilizer in soil that was already so rich onions grew to the size of the crown of a man's hat; beets weighed sixty-three pounds; and three-foot carrots, forty pounds.

He was immensely wealthy, but was "close, self-contained, going his own way in business and in life." In a period when California agriculture was in its infancy, he is credited with being the state's first practical horticulturist and botanist, and through his plant experiments he was able to give valuable aid and advice to farmers and nurseries.

Born August 25, 1796 near Fredericksburg, Pennsylvania of German parents, little is known of Lick's boyhood and youth, until at age twenty-one he apprenticed himself to a piano-maker. On completion of his apprenticeship he intended to go into business for himself in New York, but for lack of capital sailed for South America in 1820 where he engaged in piano-making in Buenos Aires, Chile, and Peru. He also dealt in nutria hides. With the proceeds from the sale of these ventures he sailed for San Francisco, arriving there January 7, 1848 when it was a village of 812 persons living in tents and shanties on an expanse of sand hills.

Lick immediately invested in real estate, paying dollars for lots which others wouldn't give cents for, some of them six and eight feet under water at high tide. Seventeen days after his arrival gold was discovered at Coloma, Califor-

MIRACLE OF 1876



Courtesy Lick Observatory, San Jose, California

The main observatory building and the dome of the 36-inch refractor today.

nia and the gold rush was on. Instead of rushing off to the diggings, Lick stayed in San Francisco and bought more real estate. With the great influx of gold-seekers and other opportunists, many of these lots became of fabulous value, and a year later he was a millionaire.

Lick also bought property on the Guadalupe River in the sparsely populated, fertile Santa Clara Valley, five miles north of San Jose. A small flour mill was included in the transaction. Here he planted over 5,000 trees, mostly apple. Using a spirit level, he carefully graded the ground, then before setting each tree so that all were equally high above the ground, put in a barrowful of bone material which he collected himself as he rode about the country in a rickety, rope-tied wagon with an old bearskin robe for a seat cushion.

UNTIL the arrival of the Americans in the mid 1800s, Santa Clara Valley was a vast park-like pastureland which the Spanish explorers had named Llanos de los Robles (Plain of the Oaks). Thousands of head of cattle and horses grazed freely with deer, antelope, and grizzly bear. In nature's sequence of events and due, too, to the economy of the times when the greatest value of a cow was its hide, carcasses decayed or were devoured by buzzards or other wild animals, leaving the scattered bones to weather and bleach where they lay.

Many a night Lick used to return home with the old wagon heaped with skulls, thigh bones, and big knuckles. His neighbors scoffed and said he was crazy when they learned he ground these bones into meal to be used for tree fertilizer. Yet they had to admit Lick's crops were bigger and better for the extra attention.

According to one early report from a committee appointed by the legislature in 1858 to visit farms all over California, "He has in one single pile over one hundred wagon-loads of old bones, horns, hoofs, etc., for placing under trees yet to be planted. With his enthusiasm, abundant means, and untiring industry, he will very soon have one of the most valuable places in the state." In 1860 the committee again visited Lick's farm and observed, "It evinces good taste, the grounds are clean, well-cultivated; the trees trimmed neatly and judiciously, and the varieties appear to have been selected with judgment and with a view to permanent success."

Once his orchards took hold, he turned his attention to rebuilding the mill, which meanwhile had stood inactive. He spared no expense to make it the finest. Costing over $200,000, it was the talk of the country. The interior was finished with mahogany and other imported woods. Much of the finishing Lick did himself as a reminder of his piano-making days. The machinery was of the best brass and steel shipped from Boston. The mill's garret served as a home for a thousand pigeons which Lick kept for the manure they yielded. Nearby he erected a circular rat-proof, fire-proof storehouse sixty-two feet in diameter with walls twenty-two feet high surmounted by a dome and observatory. Here he indulged his amateur interest in astronomy.

To provide a proper setting for the mill he turned his energies to laying out a garden with winding paths lined with palms and exotic plants from all over the world. Again he spared no expense. With a shipment of rare trees from Australia, he ordered a whole shipload of native soil transported also.

In due time the garden became a show place. Local garden clubs visited the mill and grounds, and Lick occasionally guided the groups, giving them the botanical story of the plants. Although he was withdrawn and cold in his relations with people, he was susceptible to praise of his garden, and equally sensitive to criticism. One day a party of ladies came to see his flowers and were profuse in their compliments. He was "all-courteous" until one of the party remarked that in San Francisco she had seen much finer specimens of some of his plants. Lick, in a capricious mood, immediately told the visitors he had another flower garden to show them. By a tortuous trail he led them into the midst of a field of blossoming mustard, head high, then slipped away and left them to extricate themselves as best they could.

BUT WITH ALL his work and wealth he was not able to control the Guadalupe River. Its winter floods damaged the mill and destroyed his gardens, leaving deposits of barren sediment and debris. Instead of giving up, he moved his garden to a higher tract of ground, locally known as the Lick Homestead on the southern outskirts of San Jose. It was a curious sight for the residents in the late 1860s to see a cavalcade of wagons and carts loaded with everything from potted plants to large waving trees and shrubs passing along the main street to the new site. The job required almost two years to complete because of the varying seasons for transplanting, and Lick in his ancient wagon superintended the entire project.

The homestead also became a showplace. Its owner continued to import rare

(Continued on page 60)

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

WESTERNERS ALL!

The Westerners, A Roundup of Pioneer Reminiscences (Prentice-Hall, $7.95) was compiled, introduced and annotated by an old pro, John Myers Myers. He sought out the pioneers (aged from the mid-seventies to the early nineties) and with the help of a tape recorder he got their stories. The authors number twenty-four and a few of them are well known to the Western Americana buffs—Stephen Payne, William A. Keleher, Elliott S. Barker, and Mrs. Agnes Wright Spring. Edwin Bennett, Pecos Higgins, and Mrs. Gilbert are other authors among the old-timers interviewed. The twenty-four chapters are unevenly divided into four major segments: Mainly of Various Ranges (eight); Mostly about Frontier Towns (seven); Women of the Frontier (four); and Of Assorted Pioneer Matters (five). One or more of these Westerners had a hand in just about everything that went on in the early days on the frontier and each tells his own story in his own way. It is a highly entertaining and informative volume and this reviewer is sure that nearly any member of the Western Writers of America could find historic basis for a dozen novels in it. It was good to read Mrs. Spring's story of growing up at a Wyoming stage station —she has written well of many other Westerners for years and it was time that she told of her own experiences. Mrs. Gilbert, Steve Payne, Pecos Higgins and Dee Bibbs told their stories well—but then they all did! A must for all Westerners and anyone else interested in the West of around the turn of the century.

MILITARY TEXAS

Any student of Texas or military history will find *Texas Under Arms; the Camps, Posts, Forts and Military Towns of the Republic of Texas, 1836-1846* (Encino Press, $10.00) by Gerald S. Pierce a comprehensive study and source of reference. The book contains most known details of significance about 30 military towns, 53 forts, and 130 military camps and posts. The information is presented in over 200 articles, yet it is much more than an encyclopedia in that all articles with interrelated interests are cross-referenced, tying together areas of common significance. The result is a well-organized picture of the complicated military installations and activities in Texas during its most difficult ten-year period. The extensive notes, bibliography, maps, and index support the narrative and will be of tremendous value in themselves. This is Pierce's first book and will whet the appetite of Western readers and students for the several more he is presently working on. Pierce is Associate Professor of History at Memphis State University.

A COWBOY REMEMBERS

Around Western Campfires (University of Arizona Press; $4.95) by Joseph Axford is a package of friendly ranch experiences about a cowboy who had the miner's itch for prospecting. Coming to the San Pedro River country in Arizona Territory as a fourteen-year-old Michigan orphan, Axford soon became a first rate cowpuncher. While he rotated on several large cattle ranches, his major employment was on a Colonel W. C. Greene's huge cattle spreads on the Mexican border where he served as both cowboy and ranch manager. He rode most of the cattle trails of southern Arizona and adjacent Mexico. A man of many talents and interests, Axford engaged in mining, served as a hospital attendant, became a peace officer and prison guard. Among his cowboy cronies were Butch Cassidy and Big McGinnis and members of the Ketchum gang. His late years were spent in the employ of the Union Oil Company in Oregon from which he finally resigned to file on a homestead and run cattle in the Deschutes River country. This is a cracking cattle item; it is funny and good for both senior and junior readers.

A HUNTER REMEMBERS

Art Bernard appears to have an instinctive knack for tuning in on a hunting dog's mind and bringing out the best in him. This is the opinion of his friend, detective fiction writer Erle Stanley Gardner, in a foreword about Bernard's book, *Dog Days* (Caxton, $5.95). Formerly hardrock miner and Nevada state mine inspector, the author has had a lifetime of hunting experiences that will whet the interest of other gun, bird and dog men. He has owned a succession of wonderful dogs. Some excelled on dry land, others worked best with waterfowl. His first, Fanny, arrived when he was six years old. A friendly playmate of mixed ancestry, Fanny had the fecundity of a mother mouse, and finding homes for her litters became an unending perplexing family task. All of Art's dogs were family pets that helped rear the children and included those such as Queenie that responded naturally to retrieving and some like Sam that required patient training to bring out traits inherent with superior hunting dogs. This is a well written book that is both challenging and instructive. It is full of practical tips on dog training, guns, and hunting strategy.

PADRE—HISTORIAN

Christianizing of the fierce Yaqui, Mayo and Zuaque tribesmen of northwest Mexico by Jesuit Padres is the subject of *My Life Among the Savage Nations of New Spain* (The Ward Ritchie Press, $15.00) by Andrew Perez de Ribas in a first English translation by Tomas Antonio Robertson. Starting in 1604 with several other Jesuit priests, Father Perez de Ribas spent sixteen years among the tribes, many of them man-eaters, and later returned to posts of higher rank in Mexico City, until becoming Padre Provincial, in charge of all activities of the Jesuit Orders in New Spain (Mexico). A gifted writer and orderly historian, Padre Perez de Ribas described the rigorous hardships and rare adventures of a small group of priests who converted about 300,000 wild Indians to Christianity. A man of wisdom and tolerance, the Padre lived among the Indians in their rugged poverty and guided their spiritual conversion to Catholicism. Into their new religion, Indians wove their ancient beliefs in idolatry and witchcraft ceremonials, so much a part of their social customs and hunting practices. To Padre Perez de Ribas, modern historians are indebted for some of the earliest recorded facts about the climate, natural resources, Indians' living conditions and names and characteristics of many of the native leaders of the period. This fine book provides English readers with a new look into northwest Mexican history.

NORTHWEST MONTANA

Charles Green's *Montana Memories Vol. I* (privately printed by the author, P. O. Box 84, Coram, Montana 59913, $3.00) records many interesting happenings in northwest Montana after his father homesteaded near Coram in 1914. The memoirs are arranged under three major headings—Homesteaders, Forest Fires and Bear Stories. Green chose a select few of the homesteaders—characters all—to describe. Dan and Stan Young (not related) were not homesteaders but the story of their Silver Tip Ranch certainly belongs. The author was a CCC Camp superintendent under the Forest Service and was able to use much of the know-how he gained in fighting fire in the woods near the homestead as he was growing up in suppressing forest fires in Glacier Park in 1940. To this reviewer the chapters on bears top the others—it seems sure that the author knows bears, likes them and respects them. His many experiences and observations are a valuable contribution to bear lore. The booklet (123 pages) is illustrated with photos. Good local history.

A Guaranteed Sliding Stop

(Continued from page 19)

I run a little order-buying business here in El Paso, Texas, and a few months ago I got a call from an outfit in Illinois that furnishes animals for parades all over the country. They wanted to know if I could get them twelve blue-nosed mules, six years old, about fifteen-two or taller, matched bays or browns, and they had to be guaranteed controllable—not hard-mouthed but willing steppers that would not run away no matter what, even if they were in front of a steam calliope or if some idiot threw a string of firecrackers under them. In other words, safe to use in any parade, hitched to any kind of vehicle, anywhere and anytime. I figured it would be a hard order to fill, but the price that outfit offered me made it sure worthwhile to try. I asked for a couple of weeks.

Now, blue-nosed mules are about as scarce as a day without sunshine (here in El Paso), so I got on the phone and started calling people in the southern mule states, telling them what I wanted. I finally got hold of a fellow I know who runs a sales-barn in Georgia.

"Now, don't you waste any more time or money makin' them phone calls," he told me. "You jes' git in yore car and light a shuck for Greenville, Mississippi, and you hunt up Ol' Billy D. Greene, an' you tell 'im I sent you an' I'll double-damn guarantee he can get exactly what you want, an' in jes' two or three days time or sooner!"

MIKE'S WORD was good enough for me, so I packed my other shirt, told Mama to tell anybody that wanted me that I'd gone to Mississippi to learn how to plow cotton, got in the car, and pulled out. I reached Greenville pretty late the next day and wasted no time phoning Billy D. I told him who I was, where I was from, who had sent me and what I wanted, and asked if he might happen to be able to help me find those mules.

"I tell you what. You jes' wheel down to the drugsto' in about twenny minnits, an' we'll tawk ovuh whut you want whilst we shoot a coke, an' I jes' do believe I can he'p you out."

The lady in the motel office gave me directions to the drugstore; I told her the man I was going to meet, and asked if she knew him and if so could she describe him so I would be able to pick him out. "Oh, everbody knows Ol' Billy D.," she said. "You just go in the drugstore and the stool at the soda fountain that has the most people crowded around it, and where there's more laugh and talk, why that's right where Ol' Billy D. is settin'."

I found the drugstore, went inside and looked around, and sure enough down at one end of the soda fountain was a whole bunch of people, laughing and joking around. I eased down that way, looking for an old man. All that talk about "Ol' Billy D." had made me think I was going to have to deal with some elderly country mule trader. Well, Old Billy D. was sure enough a mule trader, but not like any I'd met before.

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If you can imagine a sort of cornpone and magnolia edition of Don Ameche, three-quarter size, that is Ol' Billy D. About thirty-five years old, curly black hair, pencil-line mustache, slightly chubby, dressed in an immaculate Palm Beach suit, white buck shoes, and a lace-fronted shirt. A real genuine courteous Southern gentleman, soft as goose-down, smooth as silk, and about twice as sharp as an East Dallas razor on Saturday night.

Anyway, I made myself acquainted and, after being introduced to everybody in that end of Mississippi and drinking enough coke to float a barge, Billy D. finally got around to allowing that he did do a little bit of farming, and happened to have quite a few mules out around the country, and just might be able to fix me up. As a matter of fact, he happened to have three mules right then, he said, out at the edge of town at a "little ol' implement store" he owned. He thought they ought to be about what I wanted and if I could see my way clear to come out and look at them in the morning and if they suited me all right, why he just believed that he could guarantee to have the rest of the order on hand within two or three days, providing that was all right with me and we could agree on a price. I got directions, and told him I'd sure be on hand the next morning, providing I could sober up from all the cokes I'd had, and went back to the motel.

THE NEXT MORNING I went down to the implement yard, and saw three mules there that looked like the answer to a prayer—fat, slick, as alike as peas, and I couldn't find a flaw or blemish on them except that each one had some little scars on its face. Not enough to be noticeable, really, and I was sure they wouldn't show when the mule was bridled.

The mules were bright and alert, not a bit head-shy, and gentle to handle. I told Ol' Billy D. that if they were manageable and guaranteed not to run away, I believe they just might be acceptable. We dickered around until we got to a price that was agreeable to me, then Billy D. said he believed he'd show me how runaway-proof those mules were.

Several teen-aged boys were standing around, and Billy D. called to them saying he'd pay any of them two-bits a head to ride those mules and show how gentle they were. One of the boys allowed as to how he'd show them off but added, "If them is Jim Tom mules, Mister D., the price is gotta be triple. I ain't gonna skin my head up for a penny less than seventy-five cents."

Billy D. admitted they were Jim Tom mules, and agreed on the price. The boy put a little old sales-barn halter on one of the mules, jumped up on him, and rode him all around the yard. Mr. Mule was the nervous, high-stepping kind, just what I wanted, and seemed to handle perfectly. Then the kid rode outside the yard and down the road sixty or seventy yards.

"Watch this, now," Billy D. told me, and about that time the boy kicked the mule and let out a squall. That mule really switched into high gear, and came by us belly-down and running all out. Just as he was passing, Billy D. hollered, "Ho!" and that mule stuck his nose out a little, dropped his head, drove his tail in the ground and slid for what seemed a country mile. I mean, it was the kind of a stop that reining horse men wished they could put on a horse. The kid, being bareback, shot off over the mule's head and plowed a considerable furrow in that Mississippi mud with his head; and I could see why he insisted on a triple price for showing the mule.

The other two mules were the same, and Billy D. said he would absolutely guarantee every single one would stop the same way, whether bareback, saddled, or harnessed, single, double, four-up, six-in-hand, twelve abreast, pulling a plow or hooked to a grizzly bear. I told him to go ahead and get the rest of them together, and if they matched these three we had made a deal.

In three days' time Billy D. called me at the motel and said he had my order filled. I went out to his yards and, sure enough, there stood twelve blue-nosed mules, all matched as to color and size, and not a flaw on them except that every one had those little scars on the face. I spent a whole day trying them out, and no matter what kind of bind I put them in, or how scared they got, I could holler "Ho!" and those mules just mortally died they stopped so fast.

I even went so far as to find out who had the meanest dog in town, and pay him to come down to the mule lot. We turned those mules loose in a pasture and sicked the dog on them. They were really stampeding, heading for the high timber and deep swamps, but when I r'ared back and hollered "Ho!" every one of those mules slid to a halt and stood like statues until we walked up to them and haltered them.

I TOLD Ol' Billy D. that I really admired the way those mules were broke, and I'd sure like to meet the man who put such a "Whoa" on them. Why did they call them "Jim Tom" mules? I also said that I was curious about all of them having nearly identical scars on their faces.

Billy D. explained that Jim Tom was the name of an old boy who worked on one of his farms out of Tupelo a piece, that the mules were all broke by him, and that everybody from Lake Charles, Louisiana to Quitman, Georgia knew that any Jim Tom mule would stop that way.

He said it was plumb simple the way Jim Tom taught a mule to stop and it was absolutely guaranteed, but he just really couldn't afford to let me go see for myself for less than a hundred dollars because once I learned the trick I would train my own mules instead of coming to him. I figured it was easily worth a hundred to learn, but for the principle of it I argued and traded until Billy D. finally agreed to take me down and let me watch Jim Tom work some mules for just seventy-five dollars—paid in advance, no checks, please.

It appeared I had sure hit it lucky, for he just happened to have sent Jim Tom a couple of loads of nice three-year-old mules the week before, to start breaking. We could just drive over the next day and see how it was done. I counted out the seventy-five dollars, and said I'd be waiting at the motel anytime he wanted to pick me up the next morning.

"Oh, my goodness, Ah hadn't figgahed on us usin' my cah. You cain't expect me to give up mah trade secrets at half price an' then use mah cah to go all that there distance! Ah sorta figgered we'd go in youah cah."

I guess distances mean more to those Mississippi people than they do here in West Texas. Anyway, he finally agreed to use his car, seeing as how I had bought such a nice passel of mules from him.

All the way to the Tupelo farm I was mentally enjoying all the money I was going to rake in and laughing at how I'd make every other horse trainer in West Texas and New Mexico look sick when they saw the kind of stop I could put on my horses. After all, if some old cotton farmer could train a mule that way, I knew sure as shooting I could train a horse. When we got to the farm, Ol' Billy D. went up to the house and visited a minute with the lady there, then came back to the car and said we'd just go right on to the barn, 'cause Jim Tom was down there right that very minute a-trainin' them new mules.

When we drove up to the barn, the leanest, loose-jointedest, laziest-moving character I have ever seen came shambling up to the car. Ol' Billy D. told me he'd be right proud to have me meet Ol' Jim Tom, and told Ol' Jim Tom that I had just bought some mules and was mighty pleased with the way they was broke and would rightly admire to see just how Ol' Jim Tom went about it.

Jim Tom meditated a while, stuffed about half a package of Mail Pouch tobacco into his cheek, hitched the galluses of his bib coveralls, and finally allowed that he was jest plumb happy that we had got there right when he was getting ready to give a mule a "Whoa" lesson, and that he'd be right proud to have a real Texas cowboy watch him and he'd really be much obliged if I'd care to give him any advice as to how we taught "Whoa" to a mule out where I came from. He really seemed surprised when I told him that we had no mules to speak of around El Paso because our cotton farmers used tractors.

I was beginning to think we'd be there a week without even getting out of the car. Out in El Paso we waste a certain amount of time, drinking coffee and talking all around the trade we want to make, but those Southern boys use up twice that time, just being polite, before they even get around to talking about something that will lead up to the business at hand. Finally Jim Tom said he guessed maybe he'd better go show us what little bit he could before his ol' woman called us for dinner, and we followed him around the barn to what he called the breakin' pen.

Now, this barn was built of cypress logs and looked about as solid as the Guadalupe Mountains back home. It must have been at least 150 feet long, and the breaking pen was a big log corral as wide as the barn which formed one side of it, and about a hundred yards long. Jim Tom said that this was the pen he always used to start educating broncs in —and right then I took another good look at him. Anybody good enough to start a bronc mule in a corral that big was bound to be a real rider. He had a big fat three-year-old mule tied to the fence, and said if we'd just kinda excuse him for a minute he'd just sorta start educating the mule. He proceeded to put a snaffle bit on the mule, blindfold him, and saddle him with the darndest saddle I have ever seen. It must have been thrown away as worn out by some of General Robert E. Lee's troops.

HE HAD the mule up against the back fence, as far away from the barn wall as he could get him. He then got the mule turned so he was facing the barn, and picked up what he called his quirt from the fence. The quirt was a strip of old canvas belting about six inches wide and three feet long. Thus equipped, Jim Tom proceeded to climb up on the blindfolded mule.

I was waiting for him to lean over and jerk the blindfold off, figuring I was going to see a real bucking-mule ride. Instead of that, Jim Tom squalled like a turpentined cat and went to whipping the mule down both hind legs. Well, Mr. Mule just naturally broke and went to running as hard as he could, still blindfolded and heading straight for the side of that barn. Then just before he ran

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head-on into it, Jim Tom hollered "Ho!" just as loud as he could, and fell off.

The poor blindfolded mule hit the barn and folded up like a paper tent in a windstorm, knocked out cold. Ol' Jim Tom leisurely took the reins, hauled the mule's head away from the barn, and removed the blindfold. After awhile the mule shook and shuddered and got to his feet. He was led to the back side of the corral, blindfolded again, and the whole thing took place again. This time, when Jim Tom got the mule to his feet, he unsaddled him, turned him out, and remarked to me, "Well, that's really about all I do to teach 'em 'Whoa.' I'll do that ever' day for about three days, an' from then on, anytime I yells 'Ho!' they'll jes' sure 'nough stop. They'll even stand still as a rock the first time you harness 'em up. The real secret is the way the lot is laid out. You see, it slopes uphill all the way to the barn, an' a animal runnin' uphill jest naterally holds his head sorta down an' level when he's runnin'. This-away he slams the front of his face into them there logs and ain't near as apt to break his nose. Now if he was runnin' on the level or downhill, he'd have his head up an' his nose an' mouth would hit first. That'd be too cruel and might bust off his teeth besides."

After putting the rest of the pack of Mail Pouch in his mouth, he continued, "This-away, ain't no bad scars to heal up, jes' some little ol' scratches on his head. Bein' blindfolded, the ol' mule don't know what's happened. He jes' knows if he's really carrying the mail an' somebody says 'Ho' to 'im an' he don't stop, the whole sky falls in. He don't never get scairt of that there barn a-tall."

All the way back to Greenville I kept seeing that old loose-jointed fellow falling off that runaway mule and yelling "Ho!", and seeing that mule plow into the side of the barn and fold up.

After arranging to have my mules shipped, I headed home. All the way back to El Paso, I kept thinking about it—and I'm still trying to figure a way to show a profit on that seventy-five dollars. I've never tried it on any of my horses, maybe because we don't have any cypress-log barns out here. If any of you professional western horse trainers can figure a way to convert this lesson for use of horses, I'd sure appreciate it if you'd let me know. I'm sure it will work on a horse, and I guarantee it to work on a blue-nosed Mississippi mule. Frankly, I'm too much of a coward to try it myself.

Soldiering at Fetterman

(Continued from page 12)

times a year, at which time he laid in supplies, among which was plenty of tobacco and cigarette papers.

At divers places in the mountains "Frenchy" had constructed shelters, and when night overtook him he hied himself to the nearest of these and made the most of it. Sometimes when he had been unusually successful on a hunting trip, he packed the choice cuts on his horse and came in to the post, exchanging the meat for sugar, coffee, bacon, etc., and before he departed it was his regular custom to collect every old book, magazine and newspaper. Then with his faithful horse loaded, he would trudge back to his retreat—and likely would not be seen again by a human being for three months. As a successful hunter of big game he had no superior and but few equals. He seldom permitted anyone to accompany him on his trips. As late as '84 he was yet leading the same nomadic life.

One incident occurred that caused some amusement, and was for a time the talk of the country. A gambler with a local reputation of being a very smooth manipulator of the pasteboards, was reported to have made quite a killing at Custer City, and was contemplating a trip out of the country by the southern route. The Knights of the Road were no respectors of persons, creed or occupation. This individual in question bore the unique title of "Hold-Out" Johnson. His departure was known, and he was well aware that road agents would be looking for him. He came down the country on horseback and all alone, in a very leisurely manner, and his progress was duly reported until he reached Antelope Springs, about twenty miles north of the Dry Cheyenne and about thirty miles from a spot known as Holdup Hollow.

While Johnson was waiting there, the southbound stage arrived and changed horses and drivers. Two or three passengers ate supper, and the stage then proceeded to depart. The stage driver knew Johnson and, as he anticipated trouble along the road, used every means to induce Johnson to accompany him, but to no avail. The gambler elected to travel alone, as he had done thus far.

"But," said Johnson to the driver, "if you will do me a favor, just throw this bundle of dirty clothes off at Frank Lacy's place and ask him to store it for me; tell him I'll be along tomorrow."

The driver thereupon threw the bundle in the boot and proceeded on his run. As anticipated, the stage was held up at the customary place, searched and robbed, but they did not locate Johnson or his supposed treasure. He avoided the holdups and arrived at Lacy's without any difficulty.

After spending some time at Lacy's discussing happenings in general, Johnson inquired about his bundle of clothes. Lacy informed him that he had tossed it into the shed at the rear of the house.

Johnson brought it in, and there in the presence of both Lacy and Calamity Jane, cut a string, unrolled the bundle, and revealed $7,500 in currency! The danger point had been passed, and Johnson's treasure was safe.

He came on into the post and remained several days, waiting for a chance to get through to the railroad with a detachment, and while there made my company a place to eat and sleep. Finally a detail was ordered out, and I volunteered to take charge of it, despite the fact that the weather was very cold. Johnson went along, and to show his appreciation for the protection of the cavalry, he furnished the necessary money to purchase all kinds of provender, and when we arrived at Rock Creek and Johnson noted the passenger train that was to bear him toward his destination, he heaved a sigh of relief.

At this point he made me a present of his horse, saddle, bridle and Winchester saddle-gun, together with all his equipment, boarded the train and said farewell to the West. I named the horse "Johnson," and he was my companion on many trips through Wyoming later on.

IN MARCH 1878, I decided to ask for a furlough and visit Cheyenne. I particularly wanted it, as a detachment of cavalry from Fort Custer was going through, and several of the troopers had been stationed at Fetterman in the past and I wanted to have a chat with them.

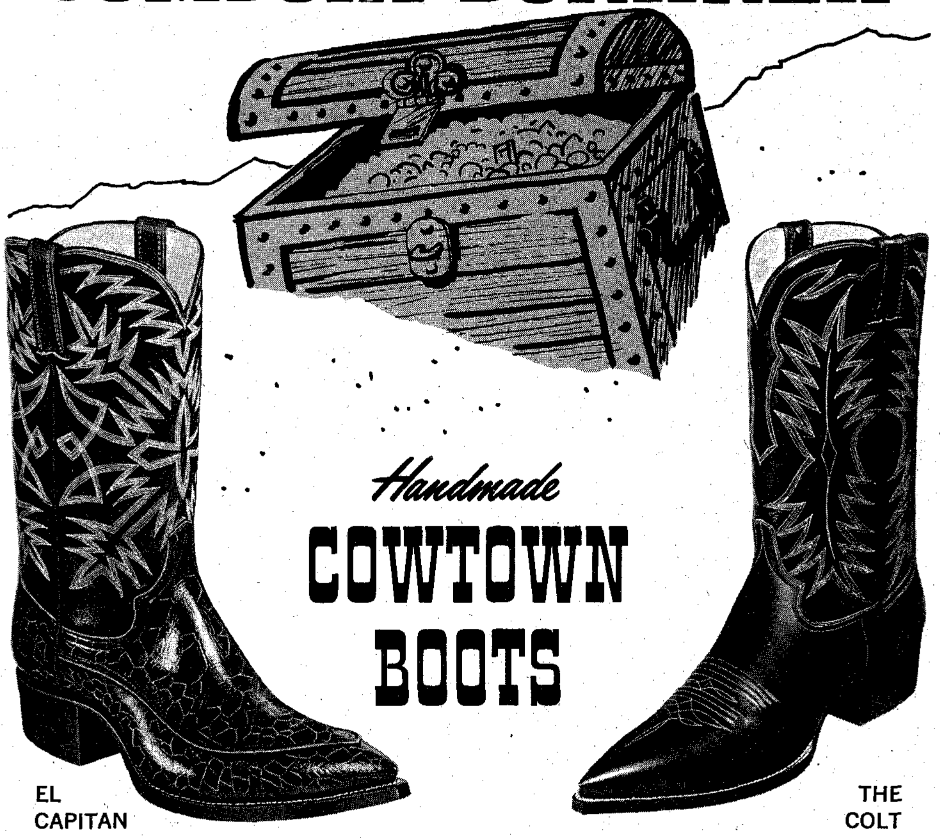
The journey was not devoid of excitement. There was not much friendship between the soldier and the civilian population at and around those frontier towns and, if anything, Cheyenne was the worst because after the troops had spent all their money they were occasionally subjected to some rather rough treatment, and sometimes they retaliated.

Company I, Fourth Infantry (my regiment), was stationed at this time at Fort D. A. Russell, three miles from Cheyenne. That company boasted of four men who were about as tough as they made them: John Walsh, a six-foot Irishman; Tom Dixon, right from the docks in Liverpool; Andy Bowen, a Baltimore "plug-ugly"; and Jack White whose previous address was Joplin, Missouri. All of the men in this quartet were in the very prime of life and vigor. This combination had been formed after one or two had been manhandled when alone, and there was now a bond of friendship and mutual protection between them—a gentleman's agreement that never was broken.

The Big Four never went to Cheyenne except together, and they never sought trouble but woe betide anyone who attempted to put anything over on them. Military authorities gave but little heed to their clashes as long as no firearms were used, although at previous times they had demonstrated to the entire satisfaction of the civilian population that there were times when they would take a hand.

On one occasion in earlier times, two troopers who went from Fort Russell into Cheyenne became embroiled with a couple of gamblers, and one trooper was badly beaten with a six-shooter. Later on, this trooper secured a gun, returned, and killed the gambler. The slayer was arrested and put in jail. His buddy hastened back to Russell and reported the fact to his captain.

The captain ordered "boots and saddles," and those of his company who were at the post mounted, leading extra horses, and rode into Cheyenne. Arriving in town, a patrol was sent out to visit every saloon and dancehall, and whenever a trooper was located he was ordered into ranks. When all was ready the captain took the lead and, with his troop at his heels, rode to the jail, took the prisoner out, and all rode back to the post. Nothing was ever done about the matter.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OTHER INCIDENTS occurred which plainly demonstrated that it was not altogether safe to go to extremes, so the civil officers contented themselves with clubs and billies, which they used on the least provocation.

On this particular occasion the trouble started in a "free-and-easy" joint which nightly entertained (?) the nondescript gathering. Just why it bore that name I am at a loss to determine. Nothing was free, but as for being easy, that portion of the title was very appropriate. It was easy to get hit with a billy and thrown out on one's head.

During the course of the evening a soldier who had imbibed too freely of pine-top whiskey grew somewhat boisterous, so the bouncer started to eject him. Naturally the trooper resisted, and was putting up a good scrap when the second bouncer took a hand, and the way those ruffians used their clubs on the poor unfortunate victim showed that neither was burdened with the milk of human kindness.

At this stage of the proceedings the Big Four went into action. The manner in which they cleaned up that bunch of cutthroats and robbers will never be forgotten. Other soldiers were present, myself among them, but none of us took a hand in the scrap, and at its victorious end the famous quartet departed, making their final attack on the bar as they passed out. That particular portion of the joint resembled the effects of a tornado after they were through. The Big Four were never arrested so far as I know, the civil authorities realizing the uselessness of going into the post looking for men charged merely with disturbing the peace.

March 8, 1878, I will always remember, as well as the ensuing three days. On that day I pulled out for my return to the post, my furlough having expired. The day was lovely. It was warm and sunshiny, with a cloudless sky, and for a greater part of the day I wore no coat. We made camp at Horse Creek, thirty miles from Cheyenne.

At Horse Creek was a one-room log house that had served as a bar, kitchen and sleeping room. Across the road was a stage stable where a change of horses was kept. We camped on the stable side of the road, not more than sixty feet from the house. Tents were pitched, picket line strung (for all the escort numbering sixteen were mounted) and supper was eaten in perfect comfort. By nine o'clock all but the sentry had turned in.

In addition to a good bed I had a beaver overcoat which I had recently purchased, as my time would soon expire to leave the service. This I placed on top of my bed before pulling up the canvass, and so fell asleep.

At ten o'clock it began to snow; at eleven a blizzard was raging and most of the tents were flat on the ground, the one I occupied among them, with the ridge-pole lying across my bed. The sentry was an old-timer, and to his watchful care many in that camp owed their lives that terrible night. Without his guiding hand no man could have crawled from his bed and found the house, only sixty feet distant.

I REALIZED that sleep was out of the question, because the snow might form a drift and bank up, and a sleeping person, very comfortable and warm, would never awaken. So I lay listening to the howling of the storm, interspersed with an occasional visit from old "Dad" Hughes, the sentry. He was frequently taking some unfortunate to shelter. Occasionally I reached overhead, raising my bed covering to break away the drifting snow. Suddenly I raised the bedding too high and a quantity of snow fell into my nice warm bed. This put me to the necessity of vacating it. I knew that the ranch house was to the west, but it was impossible to note any direction in the blinding snowstorm, and I did not know for a certainty from what direction the wind was blowing; but I thought it was likely the northwest, therefore it was a matter of blind fortune if I found it.

However, there was no use staying longer where I was, so I slipped my feet into my Arctic overshoes, pulled on my new beaver coat, which reached to my feet, and launched myself out into the worst blizzard that Wyoming country had seen in many a day.

Before I had gone ten feet I ran plumb into the arms of old Dad Hughes. I am quite certain that his aid and assistance saved my life, and under his guiding hand we reached the ranch house. Here I found most of the outfit assembled, and there we remained for the next three days, during which time we burned all the wood obtainable and ate everything in sight. The building had no floor, save what Nature provided, and every time the door was opened, the wind drove in a flurry of snow; so with twenty-six men moving about, and the heat of the stove melting the snow that blew in, we were soon in mud half way to our shoe tops.

During the first day someone ventured out to take a look at the stock, but not a single animal was to be seen, and where horses and mules had been tied with rope or strap, the halters had been cut loose with a knife. This was the work of Dad Hughes, whose long experience on the frontier gave him the intuition that no animal could survive in such a storm tied to a wagon tongue or picket-line. This same experience also told him that when the weather cleared there would be need of stock to ride, so he took his mount inside the stage barn and made him comfortable.

When the storm cleared, the work of recovering the stock began and went on slowly. The snow was deep, and had fallen moist and crusted, which made the going bad. After a day George Powell and Nate Williams, whose destination was Fetterman, arrived. They were traveling in a spring wagon, drawn by a pair of splendid mustangs, so they took me along with them when I explained that I was already overdue at the post. From Horse Creek north we crossed many ravines and some streams on the ice. A short distance up the Chugwater two men had camped under the brow of a hill, picketing their horses close by. When found, the men were buried under twenty feet of snow. Both were lying just as they fell asleep—from which they never awoke; and the horses, at the end of a rope, stood on top of the snow!

We arrived at Fetterman without mishap. This was the ending of one of the severest winters we ever experienced. As a matter of fact, it was so cold that the mercurial thermometer burst, and for a time every guard in the garrison was taken off, except at Post Number One (the guardhouse). Men mounted guard wearing two suits of underclothing, two pairs of trousers, two blouses, one soldier overcoat, and on top of all, one buffalo overcoat! When mounting a new guard the usual form of inspection was not adhered to, and when a sentry was ready to take his post, so bulky was his clothing that he could scarcely pass through an ordinary door. Sentries were relieved every thirty minutes.

This may serve to show the rigors of a winter climate in that far northern section of what was then the jumping-off place of civilization. Every old soldier who may happen to read what I have written will, I feel sure, fully coincide with me in stating that Uncle Sam's regulars certainly earned their mere pittance, and the broken-down constitutions of thousands of former troopers of the Plains are nothing more or less than the result of years of hardship and exposure at a dreary army post in the days when the West was young.

When Gibbons Met Dempsey

(Continued from page 29)

midnight streets. I registered from Kalispel. The clerk asked me a couple of questions, smiled finally and said, "Would you mind moving your car around onto the side street? It might be safer."

That puzzled me. I knew all-night parking was legal on the main street because I had stopped there before. But I also sensed that this clerk was a keen guy. I knew somehow that his suspicion of me had vanished and that he had accepted me as the bonafide traveling salesman I claimed to be, and that his suggestion to move the car was in my own interest.

As I went out again and got in the Ford, I was sort of subconsciously aware that a big Hudson sedan was parked directly ahead of me. I was too tired from the strenuous driving to analyze much of anything but the thought did cross my mind, "How come that big seven-passenger jump-seat contraption can park here if I can't?"

As soon as my Model T was safely stashed, I immediately went to my second floor room, and caved in to as sound a night's sleep as I ever remember.

A conscientious traveling salesman should certainly be up by eight. But after that mud-splattered night drive, my conscience did not prod me with a single prickle until after nine. What I might have seen in that town that night had I not been so tired and completely disinterested, has always piqued my curiosity. I still suspect that the hotel clerk gave me a room far down the hall, as far as possible from the main street, and that he had me move my car because he knew exactly what was going to happen.

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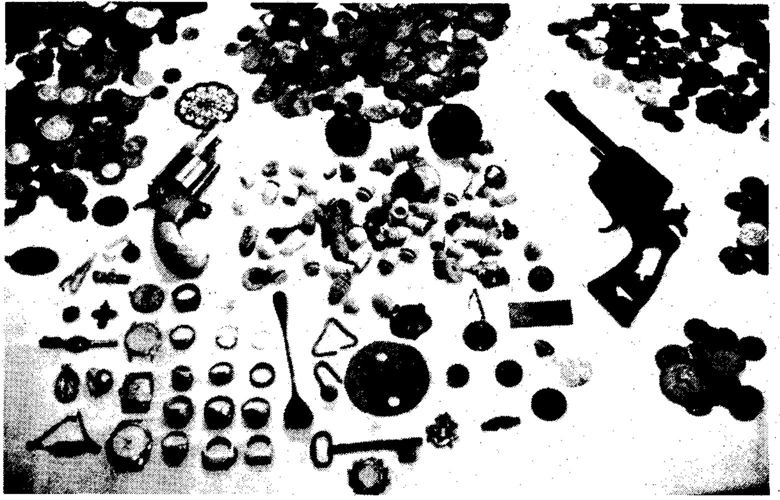

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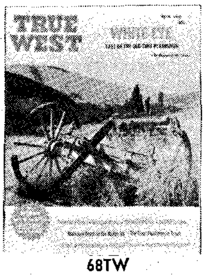
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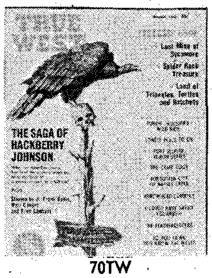
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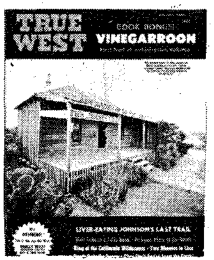
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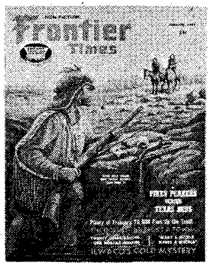
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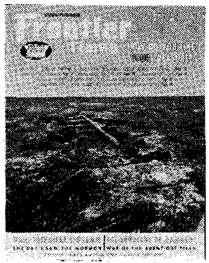
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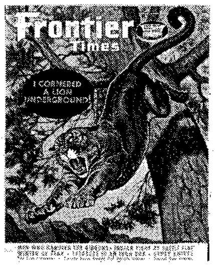
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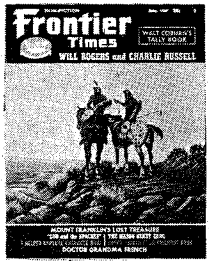
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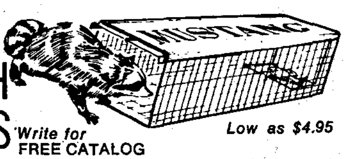

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Some hours before my arrival in Choteau, federal prohibition enforcement officials had convoyed the Hudson sedan into town, and its handcuffed occupants had been taken to rooms in the hotel under arrest for running whiskey from Canada. Sometime after midnight, evidently shortly after I had registered, every drop of contraband liquor had been removed from the car by persons unknown. When I went out to breakfast, everyone in town was talking about the whiskey runners, the federal prohibition enforcement agents, and the county sheriff and his deputies. It was apparent that everyone thought the liquor content of the Hudson sedan had been hijacked in the early hours of the morning either by sheriff's deputies or by a self-organized committee of citizens for the purpose of destroying all evidence against the rum-runners—and, of course, for the valuable liquor itself.

With my interest in the Hudson thus further aroused, I walked carefully around the big car which still stood in front of the hotel, and inspected it. Several bullet holes were in the back of the body, and one rear tire was flat from a bullet puncture. The federal men had stopped the car after a wild chase in the previous night's mud. They had locked all doors and windows but had failed to post a guard. Bullet holes and a flat tire were not proof that the car had contained alcohol, so the handcuffed men had to be unshackled and released because of the all too evident fact that there was no evidence to convict them.

Under Montana law, the state was wet. Under the United States' amended Constitution the United States was dry. Montana wanted its liquor and found ways of getting it. It was unquestionably easily available at Shelby on July 4th during the Dempsey-Gibbons fight and I doubt if any effort at all was made by federal officials to restrain the merry-making.

Shelby's Mayor Jim Johnson, and the owner of an army goods store named Sam Sampson, are generally credited with dreaming up the fight. They wired Mike Collins, an experienced promoter and publisher of the *Boxing Blade*, and succeeded in getting him interested enough to come to Shelby. When he saw the bedraggled, dirt farmer town of 500 population, he just laughed and asked, "What time does the Oriental Limited leave for the East? I'm at least glad you've got a railroad that runs both ways."

"We've got more than a railroad," Jim Johnson replied. "We've got oil."

It was true that oil had been found in the Kevin-Sunburst field less than a year before, but it came in relatively small and scattered producers. Shelby didn't even have a pipe line yet. Collins was unimpressed. "I'm taking the Oriental Limited. Does it stop here or do I have to have it flagged?"

Sam Sampson seems to have guessed what trump card to play. "We've got money, too."

Collins asked if it was a joke—"$300,000 in this dump?"

"Maybe not in this little town alone, but Montana is the third largest state in the Union. We'll soon have more oil than Texas. This state is big."

"Montana's got 550,000 people," Collins corrected. "That's only one sixth the population of Chicago. Raising $300,000 is impossible."

"We Montana people aren't interested in doing anything unless it's impossible," Mayor Johnson informed him. "That's why we sent the telegram."

FROM WHAT I saw of Montana in 1922 and 1923, I believe what Mayor Johnson said was literally true. If a thing were impossible, Montana could do it. They proved it by putting on the Jack Dempsey-Tommy Gibbons fight. The two Shelby leaders knew every businessman in town and they had done their home work. They raised $26,000 in that town in about eleven minutes. Collins suddenly was not quite sure he was operating within the United States; he had never seen $26,000 produced so fast. An agreement was made whereby the Montana promoters agreed to come up with a guarantee of $100,000 within thirty days, a second $100,000 before the fight, and the third $100,000 was to come out of gate receipts with Tommy Gibbons taking half of everything over the first $300,000.

In actuality, a friend of mine named Bill Snow, who was traveling salesman for Willard Storage Battery Company at that time, made more money out of the fight than Tommy Gibbons did, although Gibbons did get a vaudeville contract which netted him a little something. My friend, Bill Snow, simply bet on Gibbons and won.

Although he made more than twice as much as his salary playing poker and betting, Snow was one of the finest men I have ever known. His salary was less than $200 a month and traveling expenses. His home was in Minneapolis and he sent his wife his entire pay check every two weeks. He lived entirely on his expense account and what he made playing poker and other forms of betting. In addition, he could pick up small change any time and any place there was a billiard table. I sometimes thought he was the inventor of what is called "English" on a billiard ball. He drank very little liquor and would have nothing to do with any woman other than his wife. I heard later that Mrs. Snow gave her husband a present of twins after they were both forty, but I was never able to see him again to confirm it.

When I met Snow one night at the Northern Hotel in Billings a short time after the liquor hijacking in Choteau, he confided, "I'm going to make it big betting on Gibbons in the Dempsey-Gibbons fight."

"You think Gibbons can win?" I asked.

Bill Snow gave a wise shake of his head, "Not likely," he admitted. "But *I* can win." Then he confided that Dempsey was such a heads-on favorite that it was easily possible to get some real favorable odds on what Snow called sure-thing bets. "I am getting better than even money that Tommy will not go the full fifteen rounds and that Dempsey will knock him out. I'm betting Tommy will still be on his feet at the end of the fifteenth."

I shook my head. "Looks like a wild chance to me. Gibbons is lighter, less experienced, and is likely just fighting for the money and the publicity."

"Don't you believe it," Snow insisted. "I know Gibbons personally and have known him a long time. He's told me he would fight Dempsey if he never got a cent and he means it. Tommy Gibbons is the best boxer in the United States today. If you had studied his style like I have you would decide he learned to box in dancing school. He's twice as fast on his feet as Jack and as clever in getting in and out as a wren badgering a hawk in flight. Dempsey's never going to hit him."

Snow was acquainted with every corner cigar store and every basement billiard parlor in Montana where bets could be placed. I'm sure Willard Storage Battery Sales must have suffered in June of 1923, because Snow was so busy placing bets for $10 to $100 that I often wondered if he could have covered the credit that his friends advanced. The gamblers that Bill Snow knew also knew Bill Snow. They had watched him win so often that if a bet were impossible and Snow made it, that was the bet to make.

As everyone now knows, Tommy Gibbons did go the fifteen rounds at Shelby and my traveling friend cleaned up. Dempsey, himself, has said that Gibbons was a far better fighter than he got credit for being. I was the cautious type. I never bet a cent, just went around gathering information and taking pictures.

ONE MORNING a few days after my conversation with Snow in Billings, I was in Livingston. I got up early and found the lobby and the coffee shop buzzing with news of an airplane crash. Promoters for the Shelby fight had landed the night before in a level cow pasture at the edge of the town, had addressed the commercial club and the American Legion that evening, raised an unspecified amount of money to promote the fight and, after a few brief hours of rest, had risen in the early dawn to lift their light, open cockpit plane off the improvised landing field.

There were three men in the plane, and one of them must have been ten pounds overweight because the craft failed by inches to clear a nearby telephone wire. The pilot maneuvered back toward the cow pasture as it fell and all three made an unscheduled hospital visit to get put together again for future fund-raisings.

At that early date, airplane flights in Montana were top news. Young Ringling of the Ringling Brothers Circus once flew into the town of Ringling, where the circus maintained headquarters for certain cold-blooded animals. He arrived in a rainstorm. When the townspeople saw him descend from the clouds to their nearby cow pasture, they took him for a fakir whom the town had hired to fly from the East and bring rain to their drouth-stricken area by means of chemicals. The real rainmaker never showed up and nobody yet knows why it happened to rain that particular day in Ringling, Montana. It was truly a land where nothing was impossible.

I was not far-sighted enough to jot down the names of the Montana men who fell with their plane in Livingston, but I was bright enough to hurry out to the crash site and take pictures which clearly show the wreck and words DEMPSEY GIBBONS FIGHT SHELBY JULY 4TH. And when the bruised but gallant fight promoters had finished their dash around the state, they came up with $110,000 in slightly less than the agreed thirty days.

After that, the gears began to stick and grind to a halt. The second $100,000 did not seem to be developing out of Montana's wheat fields, gullies and badlands, not even out of its copper industry or National Park tourism. The promoters threatened to cancel the fight; the Montanans continued to promise the impossible. They flew and autoed about the state with news of the great events already taking place at Shelby: The grandstand was erected; the Great Northern was building sidetracks to accommodate the hundreds of Pullmans which would come from the East; Shelby was striking new oil wells daily; new buildings were under construction and the streets

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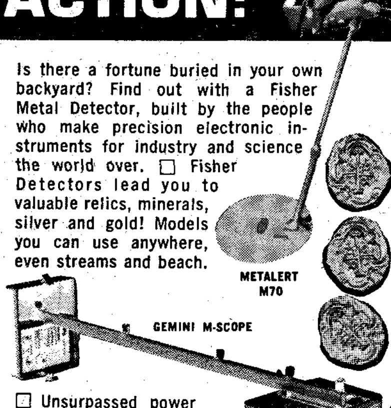

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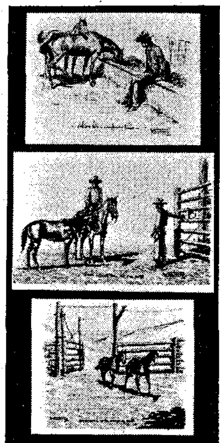

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were choked and piled high with building material.

In spite of their best efforts, they never did raise the second $100,000. In order to make the fight possible, a compromise was reached whereby the balance of the total $300,000 was to be taken out of gate receipts. The approximately 8,000 people who came to see the fight, an unknown number of whom actually paid to get in, failed to bring the total receipts to the required amount. Less than $200,000 was the total ever raised, including the gate receipts.

Because I shortly went back to Shelby myself, I know exactly how much of what the promoters said had happened, actually did happen. I arrived there a few weeks before July 4th and took pictures of what was occurring. They *had* built the grandstand. It was in a draw of the rolling hills just at the edge of town, easy walking distance. There was an eminence south of the stand where any person who owned a pair of opera glasses or field glasses or telescope, could sit comfortably in the grass, or bring a chair from home, or a cushion from his car, and watch the fight perfectly, right over the top of the stand. Many people did.

The town *did* build new buildings and the streets *were* piled with building material. I never could figure out how anybody thought a single afternoon could justify building permanent mercantile buildings. But Shelby did it. And they did strike another new oil well. There was no pipe line yet so I drove out and took a picture of a small lake of oil where wildcatters had just tossed up a small earthen dam across a gully and trapped a few gallons of unexpected oil.

Yes, it was all impossible. So the Montanans did it. If the more sophisticated Great Northern actually increased its sidetrackage, I am sure it was with a view to future tank car loadings more than to parking Pullmans. I took a picture of the railroad yard which would not have held a dozen cars without using the freight car space. After I had photographed what seemed of interest in Shelby, I grabbed that same Oriental Limited in the other direction and spent the 4th of July, 1923 at my home near Seattle.

A short time later when I got back to the Model T I had left parked at Glacier Park Station and drove the few miles eastward to Shelby, I found every bank in town closed. Only one general store was still open and the bankrupt people were saying, "We've had a temporary setback but another oil well came in and there are rumors of one of the major oil companies building a refinery."

Shelby, Montana, was already off to the impossible again. It is still not a metropolis that will soon crowd Chicago or New York, but it did get the refinery and, "It's bigger than it was." Shelby has 3,000 people now. Many smaller places in Montana have lost population. And it's an ill wind that blows nobody good. Next time I met Bill Snow, he said, "Wish they'd have another fight in Montana; I sure cleaned up on that one."

The Ambush of George Flatt

(Continued from page 23)

bodies were properly interred." Since the real coroner had to come from the county seat, another inquest was held forty-eight hours later (after the bodies were disinterred) and the same verdict was handed down. Burial again took place and the incident was closed.

It was ascertained that the deceased were named George Wood and Jack Adams and had been employed as cowboys with a herd from the Indian Territory. When the trail boss paid them off they had come to Caldwell for a spree. Local sentiment was that they should have saved their money.

RUMOR and legend being at least half of a gunfighter's reputation, little time was lost in adding to George Flatt's prowess with a six-shooter even though he really was not a violent man. The Caldwell *Post* commented that Flatt was a "peaceable and quiet citizen" but that when troubled times came he was always on hand to uphold law and order. The editor also noted that Flatt and William Horseman, later a Caldwell lawman, had opened an "elegant saloon" where they would always be happy to see their friends.

About two weeks later, on July 22, Caldwell was incorporated under an order of the judge of the Summer County district court and an election for city officers was scheduled for August 7. The first mayor and the first city council, elected on that date, created the office of city marshal one week later. The ordinance defined the duties of the officer and established his rate of pay.

The marshal was to have charge of the city jail and he was given the right to appoint any number of assistants or deputies, but the city would not necessarily have to pay them. He was also given the privilege of calling on any citizen for assistance and any such citizen who did not support him could be fined. The marshal was to be compensated at the rate of $33.33 per month straight salary but he could collect in addition $2.00 for each arrest. To obtain this munificent salary and the attendant fringe benefits he first had to post a $200 bond! The man named to the position was George Flatt. There were comments that it was a good thing he owned part of a saloon so that he could afford to buy groceries!

Marshal Flatt made the first arrest recorded in the Caldwell police court docket—an arrest for fast driving; fine, $3.00. This was not a very dramatic or dangerous first act for the new marshal and certainly did nothing to enhance his reputation as a gunfighter. In October, Flatt ran into a tough character who got away temporarily but eventually paid $13.90 for his misdeeds.

Then one John Dean came into town on October 29, got a little bit drunk, and feeling slightly larger than life, swore that he could not be arrested in Caldwell. Someone informed Flatt that Dean was armed so the marshal and his deputy —"Red Bill" Jones—began a street search for the potential troublemaker. When Dean found out that Flatt and

Jones were looking for him, his bravado started to decline. He mounted his horse and lit out for the city limits, firing his pistol as he rode. Flatt pursued and Dean fired back at the marshal and Jones, both of whom returned the fire, but the riders were too far apart by that time for their shots to take effect. Within twenty-four hours Dean had been apprehended and assessed a fine—not for assault but for the discharge of a deadly weapon.

Flatt served as marshal until the spring of 1880. At that time Mike Meagher, ex-marshal of Wichita, was elected mayor and he, with the city council, named Flatt's partner, William Horseman, to the marshal's position. When the U.S. census taker came around in June of 1880 he listed Flatt's occupation as "detective" and noted that he had acquired an eighteen-year-old wife, Fanny, during the year past. Before the month of June was over, Flatt had been gunned down on a Caldwell street and Fanny was a widow.

THE CITY had for some months been free from any serious disturbance and the citizens had begun to flatter themselves that the days of shootings were a thing of the past. But on June 19, violence reappeared. It was late at night and the saloons had closed their doors. Suddenly several shots rang out in quick succession. People investigating the shooting found George Flatt lying in his own blood, "life entirely extinguished." The coroner arrived from Wellington the next morning and an inquest was held.

Several witnesses were called and some facts surrounding Flatt's death were established although no one could say who had killed him. Sam Rogers, a member of the town's police force, said that he had been with Flatt when several shots were fired at them and he saw "sparks fall off Flatt's head."

The first session of the inquest had to be interrupted because the coroner had illness in his family and needed to return to Wellington. Two days later the inquest resumed and the first witness said that he, with Flatt and Rogers, had emerged from the I.X.L. Saloon and had been heading for a restaurant for a midnight snack when the shots came. The witness, C. L. Spear, said that he could not tell what had been fired but he believed it might have been the blast from a double-barreled shotgun that felled Flatt. When Flatt was hit, Spear took off around the corner of a building. The first people he met had guns but this was not conclusive evidence in any way since any number of people in Caldwell in 1880 were likely to appear with guns in hand if they heard shooting in the streets.

Several people had seen the former marshal shortly before his death but apparently no one had seen anyone else who might fit the role of suspect in the shooting. H. A. Ross, a local jeweler, claimed that Flatt had made the comment that he was the "cock of the walk of Caldwell" but in a Western cowtown that was hardly a remark calculated to result in murder. The jeweler told the coroner that he was "scared so bad" that he could not tell from where the shots came but he too noticed that people were carrying guns as they approached the scene of the shooting. The inquest was carried on into the next day but nothing conclusive resulted.

George Flatt was buried the afternoon of the same day he was shot and the Caldwell paper reported: "The funeral of George W. Flatt took place Saturday afternoon. At the Sunday morning services, at the schoolhouse, Rev. S. Wood made some appropriate remarks upon the death of Mr. Flatt, and expressed feelingly the sympathy he felt, with many others, for the young widow left to mourn such a fearful death of one who to her, at least, was very dear."

Perhaps the most tragic aspect of Flatt's death was expressed in an event which occurred only four days after he was shot: "Mrs. Flatt, the widow of George Flatt, gave birth yesterday to a fine boy. Mother and child are doing well," reported the Caldwell *Commercial* on June 24, 1880. The onetime hero of Caldwell, shot down in cold blood, never saw his son.

The decision of the coroner's jury—if there was a conclusive one—was never made available as public record. William Horseman, the city marshal at the time of Flatt's death, was tried for the murder and acquitted, and there was speculation that city politics played some part in the shooting.

George Flatt, originally from Tennessee and only twenty-seven at the time of his death, had come west by way of Texas to find his fortune, but he died an ignominious death on the deserted street of a Kansas cowtown. He was no Wyatt Earp or Bat Masterson. His fame was only local and his grave resembled a thousand others on a transitional frontier.

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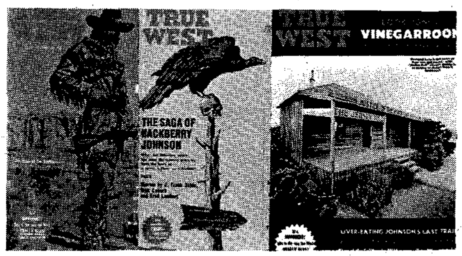
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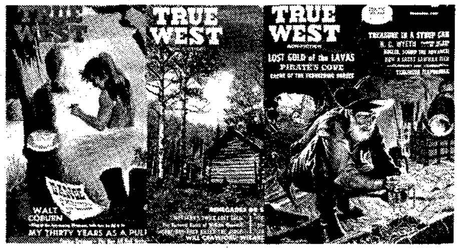
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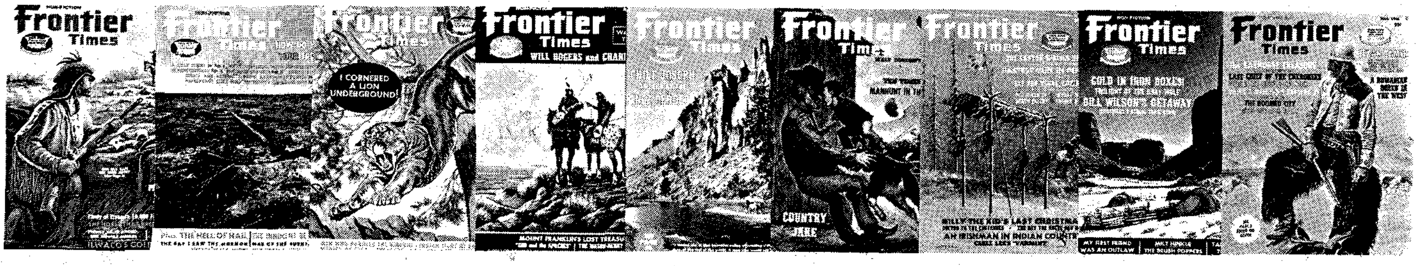
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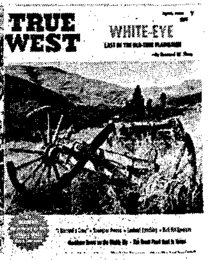
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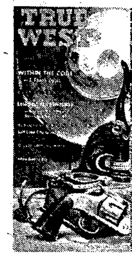
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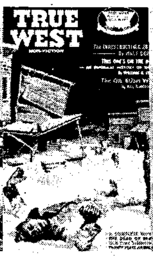
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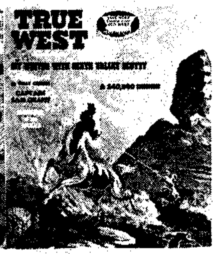
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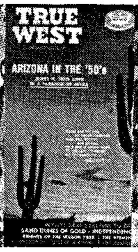
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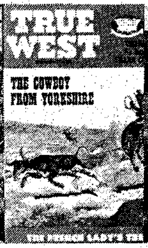
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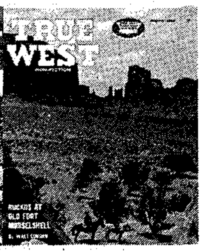
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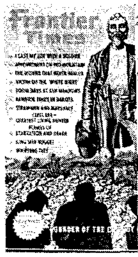
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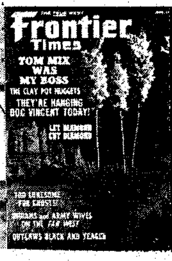
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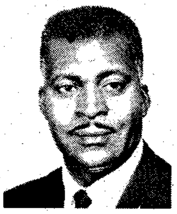

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The Art of Survival in Indian Territory

(Continued from page 39)

touching the bread. We left the bread strictly alone for a couple of days, always making sure the rock was in the sunlight. At the end of two days, we lifted the cover and that wet bread had a half-inch of green mold all over it.

Aunt Katy applied this mold to summer sores, which all kids had as a result of mosquito bites, and after three applications the sores were generally healed.

Toothache? I never had one, but my sister used to swell up like a poisoned pup ever so often and then I'd be sent out to gather an apronful of green peach tree leaves, if there were any. These green leaves were pounded to make a wet poultice and applied to the aching, swollen jaw. I don't know why it worked, but Sister usually went to sleep soon after the leaves were applied. In winter when there were no green leaves, small twigs from the peach tree were beaten, moistened in hot water, and applied.

Asthma? Choking and struggling for every breath you draw—who can ever forget the terror of it? There were no shots, no doctor, no quick trip to the nearest hospital—but there was Jimson weed. The weed is poisonous if eaten, but an asthmatic could take the leaves, dry them completely so they would crumble like dried tobacco leaves, fill a corn cob pipe and smoke. I never had this dreadful affliction but a neighbor boy did and each fall we kids helped gather and dry leaves so poor Arlie would have plenty for the winter.

CHILLS AND FEVER! Malaria was the dread of all pioneer families in the Territory. Mosquitoes swarmed by the millions, and there were no screens on the houses. We slept at night with a couple of old rags burning constantly to ward them off as they cannot stand smoke. Sometimes the rags would flare up while we were sleeping, and after they were consumed the mosquitoes had a field day until the intense itching woke us up. Someone, usually Papa, would get up and start another rag to smoldering but we kids would have already started scratching, and summer sores were sure to follow. Then the lazy, good-for-nothing feeling which precedes chills and malaria would set in.

When we started stretching and yawning and wanting to sleep all the time, Papa knew what was coming. He usually went for the little blue bottle of quinine we kept, and I can see him now as he opened his pocket knife, carefully wiping the blade on his trouser leg, and dipped into that blue bottle. The point of his knife would come up covered with quinine. Each kid had to line up, and that was the only time we got to drink that good-smelling Peaberry coffee which the grown-ups drank for breakfast. When we took the bitter quinine we were given a saucerful of coffee to take the taste out of our mouths.

If we had no quinine on hand, then we went up the hillside with Aunt Katy and gathered fever weed. Fever weed, a spreading little plant, was no higher than a rabbit. "Fever weed," Aunt Katy would always say, "grow in sun on hillside. You cook 'em three root, drink 'em saucerful, fever go." The fever went.

Chills and malaria were summertime diseases. With the coming of frost and cold they were gone for another season. The mosquitoes were not active, so we had a respite from the terrible fever and shaking cold that went with chills and malaria. Funny thing—the chills almost always came every other day and on the day between you felt pretty good; then the next day was, as we termed it, Chill Day, and you shook until the teeth in your head rattled. You wrapped up in every quilt you could find and still you shook. Then came the raging fever. You threw off everything you could, you washed your face, feet and hands constantly in cool water and you had half the family fanning you. Later we had Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic to help ward off the chills. It was simply quinine suspended in a heavy syrup and if you were careful not to crush the grains of quinine between your teeth it was not quite so bitter as taking it straight from Papa's knife. Next came Swamp Root Chill Tonic, which tasted even better. But in spite of it all, you chilled and chilled.

Getting an infection with red streaks running up the leg or arm called for a quick trip to secure red oak bark to make a strong dark tea. We chopped off the rough outer bark of the red oak, and carefully stripped the red inner bark for the tea. We applied this with a dampened cloth or better yet, immersed the limb in the tea. I don't know if it worked but there were ten of us kids and no one developed blood poisoning.

SUMMER COMPLAINT! The very name spelled terror to the parents of small babies, if it happened the second summer of life. I don't know why it was always the second summer, but I imagine it was because that was about the time the mother was weaning the baby who was not yet accustomed to solid food. All babies were nursed through this second summer if possible. With no ice or ice boxes, food spoiled from one meal to the next and we had to cook three hot meals a day. Sometimes we took a bucket of milk or maybe green beans and new potatoes or other food left from dinner (dinner was 12 o'clock noon) and hung them in the well or set them in the spring. A special treat at supper was a bucket of cool milk from the well house or spring with cornbread.

At the very first sign of the dread summer complaint, someone went for blackberry roots. We would dig up a vine, cut off the roots, scrape them carefully and steep in water for a few moments until the water was amber-colored. Then we would feed the fast-dehydrating baby all we could force down. The tea replaced the moisture without which the baby could not survive, and something in the blackberry root seemed to stop diarrhea. Perhaps it didn't work in every case; I only know all ten of us made it through the second summer.

Spring Fever: Line up, kids, it's time

for your sulphur and molasses! A big spoonful night and morning, with plenty of sassafras tea to "thin your blood" was the favorite remedy. I still like sassafras tea and buy a bundle of the pungent, sweet smelling roots occasionally at the supermarket.

Sick at your stomach? Throwing up? A virus we call it now. Go out and get some elderberry bark, but this time don't make a tea. Just put the cleaned white inner bark into a container of cool water and drink it whenever you are thirsty. It still works. I tried it on a fishing trip last summer.

Somebody has a bad cut? Quick! Go get a handful of soot from the chimney or stovepipe. apply directly to the cut. Danger of infection? I don't know—but I do know I almost lost a finger one time from an accident with a hatchet (with which I had been forbidden to play) and to this day I carry the soot from the stovepipe under the skin.

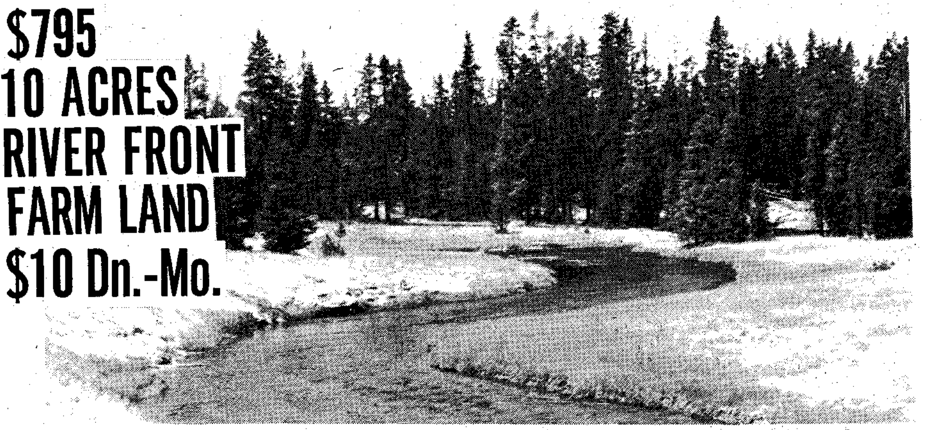
My sister jumped from the porch one time and landed on a jagged broken bottle. The triangular scar on the bottom or her foot is neatly outlined in black from chimney soot. No infection developed.

BURNS: We were always getting them while hovering around the fireplace or cook stove trying to keep warm; or from the Dutch oven which always sat on the hearth, full of baked sweet potatoes or some other good thing. For these painful burns we used the white of an egg. It was beaten to a froth and spread thickly over the burns, which usually healed without scars.

Croup was winter's second killer. Diphtheria, of course, came first, and there was absolutely nothing that would help the victims. You could only use all the home remedies you knew, knowing that death was almost inevitable. Croup was a killer also, but drastic measures could sometimes save a life. Skunk oil was the old standby. Every father went out late in the fall and killed a nice young fat skunk. The animal was carefully skinned and the fat was rendered out and stored in bottles for use during the cold months. Skunk oil does not harden like hog lard or suet. It remains somewhat like castor oil. Mixed with turpentine or coal oil it made a soothing poultice for sore chests, and helped relieve coughing. Thick sweet cream was also used for croup if no skunk oil was available.

Pneumonia: We mixed the skunk oil with a big skillet of fried onions and applied as a poultice.

Poison ivy and poison oak were everywhere. I remember one summer day when my sister Roxie climbed up a tree and slid back down. She was barefoot and bare-legged, of course. The entire inside of her little legs from body to feet was infected by the ivy which had grown up on the trunk of the tree. Papa went out and dug some pokeberry roots and steeped them in boiling water for a few moments and then applied cloths saturated with the tea to the blistered and swollen legs. In a day or so she was good as new. But after that, although she always watched for poison ivy when she



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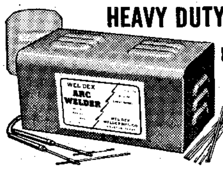

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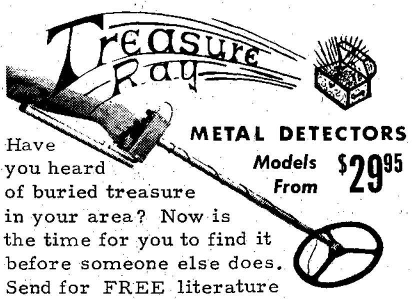

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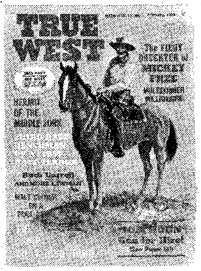

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was in the woods, she'd get poisoned anyway. One fall Papa was burning brush while clearing land and the smoke from the burning brush, containing poison ivy vines, gave my sister a bad time. It was all over her face and legs, anywhere her clothes did not protect her. We had some copperas at the house (we'd get it to put in the drinking water for the chickens who had been drooping around), and Papa put a few grains of this copperas in water. Roxie kept her feet in a pan of the water and Mama kept washing her face in a similar solution. She was all right in a day or two.

Sunburn: We always got it while chopping cotton in the hot sun. Cream—plain old cow's cream—was spread over the burn and that was all there was to it. I've found out later that the canned cream you buy in any grocery store works equally well.

CHAPPED HANDS and cracked lips: Well, you sure get them while milking cows, feeding pigs, carrying in wood and fetching water from the spring, walking miles to a one-room school, or breaking ice in the creek so the stock could drink, or running your trap lines. We kept a dish of mutton tallow right beside the wash bench in the kitchen. It only took a minute to smear a little on our sore hands and lips.

For Coughs: We would gather a handful of mullen leaves or horehound leaves, steep them thirty minutes in hot water, and sweeten with sorghum molasses. (I guess sugar would do, but we had sorghum.) Boiled down to a thick syrup consistency, it made a good cough remedy.

For Beauty Aids: Buttermilk is recommended for a soft white skin, or you could find a bunch of milkweed and squeeze the milk from the stems. It's rather sticky, but it will bleach. Hair dressing: Cut a grapevine, set a pan under the "bleeding" cut, and comb the liquid through your hair. Lipstick or rouge: The pokeberry when ripe is unexcelled for color. Sometimes the big girls in school used a piece of the red back from those old Big Chief school tablets. Just spit on a little piece and rub your lips or cheeks. Face powder: Flour or cornstarch was the standby except when there was a new baby around—then if you were fortunate enough to be able to afford it, you had a big can of baby talcum. Most of the time, though, we just browned flour and used that for a baby's diapers.

Cucumbers were used for skin care in the summertime also. More effective, however, was a big old bonnet which kept the sun away.

In spite of the fact that we would now be considered "underprivileged" we grew up a healthy, husky, well adjusted, fun-loving bunch of kids. And if our medicine in the Injun country had any adverse side effects, we sure didn't know it.

Bear Creek and Friday Mountain

(Continued from page 37)

cludes us kids) took down the rail fences and replaced them with wire. Many of the cedar rails were used for fence posts; others were used to make horse lots, cow pens, and pens for fattening hogs.

For a good many years stocker hogs were allowed to run out through the fall and winter. They lived in the woods and got along fine on mast (fallen acorns, pecans, haws, persimmons, etc.). Many a hog reached maturity on mast except for a few ears of corn thrown to them occasionally as a "toll" and to keep them tame. Sometimes a four-or-five-year-old boar with tushes (tusks) three or four inches long would come out of the woods, and everybody and everything gave way to him for they have been known to gut a horse, mule, cow or man with one mighty slash. The very best hog dogs were careful about the boar. Finally, a hog law was passed, forbidding hogs to run loose.

WHEN PA moved us to the Institute, its roof had the original hand-hewn shingles. One Sunday morning I was upstairs in my room when I heard a peculiar noise. A strong norther was blowing. At first I thought it was the wind but, no, not so. I looked up through a crack in the ceiling and saw the roof was afire. I was barefooted, and had just a pair of pants on as I was changing clothes to go to Sunday School. I called to Pa, "House on fire!" and raised quite a noise. Up the steps he came.

We had a 100-barrel galvanized water tank on a tower in the "L" of the house. Pa and I went up on it with a bucket and dipped out of the tank to douse the fire. We tore off blazing shingles with our bare hands, and left a gaping hole in the roof, but saved the Institute. The fire was caused by soot catching fire in the chimney and falling on the roof, which had been dried out by the norther. Pa had poured a gallon or so of salt down the chimney to put out the fire below when he lost his footing. Quick as a wink, he thrust his hand and arm into the burning chimney, which kept him from plunging to his death from the roof, a drop of about twenty-five feet. I was too far away to help, and my heart stood still, my blood ran cold.

Soon after this, Pa traded enough cedar rails to a lumber yard at Buda, Texas for enough sheet iron to reroof the Institute. We did not remove the shingles but put sheet iron on top of them.

There was no such thing as screens on doors or windows; in fact there was not even a window shade or curtain in the whole house. Imagine, if you can, putting screens, shades or curtains on twenty-five windows and twenty doors, (all odd and oversized ones) so we compromised and put none on any of them. Look at the time, effort and money saved! I loved to live in that house. To this day I prefer no window shades or curtains (I will give in for screens). I love natural light and feel fenced in when shades or curtains are drawn. Someone put screens on windows and doors after Pa moved away from the Institute in 1921.

Money was in such short supply when I was in my teens, a nickel made me feel rich. Pa went to town (Austin) about once a month unless something unusual turned up, like maybe getting a chance to sell a wagonload of cedar fence posts.

We would take the bed off the wagon and load 100 seven-foot long, four-inch top posts on the running gear in the afternoon. The next morning Pa would get up about four a.m. and by five would be on his way. He sold the posts delivered at 12½ cents each—that was a windfall. Pa seldom fooled with hauling cordwood or any other kind of wood. There was no money in it, just lots of hard work. A cord of wood took a day to chop and load, using two or three people, another day to take to town, hard going. The price was $3.00 to $4.00 a cord—of course, dollars were as big as hind wheels on a wagon.

IT WAS no uncommon or unusual thing to discover a rattlesnake in the Institute. Most every time one was found, it was in a certain room and under the bed. This room was downstairs in the "L," the bed was the one that Pa and my step-ma slept in. At first she would have a tantrum and declare that a move was in order. But in a few days, she would be so busy that she got over it. Finally the rattlesnakes were accepted as part of her life. I will admit that waking in the night to the tune of a snake's rattle is not the most soothing sound in the world.

When a rattlesnake was discovered, especially under the bed, it had Pa "treed" till he could work out a plan to get out of bed. On some occasions one of us kids was ordered to get a hoe, pitchfork or rake and remove Mr. Rattler, then Pa could take over. These rattlers lived and denned under the floor of this certain room. We never made any special effort to get rid of them—one thing, we never ever were plagued with rats or mice.

Pa was born February 12, 1859 at Winchester, Texas. He was a typical old-time native Texan, who would help anybody in need and lived by the motto, "My aim is to spend half of my time minding my own business, and the other half of my time leaving other peoples' business alone. This leaves me no time to get in trouble, and I feel that I will be a better citizen." Pa was a firm but a just person. He would not tolerate any foolishness from us kids. He told us once. If we failed to heed we soon wished we had, for he would never spare the rod if we needed it. One time when I was present a life-long friend of Pa's was kidding Pa about having so many kids. His friend said, "By God, Lewis, if you were a jackass, I would buy 100 mares and breed every one of them to you." Pa just grinned and squirmed. This was about 1907, at which time Pa had eighteen kids of his own and one stepson.

Soon after moving to the Institute, a neighbor's dog—just a cur—came to our house during the nights and turned over our slop bucket which sat inside of the kitchen. This not only wasted the hog feed but made a mess to be cleaned up next morning. We did not know whose dog it was, so Pa loaded his 12-gauge shotgun and stood it near his bed. Along in the night—rattle, bang, over went the slop bucket. Pa eased from bed and went to the kitchen. When the dog ran, Pa just pointed his gun and fired. The next morning there lay our closest neighbor's dog, dead. We kids and their kids were great friends—played together all the time. Pa went over and told the neighbor that he did not try to kill the dog, but did. The man was very nice but the woman had a conniption fit, called Pa ugly names, and forbade us kids to come on their place. So a childhood friendship came to an abrupt halt over a dog whose weakness was prowling in *the night and getting himself killed in* the deal.

During the years Pa lived at the Institute, he bought more land. First, the Indian Head pasture of some 1,400 acres, then the Corbett place of some 150 acres. The original Institute tract of 2,300 acres had been sold off to different ones until Pa only got about 150 acres when he bought it from Tom Miles. He never raised sheep or goats. He was a cattle and horse man. In the spring and summer we were plagued to death with horehound weeds, especially around the horse lots and cowpen.

The Institute was used by him as a one-family residence. Mr. Johnson's son William (Bill) would spend weeks at a time with us and most of the early history of the Johnson family I can recall was from the many things he would tell on these visits. I have sat for hours spellbound by his stories. Finally after several years Bill Johnson came no more. Pa did some minor work on the building, but other repairs needed to be made and Pa never seemed to get enough money

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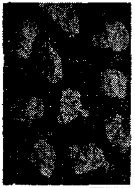

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together to make them. I am amazed that he was able to feed his family, much less contend with the upkeep of the place.

Finally Pa sold Indian Head to John Carpenter in 1918 or 1919. He had paid some $3.00 per acre for Indian Head and sold it for $4.00. Pa had paid $1,800 or $1,900 for the Institute. For the Corbett place he had paid Role Christal $1,500 somewhere about 1909 or 1910. In 1922 Pa sold the Corbett place to me for $2,500 and the Institute to my brother Tom for $2,500, and moved away. Pa told me he hated to move away from the Institute more than any place he had ever lived. Both he and Tom shed tears about it.

During the time Tom lived at the Institute he stocked goats and sheep heavy, so as to kill out the horehound and other obnoxious weeds. He also did a bit of farming, raising corn and feed crops. Cotton was no longer a paying crop; boll weevils saw to that. Tom and his wife Alta May lived in the Institute until the early part of 1942, then moved to a ranch near Round Rock, Texas. Dr. Walter P. Webb, Professor of History, University of Texas, Austin, bought the place. Tom needed to move from this community for personal reasons, and he begged me to buy the Institute, a thing I guess I should have done, but did not. I have no regrets, for it is still in good hands though Dr. Webb is dead. Rodney J. Kidd operates the Institute as Friday Mountain Boys Camp—and I know from experience what that place can mean to a young boy.

Lick Observatory

(Continued from page 41)

and beautiful specimens until his garden and nursery included practically every plant known. Then Lick encountered trouble in a shipment of flowering peach trees imported from China. They carried a pest unknown in this country. It spread first to neighboring orchards, and in the next ten or twelve years had attacked all the deciduous fruit districts of the Pacific Coast, becoming known as San Jose scale since that area had been its starting point.

An early report stated: "The fears aroused by this insect have led to more legislation of the several states and by various foreign countries than has been by all other insects pests together. As a result of San Jose scale, insects have assumed international importance and occupy a prominent place in regulation of commerce."

Chemists worked to develop a spray which would control this nuisance, and orchardists reported that short pruning and shaping of trees more than offset the cost of spraying and gathering of fruit.

TO ENHANCE the homestead, Lick conceived the idea of building conservatories modeled after those of England's Kew Gardens. To this end he ordered materials for their construction, but his health gave way before they could be completed. They eventually ended up in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park where they are still in use.

Lick lived at the homestead only three years. In 1873 he returned to San Francisco to make plans for the liquidation and distribution of his properties. Many thousands of dollars were given to establish homes for old ladies and orphans; monuments in tribute to American patriots and to his grandfather who served with Washington at Valley Forge; to trade schools for youth, and protection of animals; but his foremost thought was to develop a telescope larger and more powerful than any then in existence. For this purpose $700,000 was allocated.

After the usual delays caused by financial and legal complications the telescope and observatory were finally completed. But Lick did not live to see the results his wealth and determination made possible. He died in San Francisco October 1, 1876.

His tomb is under the pier which supports the great telescope and bears the simple inscription:

Here Lies the Body of James Lick

Like many personalities whose names are linked with the building—not the exploitation—of the West, he is little remembered today.

Mile-High Placer Camp

(Continued from page 22)

ONE of Greaterville's earliest settlers was Patrick J. Coyne who came in the early 1870s, made a fortune, and lost it. He continued to live there until his death in 1930. It was he who nourished the development of the district, loving every nook and cranny as would a miser the strong chest that contains his gold.

Mr. Coyne's records, many of them scribbled on paper sacks, are preserved by Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society; they supply almost our only first-hand picture of Greaterville, the town.

"At one time," wrote the old-timer, "there were over 500 people in Greaterville, with two or three dance halls, many saloons, and several stores. Tom Hughes had a store. John Anderson came after I did; he was a blacksmith and storekeeper, his wife taught our school for many years at $80 a month.

"Once, about 1880, a group of Edward Vail's Empire Ranch cowboys went to a Greaterville dance. Because they were drunk the people refused to admit them. The cowboys held a war council. It was a cold winter night. The house in which the dance was held was of adobe with a dirt roof through which the flue projected. A cowboy scaled the wall and dropped a handful of six-shooter cartridges down the chimney! This broke up the dance.

"I was in a shallow placer claim, made about $50 a day for some time, used a dry washer, as I had to pack water about two miles. Any miner who wanted to work made good money, and more than one Tucson business man got his start from the Greaterville diggings. I was justice of the peace for a good many years, also taught a night school for a year. My pupils were Mexicans; there were only five or six of them, at first. In 1882, our first public school was started, with Mr. Harper, a southern gentleman, as teacher. It was the third school started in Pima County, and I was its first trustee. The bell was brought all the way from Yuma on horseback. Greaterville was a great place for smuggling, and sometimes they would bring in 10 or 12 burro loads of mescal a day. John Young and other storekeepers would buy it and put it in barrels. We had a round hole dug in the ground for a jail, and would lower the prisoner down with a rope. Our deputy was Bob Kerker, from New Mexico. Today [1928] there are about 50 people in Greaterville, and 19 school children."

Although less boisterous than Tombstone and other tough Arizona towns, Greaterville had its share of violence, and Mr. Coyne writes of two murders in the early days. "On May 20, 1883, Thomas Belknap was shot and killed in a Greaterville saloon brawl by Rufine Portales and Cosino, two Mexicans.

"Three years later, on May 27, 1886, about noon, James Hone arrived in camp, out of breath, and told us he had heard six shots fired in the direction of S. P. Wemple whom he had left about 15 minutes earlier. Edw. G. Clark, Mr. Hone and several others armed themselves, secured horses and rushed to the scene. Wemple's wagon stood in the middle of the road, but his span of mules was gone—stolen. They found Wemple's body about 50 yards from the wagon—shot through—with five holes! An inquest was held and it was decided Apaches had done for him.

"During her palmy days, Greaterville had more than an occasional visitor show up along what was known as the 'Renegade's Route,' so-called because it was used by men who sought to avoid the law while on their way from the border to Tucson or vice versa. And from time to time the population was substantially increased by the coming of political exiles fleeing from Mexican revolution.

FROM a typescript written by Alexander J. Davidson in 1930 (Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society files), comes the following humorous item: "One time Elliott and Downing, who had a store at Greaterville, wanted us to pay freight for them on a safe which weighed 1,000 pounds. We didn't pay it, not only because we didn't have the money, but because Elliott was a very sanguin [*sic*] fellow, thought he was going to get rich quick. A 1,000 pound safe! Hell's fire! We used to hide our money in an old sack! We used to buy gold at Greaterville, $1,000 a week."

"The Greaterville placers have never been abandoned," reported the *Arizona Star*, November 26, 1908, "and it is estimated that more than $2 million has been taken out. There are men in that camp who have been there 30 years or more. When times are dull and business out of joint, the old placer miner invariably returns to his first love and, with pick and pan, shovel, rocker and sluice box, earns enough of the yellow metal to keep the wolf from the door. Sometimes they do not make a great deal but "pay dirt" is always to be had. Repeated efforts have been made to work

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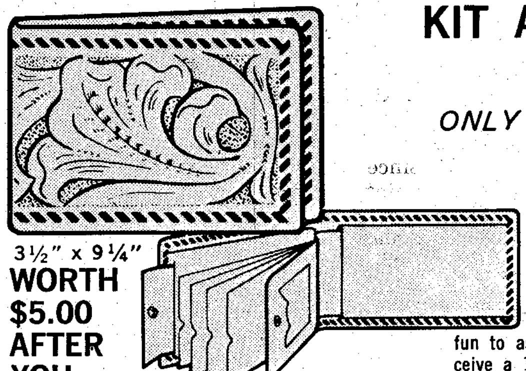

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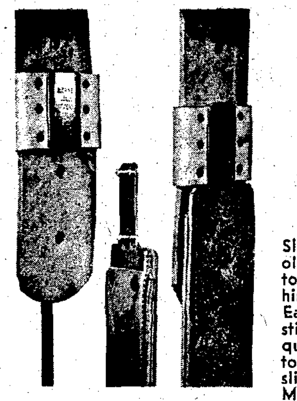

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this ground by machinery, and much money has been spent in that direction, but apparently without success. The latest scheme involved an outlay of $150,000. It consisted in conveying water from distant canyons, and . . . a steam shovel to handle the dirt. Considerable ground was worked over, but lack of water caused the project to be abandoned."

With both water and gold growing scarcer, year by year, the boom gradually withered and the people drifted away until only a few old-timers were left. Then in the darkest days of the great depression, according to W. P. A. reporter Jose del Costillo, the Greaterville placers staged a comeback.

"In the summer of 1935," wrote Jose, "a cloudburst dislodged countless tons of rocks from the upper reaches of Hughes Gulch, Empire and Box Canyons, and brought down into the outskirts of the village and for miles along the route, an amount of rich placer dirt that caused frenzied activity among the owners of properties thus enriched, and a large number of unemployed outlanders who were attracted by the news of gold. Using both wet and dry washers, gasoline-powered rockers, and pick and shovel labor, quite surprising values in dust and nuggets have been recovered. The Gadsden Purchase Inc., and the Greaterville Dredge Gold Mining Co. expect to bring water from Gardner and Sawmill Canyons through 12 miles of pipe and ditches. Leroy E. Jones owns the Community store. Gold dust and nuggets is [*sic*] used as some of the acceptable currencies."

But the necessary water was not forthcoming, the "revival" was short-lived, and by 1946 only a handful of people remained. In that year, the post office was discontinued, the store closed, and Greaterville became another adobe ghost.

In October, 1963 I found in the former community only three or four Mexican families, one of them living in the one remaining original building—the schoolhouse. A few crumbling ruins are scattered about as tokens of Pima County's greatest placer gold camp.

The old-timers are still on the fringes, however, and at the time of my visit two of them were poking around in the hills. I located the camp of one of them and parked nearby. Shortly thereafter, a tall old fellow with twinkling brown eyes, snow-white beard and hair, approached and stuck out his hand.

"I'm Pop Gotcher," he greeted. "Glad to see you."

I shook with him, told him my name and mission.

"Fine, fine, come over to my place and we'll talk about it."

That evening, by Pop's cheery campfire, we chatted for hours. He knew little of Greaterville's early days, but said he had been camping there each summer for nine years, panning some dust but mainly seeking the source of the rich placers. "I'm convinced," he asserted, "that the gold washed down, in the course of a million years, from a rich blowout or chimney shoot. It's up there in the hills, someplace, and whoever finds it will be rich fast!"

Next morning, "Pop" took me to an old safe which was half buried in the ground. We dug it out of its nest, cleaned out the dirt, and wrestled it into position for shooting a picture. But I'm not sure it was the safe mentioned by Mr. Davidson, for it certainly weighed less than 1,000 pounds.

He then accompanied me to the long-neglected cemetery. Many wooden markers remained, but only names of those interred recently were legible. The burial ground is atop a low hill, and finding no signs of a road, I was curious. "How did they get their dead up here?" I inquired.

"The hard way—carried them up," he answered with a grin.

He showed me some of the old diggings. Great piles of boulders on either side of the gulches gave mute evidence of the prodigious labor performed by long-gone miners; scars of old pits and caved-in tunnels were everywhere.

We walked about two miles up Hughes Gulch to the inactive St. Louis Mine (a lead-silver operation) which the owners, hoping for a rise in prices, maintain in operating condition. As we sauntered along, Pop stated his opinion of the area in general. He said the higher reaches of the mountains were loaded with gold and associated minerals. "Millions in untouched wealth!" he declared. "And someday an outfit with plenty of money to bring in the water will work it. Although most pay dirt is gone from the old placer area there are many undiscovered pockets, and dirt from most anywhere will show color. Lot of nuggets still lie around. Why, only last summer a Mexican boy picked up one worth $7.50, right in the road."

All too soon it was time to leave and as I drove off, Pop said—rather wistfully, I thought—"Come back next spring, we'll have fun."

The site of Greaterville may be reached by driving five miles on a dirt road which takes off southwest from Highway 83, at a point nine miles north of Sonoita. But even if you do not find the ruins or any overlooked nuggets, you will not regret the trip. The cool, shady Santa Rita foothills are a marvelous place to linger awhile and dream of bygone days.

Pen and Ink Newspapers

(Continued from page 31)

of *The True Blue* being published thereafter has been uncovered.

Kansas, too, was not without manuscript journalism. *The Redwing Carrier Pigeon*, published in Barton County by H. C. Banke, bemoaned the shortage of news in its second number on December 2, 1886:

"Owing to the fact that but few contributions have arrived during the past week, and some of those that have arrived have been very dull, we have not such a large and interesting paper to present as last week. . . . All contributions which were not disrespectful or too personal in their nature will be cheerfully accepted."

Utah undoubtedly had a greater flurry of handwritten newspapers than any other western state. Its remoteness from supply sources, coupled with the incessant demands of the Mormon settlers for reading material, helped spur the production of sometimes crude, sometimes artistic publications.

One of the earliest was the *Manti Herald,* hand-lettered by F. C. Robinson. Volume 1, No. 1 appeared on January 31, 1867, and at least fourteen other editions were known to have been issued, later copies changing the name to *Manti Herald and Sanpete Advertiser.* Editor Robinson sold space and hand-printed advertisements. It was a tedious job, but certainly not thankless, as local citizens were grateful for the news no matter in what form it appeared. Robinson also took strong editorial stands, one of which was a demand for a city wall around Manti.

He wrote on May 4, 1867: "Now when we say 'City Wall' we mean one of those substantial rock & mortar concerns, that will not only enclose, but increase the value of property immensely and through its solidity and workmanship-like finish, will stand for ages as a monument of credit and intelligent industry on the part of the builders.

"It has been suggested that the wall work be apportioned to each citizen, according to the amount of property he has to enclose . . . it has always been an acknowledged principle of right that the strongest horse should have the heaviest load!

"Now if the wall is to be built on the above plan, and a man finds that he owns more City lots than he can possibly build wall for, he can sell lots to those without any homestead; and who will be very glad to build wall for them!"

OTHER manuscript papers in Utah went in heavily for sermonettes on character building and social uplift, but "News was King," and many of the tiny sheets literally were worn out from being passed from hand to hand.

In Hyrum, Cache County, the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association published at various times in the 1800s *The Knowledge Seeker, Young Ladies' Thoughts* and *The Evening Star,* each consisting of from six to ten pages of legal-size paper.

David Candland issued *The Sanpitcher* in Mount Pleasant in March 1867, causing the *Manti Herald* to comment: "The paper is published in the flourishing town of Mount Pleasant, and like the *Herald* is done upon a sheet of writing paper; but instead of being printed with the pen, it is written in common orthography, yet it is a neat concern and highly creditable to friend David, its publisher; and as in duty and friendship bound, we touch our hat hoping that, like the sling in the hand of the editor's namesake of old, the *Sanpitcher* will be an instrument in the hands of its talented editor, to assist in slaying the giant of error."

In Parowan, Iron County, a young men's club published the pen-and-ink *Intelligencer* in 1865. That same year *The Advocate* and *The Intelligencer* both appeared in Payson.

Other manuscript papers made brief entries onto the journalistic scene in the

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Old West, only to fade as soon as a press and printing supplies became available. Without question, it was the hard way to produce a newspaper, and yet dozens of would-be editors took quill in hand to fill the news void on the frontier. And they were serious about their business, even when poking fun. They requested exchanges from printed papers and tried to meet weekly or monthly deadlines just like their better-equipped brethren. When they failed they made their apologies as did F. C. Robinson in the *Manti Herald* of March 20, 1867:

"We feel that an apology is due to our subscribers for the non-appearance of the *Herald* last week; and by way of explanation, may we say that the 'type' we had previously used, proved defective and we concluded to wait until we could get a fresh supply!"

Crude and limited as they were, the manuscript newspapers of the Old West played an important role in the dissemination of news and other helpful information on the frontier. Like the Pony Express, their period was short-lived—but like the express riders, their editors deserve a niche in America's pioneer history.

Nuggets

(Continued from page 33)

to fight back with a will.

"We fired whenever we could see a topknot and we shot squaws—there was lots of them—just as quick as we shot the braves. We just went in for wiping out the whole gang.

"When it was full daylight, we all gave a big yell and charged right down into the camp. The rogues were all a-standing yet, with lots of fight still in them. As we run through the alleys, a big Red jumped out at me from behind a tent and before I could shorten up enough to run him through with my bayonet a squaw grabbed me around the legs and twisted me down to the ground.

"The camp was full of men fighting and everybody seemed to be yelling as loud as he could. When I fell, I went over backward, dropping my gun, and I managed to get part way up again before the squaw yanked me by the hair while the Indian clubbed me with my own gun, striking me a hard blow across the neck.

"He might just as well have run me through, but he wasn't used to the bayonet, or else didn't think quick enough. The blow stunned me, but didn't hurt with pain in the least. I had a numb feeling all over."

SANDBERTON seemed to remember a great deal when he gave his account to the correspondents. Despite being stunned by the blow from his own rifle, he was able to recount every detail.

"I couldn't have got to my feet if the Indians had left me alone, and this they did not do. The squaw kept yanking at my hair, which I wore nearly to my shoulders as protection from the cold. She was pulling it out by the handful and tossing it around and about.

"Finally, I heard some of our boys shouting close by, and soon they hove into view. The squaw started to run and one of the boys lifted his rifle and fired, killing her not three feet from where I lay.

"The Indian brave, unmindful of the coming soldiers, stepped one foot on my chest and with his hands gathered up the hair near the crown of my head. He wasn't very tender about it, and jerked this way and that, and pinched like Satan.

"My eyes were partially open and I could see the bead work and trimmings on his legging as he braced against my chest.

"Suddenly, I felt the awfullest pain—a biting, cutting flash—go round my head, and then it seemed to me just as if my whole head had been jerked clean off. I never felt such pain in all my life; why, it was like pulling your brains right out!

"I didn't know any more for two or three days, and then I came to find out that I had the sorest head of any human that ever lived. The boys told me they killed the viper right after he had lifted my scalp. They didn't get my hair back—I reckon it was lost in the snow, which was pretty deep when we attacked the camp."

Sandberton said he was shipped to the Laramie hospital after a bit and "all the nursing I got hain't made the hair grow out on this spot yet."

For some months after his discharge from the hospital, he hung around Laramie, telling his story and allowing his scarred pate to be examined by any who would buy him a drink. He finally disappeared from sight and his story of being scalped soon was forgotten.

TERRITORIAL HEAD COUNT

By Homer Wilkes

ARIZONA'S first American census was taken singlehandedly in 1860 by Dave J. Miller. The present Copper State was then merely a county in the Territory of New Mexico. Miller tallied 2,421 persons (excluding hostile Indians).

Many of the places mentioned are still in existence. Others are ghost towns. Several have disappeared entirely. Arizona City had its named changed to Colorado City and then to Yuma. (Today the appellation, Arizona City, graces a real estate development about 200 miles east of Yuma.)

A keen observer of people and things, Miller frequently jotted down notations in the "remarks" boxes of the census forms. He tells some tall tales.

The oldest person was Imma Lobinat, 100, of Cerro Chiquito. Willim B. Wordsworth of Sonoito Creek Settlements checked in as the youngest at eleven months. The wealthiest man in Arizona was William S. Grant of Tucson. A government contractor, he was worth $100,000. A bustling figure in Tubac was Herman C. Ehrenburg, thirty-six, a mining engineer. Ehrenburg, Arizona was named for him.

A notable woman was Sarah Bowman of Arizona City. She was the Great Western of Mexican War fame and heroine of the Battle of Fort Brown, Texas. A restauranteur, Sarah came to the territory from Magoffinsville (now El Paso), Texas in 1852. Sonoito Creek Settlements (post office Fort Buchanan) had one lawyer, thirty-two-year-old William C. Wordsworth. It also claimed a medical man, Joseph Baker, thirty-three, herb doctor.

The Patagonia Silver Mines, population five, had an interesting aggregation profession-wise. Charles E. Mowry was a master mariner. His brother Sylvester, who owned the mine, was a retired U. S. Army officer at twenty-eight. Thomas Montague Yerkes, twenty-eight, was a "Pennsylvania gentleman."

The county had three schoolteachers: Antonio and Issac Contreras of La Laguna (post office Gila City), and Antonio Urdangarin of Tubac.

At Lower Santa Cruz Settlements (post office Tubac) sixty-five-year-old Sierra Blanca was an Indian trader. A female of equal interest was Prussian-born Sophie Winters, sixty-five, who was destitute of funds and without occupation.

Two Negroes were numbered. Thomas Pindell, a 26-year-old barber, hailed from Maryland. Tennessean Benjamin Stewart, forty-seven, was a laborer. The men worked at various stage stations between Pima Villages (Sacaton) and Gila City (eighteen miles east of Arizona City).

Arizona had five sailors. There was twenty-six-year-old José Maldonado of Tubac. Tossed up at Tucson was John St. Claire, fifty-one, a ship's carpenter. Frank White, forty-eight, was a Prussian-born salt residing at Gila City. Georgian E. D. Scovill, thirty-one, bunked at Camp Jecker (post office Fort Buchanan). Fresh water navigation was represented also. John Makay was his name, a thirty-eight-year-old Irish canal boatman, ill with dropsy at Fort Buchanan.

EARLY ARIZONIANS lived strange lives. Their deaths were even stranger. Census man Dave Miller observed that Tesh Rekeow, forty-five, of El Llano, and Francisco Gonzales, twenty-five, of Hueco ". . . were tried and found to be dangerous men in the community and executed by law of the Puebla."

At Cerro Chiquito, Ramona Ochoa, thirty, " . . . fell dead on setting her bucket down from her head after returning from the watering place."

Miner Jose Gonzales, thirty, Middle-Santa Cruz Settlements, was " . . .murdered by two Americans on the road who exultingly exhibited his ears in Tubac."

At Sonoito Creek Settlements Miller found a party he does not name " . . . whose personal effects include two Pima scalps with long plaited queues at $100 each scalp."

Of this place the census taker also remarked that Joseph Ashworth, twenty-five, an Arkansan, was " . . . probably dead from wounds received from hostile Indians after I passed by his farm."

Tucsonites John Baker, fifty-three, and Robert Nicholas, thirty-three, were poisoned " . . . on a hunting trip in the mountains by eating wild parsnips in mistake for angelica." Miller affirms Baker took half an hour to die while Nichols lingered three-quarters of an hour.

The Copper Mines, 130 miles up the Colorado River from Arizona City, were settled in 1854. Counting 100 residents Dave remarked, " . . . there is only one grave there and its occupant was poisoned by eating a poisonous herb."

Miller was interested in the origin of his subjects. In Arizona City he discovered Mrs. Lansford Warren Hastings was a native of Venezuela. Also, mountaineer Leonard Popar, fifty-four, was a Canadian.

Observing that Mrs. Lucia Lopez, fifteen, had a two-year-old son (Henry) Dave jotted down, "Doña Lucia, it will be observed, at the birth of her first child was quite young for a mother."

On seeing empty Indian granaries at Hueco Parado he noted, " . . . these unoccupied houses are generally store houses built as such by several families for the storage of grain, etc. The remark applies to all the Pima Villages," and in the Upper Santa Cruz Settlements that " . . . Mr. Pennington's (Elias G.) farm runs about three acres of it across the line into Mexico."

Mrs. Page (nee Larcena Pennington, daughter of Elias G.) was interviewed at the Middle Santa Cruz Settlements. "Mrs. Page has recently returned from Indian captivity," Miller wrote. "She bears dreadful wounds on her person."

Fort Mojave was seven and a half air miles south of the present Bullhead City, Arizona on the Colorado River. The citizens there should have been numbered by the federal man but, "The census of Fort Mojave, post office Los Angeles, was taken by order of Captain G. A. Dallen, in command of the post, the job being executed by one of his subordinates, faithfully. I had no access to the fort except via Los Angeles, California, a distance of about 500 miles or more."

And so ends the census of 1860, Territory of New Mexico, County of Arizona.

Robbery of the Denver Mint

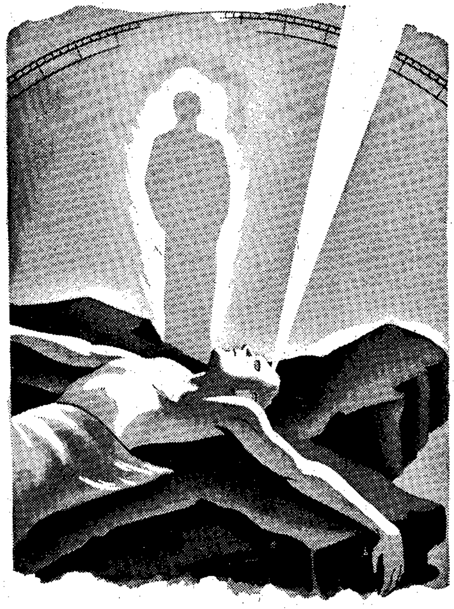
(Continued from page 25)

Later on, when he reached unfamiliar country, he got lost and wandered about until he came upon a charcoal burner. Jim, being cold and tired, gave the man $2.50 to keep his fire going until morning. By sunup he was pretty well thawed out and continued on until he came to the home of William Maines. Jim told him that he wanted to steer clear of the U.S. military authorities because a commission was awaiting him in the Mexican army. Maines agreed to guide him by a roundabout way to the Arkansas River for $200. Maines bought a horse for $100 and gave the rest of his pay to his wife. Clarke also generously kicked in with another fifty of the mint's money for her before they pulled out in the afternoon.

The tenderfoot found horseback riding hard going by Monday afternoon, and they stopped for a while at a sawmill before leaving the main traveled road. He and Maines spent the night at a cattle camp where Evans, the herder, directed them to a permanent camp on Chico Creek some sixty-five miles to the south.

Because of a fog, they got a late start

A SPLIT SECOND IN ETERNITY



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on Tuesday but by traveling late reached the divide that separates the watersheds of the South Platte and Arkansas Rivers. This section, about fifty miles south of Denver, has long been notorious for its sudden, fierce storms. A heavy snow was already falling when they made camp and, after tying the horses together, they thoughtlessly turned them loose. A greenhorn like Clarke might be excused for such a thing but Maines should have known better. That was the last they ever saw of their broncs.

Maines tried to track them down the next morning but soon gave it up as a bad job. Then men stashed everything but the revolver, some food, and the valuable saddlebag and set out afoot, angling westward toward the *Fontaine qui Bouille* Creek. Evidently they were better hikers than horsemen because Clarke figured they covered about twenty-five miles before stopping at a settlement for the night.

The next morning (Thursday), Clarke, whose feet must have been pretty sore by then, offered $100 for an ox team to haul them on to the Arkansas. Failing to get any takers, he did the next best thing and bought a pony for $60.

With one riding and the other walking, he and Maines set out eastward for Chico Creek. When they reached the cattle camp that afternoon Jim was almost within sight of the river, his immediate goal, and with his chances of getting home free becoming better with each mile.

MEANWHILE, the theft at the mint had not been discovered until Monday morning. With Clarke missing and the money gone, it didn't take much imagination to connect one with the other. A reward of $1,000 was posted for the return of the absconder and his loot. Descriptions of him which, with the exception of a beaver overcoat, would fit many present-day college undergraduates, and a description of the horse—a long-tailed roan, blind in one eye—were sent to authorities all over the region. There was nothing to go on as to which direction he had taken out of town.

Finally, on Tuesday, a man came to the mint and reported that he had seen a roan which resembled the description of Clarke's, several miles southeast of town. It was a false alarm but, nevertheless, it did unknowingly set the search off in the right direction.

Lane's son, Amos, and William Crocker rented a two-horse rig and set out resolutely after the culprit. The next day when they reached the spot where the horse had been seen no trace of it could be found, but they kept on going anyway. Snow was falling when they reached the sawmill where Clarke has paused.

There they heard about his hiring of Maines and also the cooked-up story of the Mexican army commission. When Amos learned about the divergence of the fugitives from the main route he decided to return to Denver the next morning because it would be too difficult to trace anyone in the open country.

That night, however, they met Evans who told them that the two had stayed at his camp some twenty-five miles to the south on Monday night and that he had directed them to the cattle camp on Chico Creek.

With definite knowledge then of Clarke's destination, the pursuers forgot about returning to Denver and resumed their traveling early Thursday morning. They crossed the divide during the morning, traveling by the most direct route, and reached the El Paso post office station, a distance of sixty-five miles, by nightfall. At this point they were but a few hours behind the embezzler and the $1,000 reward.

During the evening the sheriff of El Paso County strayed in from the south and told of hearing about two strangers who had tried to hire a team to go back and get some abandoned saddles. While he had his wires crossed about the use of the team, it did assure Lane that he was hot on Clarke's trail.

THE next morning they borrowed two saddles and mounting their buggy-horses started out accompanied by the sheriff. When they reached the cattle camp they surprised Clarke and Maines eating a leisurely breakfast with the herders. Although the youth still had his revolver he offered no resistance; instead, he appeared to be relieved that it was all over. His chief concern seemed to be about what the owner of the horse would think.

The party, including the sheriff, then began the return trip to Denver, cashing in the pony on the way with its original owner at a loss of ten dollars. Their arrival at the mint on Sunday afternoon brought to an end a very rough week for the youthful mint robber.

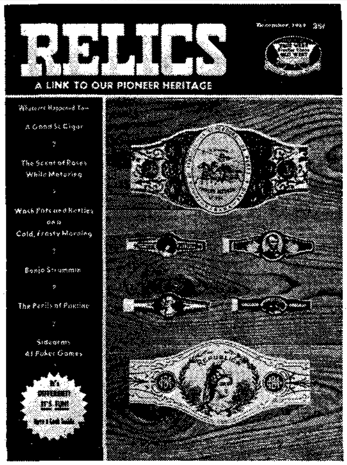
Clarke still had about $29,000 in notes and gold coins—but no gold bar. He had no idea of what had happened to it but remembered changing it from one position on his saddle to another soon after leaving Denver. He thought it might have been lost in the storm or left with the saddles.

With several thousand dollars as well as the bar still missing and not wanting to pass up any bets, Maines and two others, one a deputy marshal, were sent to bring in the saddles. Maines had no trouble finding the place where they had been left but someone else had beaten them to the prize. Horse tracks led to the home of a settler whom the sheriff had told to look for the saddles but he brazenly denied any knowledge of them and nothing could be done about it.

The bar, nevertheless, did turn up later in an unexpected manner. On the morning after the robbery two young fellows were out walking and found it a short distance outside of town. They banged up the mint marks and then sawed it in two. One of them took his half to Central City, a mining town west of Denver, and peddled it to a bank. When the banker tried to deposit it at the mint it was recognized, and the other half was recovered when the finders of the windfall were summarily rounded up.

With the return of the bar the loss was cut to about $4,500. Amos Lane passed up his one-third share of the reward because his father was stuck for what was lost in the shuffle.

Clarke was charged with embezzlement and larceny and tossed into jail but escaped six weeks later. After hiding around town for a couple of weeks during which his friends supplied him with everything he needed, including liquor, he again pulled out but this time toward the north and on foot. He took a job as stock tender on a ranch about seventy miles from Denver but was soon spotted by an eagle-eyed lawman and returned to jail.



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The embezzlement charge was dropped in 1867. Clarke's poor health may have been a factor in his receiving a second chance.

Clarke came so near to putting over the theft that had he used his head he might have gotten away with it without much trouble. After his recapture the *News*, in an erudite statement, opined that: "Taking it all in all his puerile perpetration in his former foolhardy acts, his characteristic follies while in the mint and his abnormal imbecility and thoughtlessness while clerk in our office,"—he worked for the paper before going to the mint—"we cannot refrain from pronouncing him a boyish fool of the first water, if indeed not a little lunatic of less ingenuity than impulse and aberration of mind."

Wouldn't it have been simpler to say that not just anybody can rob a U. S. Mint?

Motion Pictures Vignettes

(Continued from page 13)

Pawnee Bill joined Buffalo Bill to become Buffalo Bill's Wild West and Pawnee Bill's Far East Combined Show. The West still had top-billing, but it was only half of the show. Then, over-extension, bad breaks, the death of Buffalo Bill—the demise was typical of other Wild Wests. Some of the circuses added a Western show as a third ring attraction, but the end was at hand. Clyde Kinney longed for the days of his youth though he was still young.

"ARE YOU the 'Kid' Kinney I've heard so much about?" asked Tom Mix.

"I'm the only 'Kid' Kinney I know," was the reply.

"Well, if you're half as good as I've heard, you've got a job with me if you want it."

And so began a thirty-year association with motion pictures. Clyde rode the silver plains of the movie screen for fourteen years with Mix, and then became a foreman for Bill Boyd in his Hopalong Cassidy series.

Tom Mix died; Bill Boyd retired; and by the early 1950s real cowboys were not necessary for Western pictures anymore. And so, to make ends meet, Clyde went to work in a paint store. Three walls and a window to view the passing parade; selling that liquid which covers the past.

"I saw him waste away, day by day," recalls his widow. "Every time he'd hear that one of the boys had gone, a little bit of him went too.

"I didn't say anything to him about his smoking or drinking. I didn't feel it was my place. I knew he wanted to live as long as he could, but he picked up those habits when he was just a boy on the range, and I couldn't see taking them from him."

Clyde Kinney, who died May 15, 1962, was one of a great number of real life cowboys who, because of the changing times, became a cowboy in *reel* life. People such as Clyde and others like him never became famous but they lent a great deal of authenticity to the early Western movie.

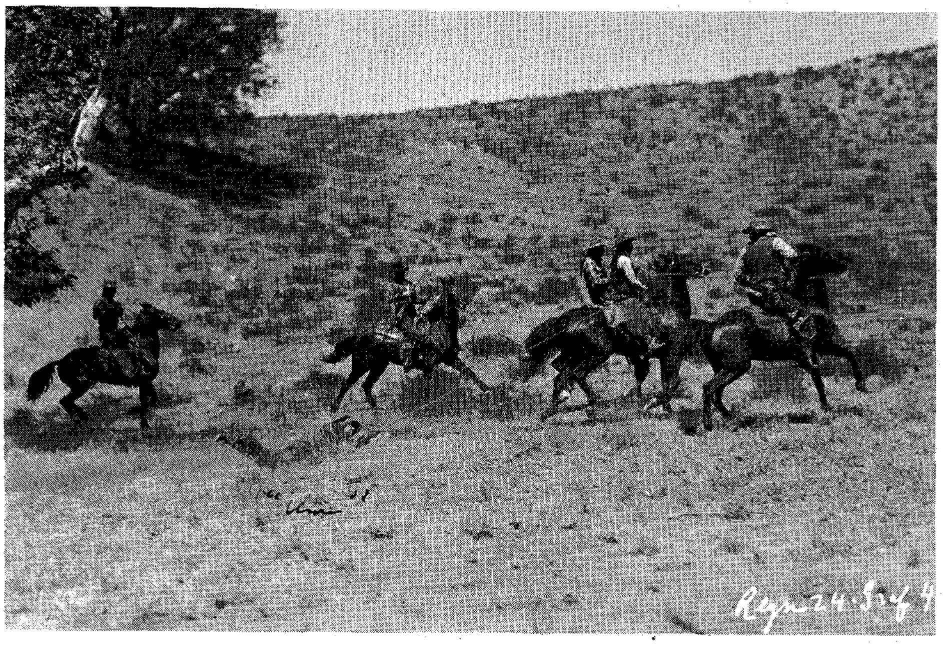
Marietta and the King of Siam

(Continued from page 27)

examining the stones, rejecting all but those he considered without blemish, and squealing with delight when he found one to his liking, and she asked him if she might relate the Navajo legend of the turquoise, a story which was told over and over again to Navajo children to teach them the virtue of gratitude. The King was eager to hear it.

WHEN the Sky Spirit made the earth and peopled it, he placed there mountains, rivers and lakes; soil, grass, trees and flowers; animals, fish and birds; so that his children would be provided with

In the Tom Mix classic, "The Deadwood Coach" (Fox, 1925), the cowboys helped Clyde break in his new jeans. Remembering the stunt in later years, he added the short, indelible comment below his picture.



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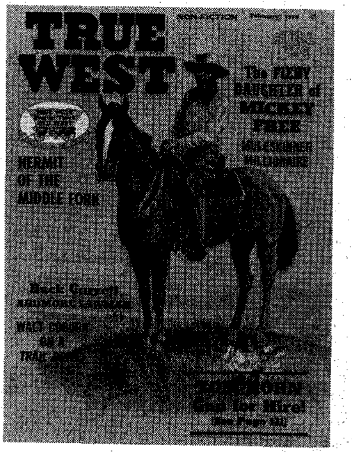

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all the needs of life. Then he sent his son, the Thunderbird, to place each tribe in surroundings that best fitted them, and to teach them how to make use of the earth's bounty. The Thunderbird showed them how to weave cotton fibers into clothing, how to harvest the grasses for food, and how to make utensils out of the clays.

After many years, the Sky Spirit looked down on the Earth Children to see how they were getting along, and observed that while they had all the necessities, he had never given them a real gift. What would it be? What was there of the Spirit World that he might bestow? Then an idea came to him.

Below there was nothing permanently blue, as is the substance of the Spirit World. True, the waters were blue, but not for long. Wind would come and ruffle them into green. True, some flowers were blue, but not for long. Sun would come and fade them into yellow. So he cut out chunks of his Spirit World floor, and threw them down to his Children for a present.

They acted like any of us would. They grabbed and pushed and shoved one another in their eagerness to pick up every last blue fragment. Some stored them away in buckskin bags, some used them as decoration, some used them for barter, but in their greed they forgot one very important thing—they failed to look up and say, "Thank you, O Father Spirit."

Centuries passed, and the Sky Spirit realized that there had never been one single prayer-offering wafted to him, not one token of appreciation for his fine gift of turquoise to the Children, and he was more grieved than angry. So he called down to Mother Earth and asked her if she would care to have the turquoise, and if so, what would she do to show her appreciation? Mother Earth answered that she had seen this strange blueness in the hands of the Children, and if she could have it she would cherish and guard it always. Then Sky Spirit gave her power to reclaim it all, and she drew it into her and mixed it deep within her bosom, making it a part of her.

There it stayed hidden for a long, long time, and the Children did not know how or where it had gone. All they knew was that the treasure that had brought them wealth, decoration, and happiness had vanished, and they wept bitterly.

Rain, always a friend of Earth Children, came by and heard them. "I will show you how to get the turquoise back if you will forever be grateful to Rain."

They promised, and Rain sent torrents of water which washed gullies into the mountainsides and exposed the celestial blue stone. And so, forever after that, The People have dearly prized the turquoise, even though most of it is no longer pure blue but has minute veins of brown running through it, where it was at one time mixed in the bosom of Mother Earth.

THE KING OF SIAM had listened with more than polite attention, and even had interrupted to have his interpreter explain some phrase he had not caught, but his comment at the close was simply, "Nothing that is earthy is beautiful," and he continued his quest for turquoise "without flaw." He had retrieved a goodly pile from the unmounted stones, and then went through the mounted silver and turquoise jewelry. A find to his liking was punctuated with a childish giggle, the piece was set aside. Unredeemed pawn was brought out of the safe, and several times he asked Marietta if they might take some unusual piece over to the hotel for the Queen to see. The procession would cross the street and, with due ceremony, present themselves to Queen Ramphai, who would then make a selection for herself.

But the day of departure and the hour of reckoning came. The unmounted stones presented no difficulty as they were valued and measured in carats. Waving his hand over the accumulation of mounted pieces whose turquoise settings he had fancied, the King said he would take all of these, but would Marietta kindly have her Indian boys remove the stones, as he had no use for the mountings. Marietta did not bat an eye but she listed the jewelry at the prices marked, before sending them back to have the turquoise removed. If it had flashed through the royal mind that he could buy the stones separately, he did not know Marietta.

Recalling the transaction later, she said, "Of course, I weighed the silver in the mountings and gave the King credit for it!"

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 38)

Grandfather Walker was living on a big ranch about twenty-five miles west of Llano, Texas when he was shot and killed.

He was tracking down his brother's stolen horses and with some men had found the horses about daylight at a house. The man who stole them was washing his face on the porch in a big white bowl. The man excused himself so he could dry his face, went out the back door, and shot my grandfather in the back on May 15, 1868. After Grandfather was killed, my grandmother was married February 4, 1870 to Malachi Click, born January 25, 1848. The ranch has been called the Click ranch ever since 1870. I was born five miles from the old ranch on October 20, 1895.—Iberra Walker Meares, 44-911-B Oasis Street, Indio, California 92201

Keefer-Adee-Reed-Stoneking

I would like to correspond with descendants of the following: James and Rosetta (Keefer) Adee who may have lived in Boise City, Oklahoma. Rosetta was my grandfather's sister. I have a letter dated 1908, postmarked Elm Springs, South Dakota, written by a Mrs. Elnora Morrison. In the letter she mentions Janesville, Wisconsin and Fred, Elmer and Aunt Louisa. How was she connected with the Keefer family? Who were the parents of William M. Keefer of Ft. Wayne, Indiana who died in 1909, Clay Center Kansas? Any brothers, sisters? Who were the parents of his wife, Amenda Bowser, born February 3, 1838, possibly in Ft. Wayne, Indiana? It is thought her parents were from Ohio.

The following are children of my great-great-grandfather, Amos Augustus Eastman: Adelbert, born 1836; Royal B., 1841; Adolphus, 1843; Evelina, 1845. Are there any descendants? My great-grandfather, Rosewell Eastman had: William, Royal B., Myron G., Frank Edward and Louise Pearl. I know I have many cousins—who and where are you? Who were the parents of Florence Isadore(a) Vanamburg, born 1861, who married Leonard Eastman?

I'd like to hear from anyone with an ancestor named Joseph Reed, born about 1844, place unknown. He may have lived in Fulton, McDonugh, Schuyler Counties, Illinois; later moved to Iowa, perhaps Davenport. Does anyone have an ancestor, maiden name Plank (Blank) who married a George Reed of Beaver County, Pennsylvania? They were in Coshocton County, Ohio in 1844 where a son George Washington Reed was born.

Who were the parents of Solomon or Josiah Stoneking and his wife Elizabeth Morgan of Fulton County, Illinois? Who were the parents of Martin Luther Spire and his wife Rachel Mahoney? They had a daughter, Mariah Lillian Spire, born January 20, 1861. She married William John Brown who died 1911 in Cresbad, South Dakota. Who were his parents?

We are looking for William Reed, born March 7, 1897 in Schuyler County, Illinois to George and Mariah (Stoneking) Reed. The family lost track of this brother many, many years ago. He had brothers Ike and Joe; sisters Emma, Frances and Eleanor. Joe and Emma are dead. Ike is 83 and would appreciate any word about William and his family.—Mrs. Fred Reed, Rt. 1, Box 128, Gill, Colorado 80624

Taylor

I would appreciate any information about my cousins, the children of Francis Marion Taylor and his wife (name unknown.) Their daughter Hellen Taylor Franklin was raised at Boise, Idaho. The brothers of Francis (Frank) were Andrew J., John K., William L., and Daniel I. Taylor and were raised near Anderson, Missouri. Also Rosie and Joseph Curtright, children of Kate Taylor Curtright, last heard from Walla Walla, Washington. Also children of Jane Taylor Galtney, who lived at Barron Fork, Oklahoma. Also Lula and Henry Lawrence, children of Eliza Taylor Lawrence.—Nellie Taylor Rossou, 323 C Street N.E., Miami, Oklahoma 74354

Luther and Charlie Keen

Perhaps someone can help me get in touch with two of my uncles whom I haven't seen since I was a baby. I am now twenty-seven. My grandmother (their mother), Mrs. Luther Keen, would like very much to hear from them. She is getting on in years and is in very poor health. Luther Gordon Keen and Charlie Frank Keen were heard from last from Pueblo, Colorado. They married two sisters from Colorado whose names were June and Genive Sawyer. My grandmother's mailing address is: Mrs. Luther Keen, 1721 North 30th Street, Orange, Texas 77630.—Mrs. Estelle Chumley Heider, 3750 Ridgemont, Orange, Texas 77630

Samuel Ernest Abercrombie

Early in 1914 my father returned to Illinois from Montana, leaving his homestead. Later that year he married my mother. The only information I have as to where he homesteaded is "Not far from the Canadian border." He was in his late thirties at the time. His name was Samuel Ernest Abercrombie. If anyone remembers him, I would appreciate hearing from them.—Mrs. Albert B. (Julia) King, Rural Route 2, Casey, Illinois 62420

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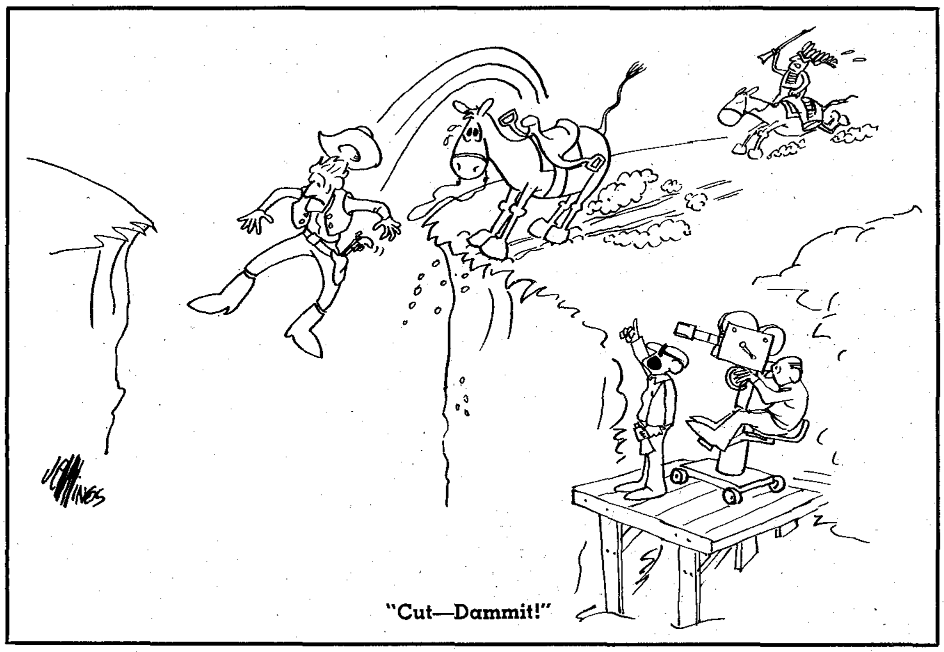

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KEEP AMERICA BEAUTIFUL

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 4)

never be forgotten, and after ninety years their story is still making people money, so they did some good.

Our side of the family have all done well for ourselves. I have my own business, as do a lot of our relations. My great-grandfather was at one time the magistrate in Kamloops and did a lot of good as well as bad.

My grandmother used to sit and tell us the story; she said there was good in them all. Grandpa McLean owned a big horse ranch up the North Thompson and he owned the first hotel in Kamloops. He died at age seventy-three, leaving Gram with a family of fifteen. She made a living and never remarried.

When she was 100 years old, the Hudson's Bay Company gave her a cheque, people of Kamloops and North Kamloops gave her many gifts and a ribbon yards long with all the names on it. She was known all over as Granny McLean and everyone loved her. My great-grandfather's picture, pipe of peace, and sword and other things along with furs and Indian costumes and a nice write-up of him, are in the museum in Kamloops.

All of my relations are good riders. One of my uncles was the world's top jockey. My brother is a jockey and a wonderful person. The only thing some of the writers left out was the good things the McLeans did before they got in trouble. How many of us can truthfully say we didn't have a shady past of some kind? Everyone sows wild oats—that's life.

And I'd like to add that I am very proud of them all. I certainly have the spirit to go on living, still ride and dance, and have won many ribbons at horse shows. Just love living, and hope to be like my Gram and live to be 102 years old. There is so much of killing, murdering, dope, suicides in these days. At least in the years gone by they didn't kill their children. They had long hair, but they worked very hard for their living and paved the way for all of our comforts of today.

I think everyone would be a lot happier if they'd thank God they have so much, try to help one another and remember we only live once. Life is what we make it, happy or otherwise.

Thank you for taking the time to read this. I would like to see it printed in your magazine and would love to have a copy.—Mrs. B. Speers, Box 24, Prince George, British Columbia, Canada

Rugged Individualists

Dear Editor:

Pioneering is not just history! It's contemporary. Behold the enclosed photos of two disabled men: R. Mountain Thunder, disabled World War II veteran; and J. Little Wolf Thunder, his fifteen-year-old son disabled by a gunshot wound that tore through the right side of his head.

They purchased a few acres of land overlooking the old Overland Trail along the Humboldt River, just above the dread Forty-Mile Desert, and moved in with capital of thirty-six dollars. One year ago, the place was just hillside prairie, with the famed Star Peak and its "Lost Twenty-Mile Cavern" in the background.

They scoured the desert and ancient lake beds for old bottles and timbers; now they have 1,200 feet of floor space and are building a lasting monument to the West's earliest people.

Prior to coming here, they spent many years recording archaeological sites in California. They spent many years in the remote Yahi country of California. Ishi was the last famed member of this tribe. Captured in a starving condition near Oroville, California in 1911, he lived out the remainder of his life as an honored guest of the University of California.

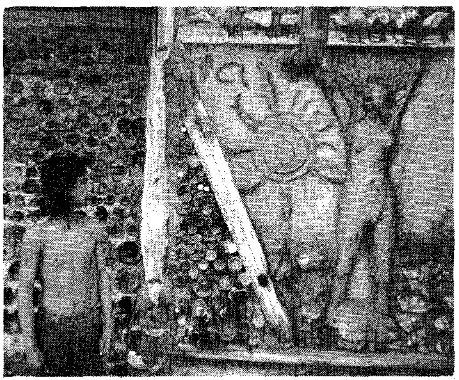
In addition to building the house of cemented bottles and old timbers (old wagon tongues form some of the rafters), they are creating—sculpturing with cement and native desert sand—monuments to Numago (Young Winnemucca), who led the Pyramid Lake Paiutes to a lasting peace with the early settlers. Earth Mother stands in front of the structure. There are the "Water Babies" and a monument on the back wall named Yahi Spirits Released, dedicated to the totally annihilated Yahi.

On the roof is a seven-foot statue of the Wind Spirit with arm upraised, and in the yard stands another seven-footer dedicated to Uh-lay-me-nee-oh, Deer Creek's Sasquatch.

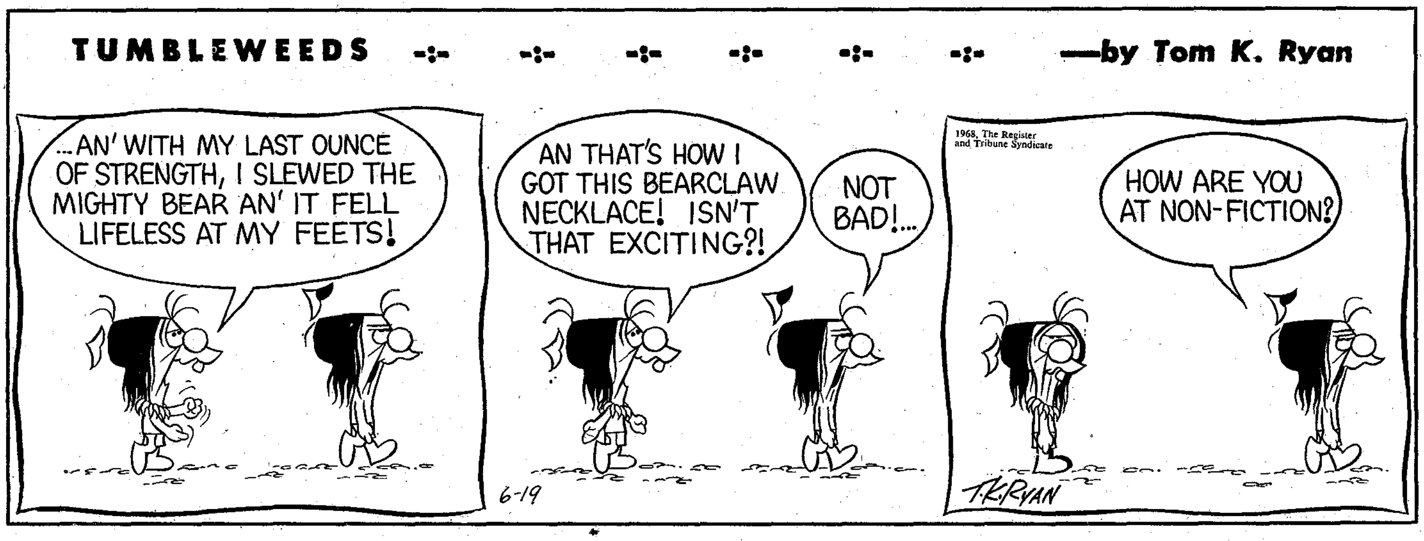
Inside the building, they have hundreds of artifacts of the Ute, Aztecan and Hokan Sixan Indian groupings which encompassed Nevada and Northern California.

They must haul in water a mile and a half. They are located on the North Slope of Star Peak, Pershing County, Nevada, about one mile due south of Imlay, Nevada and Interstate 40. Very few people know they are up there. In plain view of this transcontinental highway are two twentieth century pioneers who make many of the early pioneers seem like stay-at-homers!—Jack Bettger, Box 38, Imlay, Nevada 89418

R. Mountain Thunder stands by statue of Uh-lay-mee-nee-oh.



J. Little Wolf Thunder in front of Yahi memorial.


TUMBLEWEEDS -:- -:- -:- -:- -:- -:- —by Tom K. Ryan
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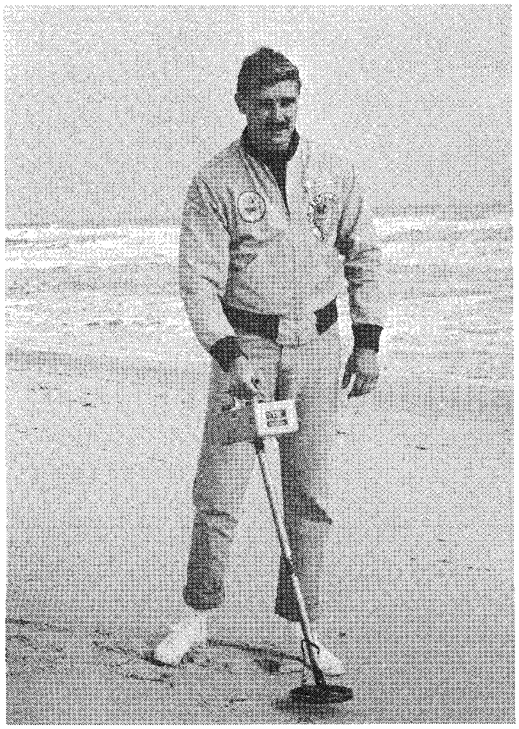
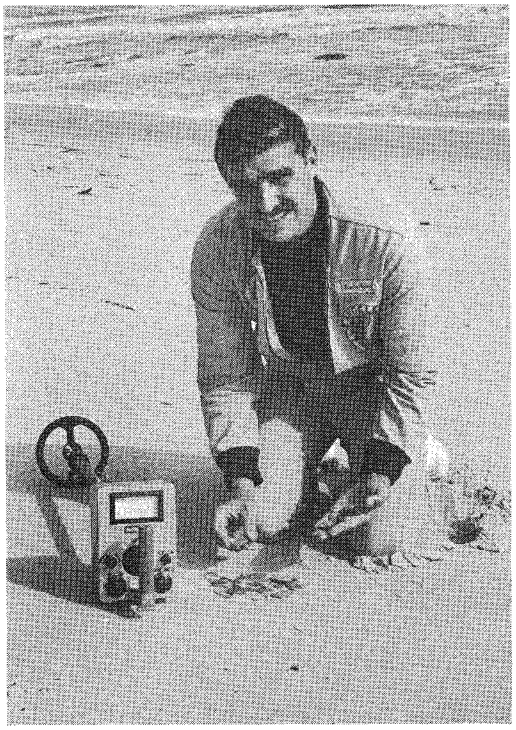


Robert Marx treasure hunting on Florida beach.



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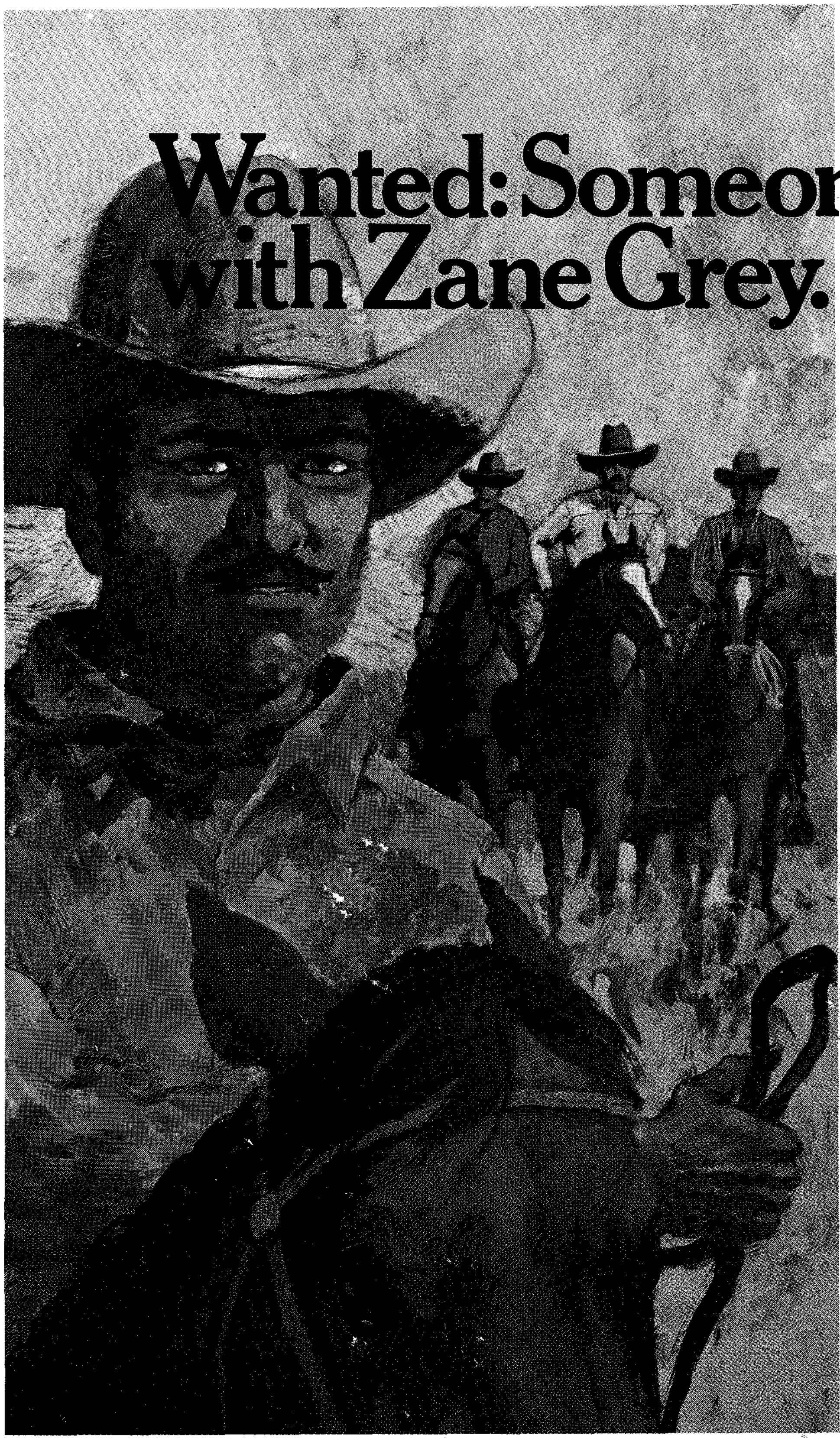

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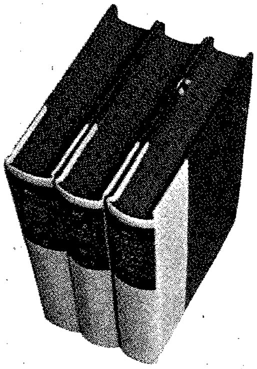

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